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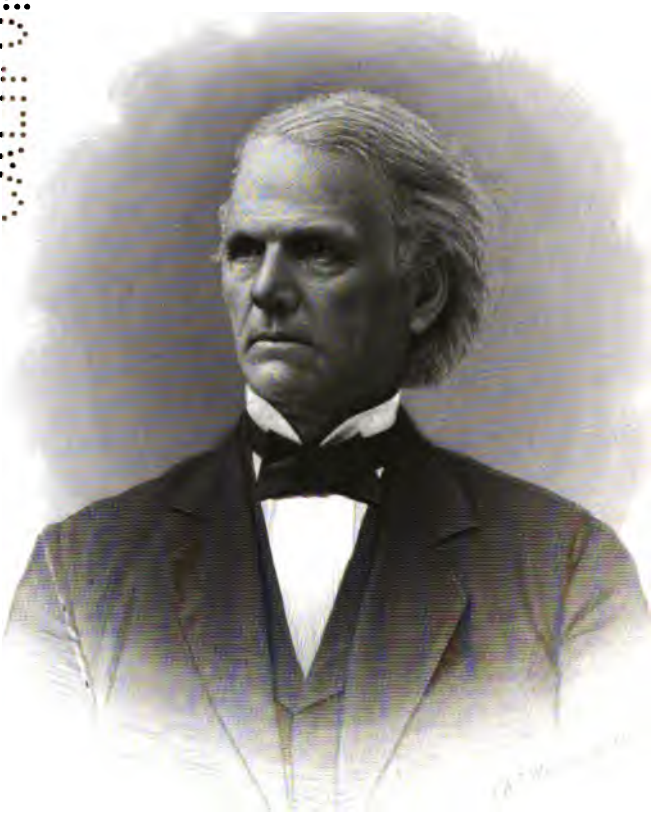

Walter Barrington

A HISTORY

OF THE

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT

VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

IN THE

REBELLION WAR

1861-1865

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

COVERING ITS TERM OF SERVICE, WITH INTERESTING SCENES OF ARMY LIFE, AND GRAPHIC DETAILS OF BATTLES, SKIRMISHES, SIEGES, MARCHES, AND HARDSHIPS; WHICH ITS OFFICERS AND MEN PARTICIPATED.

By

LEANDER W. COGSWELL

COMPANY D

CONCORD, N. H.

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1891

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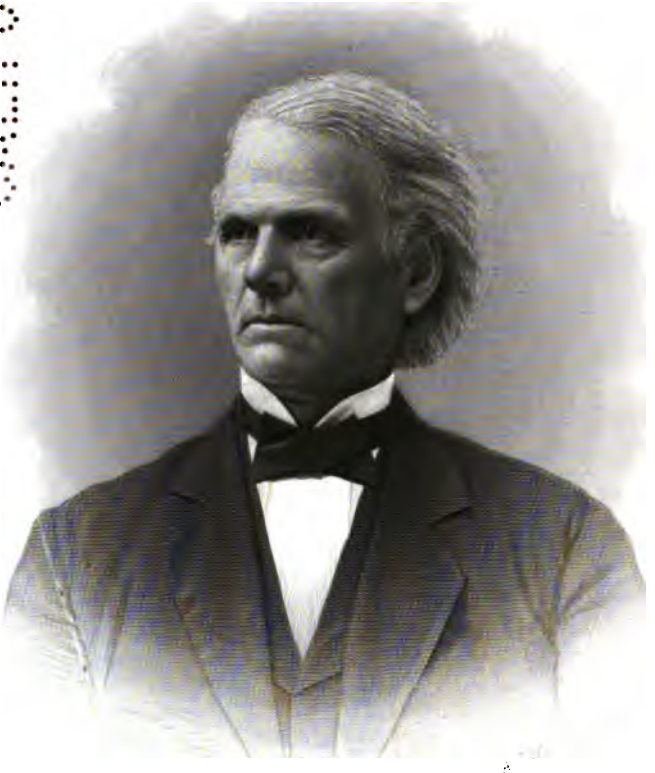

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UNIV OF CALIFORNIA

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GOD of our Fathers! This Banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown:
We fear not the summons; we fight not alone!
Still lead us, till wide from the Gulf to the Sea
The land shall be sacred to Freedom and Thee!
With love, for oppression; with blessings, for scars;
One Country—one Banner, the Stripes and the Stars.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

M123486

PREFACE.

After several years of hard, laborious work, in which the utmost care has been taken to render the following pages of great interest and value, I give them to the public.

At the outset a circular was addressed to the officers and men of the regiment, wherever I could find them, asking for anecdotes, reminiscences, and personal items of themselves, such as would be of interest for the work before me. Very many comrades responded, but the larger number did not. Many said, "I can sit with you for hours and rehearse my war experiences, but I cannot put them upon paper."

I have given short biographic sketches of most of the officers—all I could reach—and a large number of personal items concerning the men of the regiment, and I wish I could give the valiant deeds of every man: but that would require volumes, and the experience of one soldier was largely that of the entire regiment. Particular attention is called to the roster of the officers and men who were connected with the regiment: it has required a vast amount of labor to make it what it is,—the most complete roster yet made of any of the war regiments of this state. It will be seen that fully ninety-five per cent. of the original officers and men of the regiment are accounted for. The post-office address given is that of the latest date. These of course are subject to change, but for the most part will remain as given. I am under many obligations to Adjutant-General Ayling and

his clerical force for their assistance in preparing this roster, as also to many members of the regiment for valuable information as to the final record of their comrades.

To the officers and men of this regiment whose valuable communications appear in this volume, and to all who have assisted me in any manner, I give the thanks of a true, loyal comrade's heart. Names of towns appearing in this work not followed by the name of the state in which they are, will be considered as belonging to New Hampshire, always excepting those of the state in which the campaign under consideration took place.

The work is illustrated with many fine engravings: my only wish is that there could have been more.

I give an excellent diagram of the battle-field upon which the regiment received its first baptism in blood, and which was drawn by a member of the rebel battery that made such fearful havoc in our ranks at that time; and also of the place of the brilliant assault at the Shand House. I also give a fine engraving of the old battle flags under which the regiment fought so bravely.

Comrades, the record of the Eleventh Regiment is your own record, and I have endeavored to place your valiant, heroic deeds as soldiers upon the pages of history in such a manner that your sons, your daughters, and your friends through the coming years shall point with pride to the great sacrifices you made, and to the heroism you displayed, in the defence of your country.

To the Veterans of the Eleventh, and to the memory of our dead comrades, I most sincerely and devotedly dedicate and ascribe this volume.

LEANDER W. COGSWELL.

Henniker, N. H.,
December 1, 1891.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

HISTORY OF THE ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

CHAPTER I.

FROM JULY 1, 1862, TO NOVEMBER 10, 1862—WAR INAUGURATED—THE ELEVENTH RECRUITED—ITS ORGANIZATION—LEAVING FOR THE FRONT—BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES OF REGIMENTAL OFFICERS.

"Fort Sumter will be fired upon to-night" was heard in the streets of Charleston, South Carolina, April 11, 1861, and sent by telegraph to the country round about, summoning troops for the pending conflict. The streets of the city were filled with large numbers of people hurrying here, there—hardly knowing where; and just after a terrific thunder-storm which passed over the city had spent its force, a dull, heavy boom was heard, announcing that the first shot had been fired at Sumter. Iron hail fell through all of the next day, and during the stormy night that followed it, upon the devoted band there, and until the next day,—the ever-to-be-remembered thirteenth day of April, 1861, when the terms of capitulation were agreed upon; and upon the fourteenth the fort was evacuated. And what a Sabbath day it was! The North was filled with amazement,—the South with exultant delight, yet not knowing what it had done. Its people had inaugurated a civil war, which, in their judgment, was soon to render the South an independent nation. For long years they had been discussing the matter, and in some measure preparing for the conflict, which, in their view, would be short and quickly over;

and with this feeling predominant, the whole South was alive with joy that knew no bounds. Not so the North: for a short time the people seemed paralyzed and astounded at the news that came so like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky; and they could only ask themselves, What does all this mean? Quickly, however, the shock passed away, and then, from all over the great, loyal North, there was but one response, and that was, Force must be met by force, and this Union must remain one and undivided forever. From the towering mast, from the church steeple, from the house-top, and from the door-way, the Stars and Stripes were flung out, and were kissed by the sweet breezes of heaven. The luminous folds of the flag seemed more beautiful than ever, and, under their inspiration, the call of President Lincoln, upon the 15th of April, 1861, for 75,000 troops was quickly responded to. Thousands upon thousands of men went forth to do battle for the best government the world had yet seen. The government worked with an energy never before displayed. As each day and week passed away, it became more and more evident that a dire contest was impending. The disastrous defeat at Bull Run, on the 21st of July following, nearly disheartened the nation. Immediately the government called for 300,000 men for three years, which quota was speedily filled. A magnificent army was equipped and sent on its mission,—to capture Richmond and end the war. Five weeks of severe fighting upon the Peninsula had tested the bravery, and endurance of the Union troops as those qualities had rarely, if ever, been tested, and still Richmond was not ours. Those were indeed dark hours for the Union cause: the enemy, jubilant, and flushed with their apparent success, had turned their faces northward, threatening not only Washington but the entire North with a general invasion.

More men were needed. President Lincoln, although equal to the emergency, hesitated as to the number he should call forth;—100,000 was his first number; then he was advised that 200,000 should be the number; but more sagacious ones suggested 300,000 men for three years,—and in July, 1862, he issued his call for that number; and the wisdom of the act was soon apparent. From all over the North was heard

"We 're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

New Hampshire was called upon to furnish her full quota, and under this request, Governor Berry and his council, in August, 1862, tendered to Hon. Walter Harriman a commission as colonel of volunteers, with permission to raise a regiment to be known as the "Eleventh Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers."

The commission was accepted, and Colonel Harriman immediately commenced raising his regiment. At various points he addressed the people in his own eloquent, stirring words, of which a few are appended:

"Necessity is laid upon us; we must fight, or permit this government to be broken up; there is no other alternative. Young man, now is your time. Don't wait for your neighbor. 'They that be wise shall shine as the firmament.' The impulse of your heart is right: act in obedience to it. This is not the business of another; it is your own, it is every man's. Are you willing to see this government overthrown, to see all your interests sacrificed; to hear the fiendish shouts of conspirators over their successes; and to see, as you must if this rebellion prevails, the utter disintegration of these states, and the swallowing up of the last vestige of a republican government in every part of the land?

"The patriots of the Revolution earned a nation's gratitude by their heroic and unpurchased toils and their

self-sacrificing spirit. They nobly did their duty, and they received the homage of grateful hearts to the end of their lives. How much more worthy of the highest acclaim of a trembling country will all those men be who voluntarily come forward to save from ruin the magnificent structure which their honored fathers so faithfully erected. Young men, no such occasion for valiant deeds will again present itself in your day. If life is to be anything but a barren waste, if men have duties to do, if men have something to live for except personal ease, then, now is the day and now the hour."

Recruiting went on rapidly under such eloquent, inspiring words, and in eight days his regiment was filled to overflowing, and what follows commemorates, in some measure, the deeds of this heroic regiment.

COMPANY A.

Company A had as recruits,—From Epping, forty-nine men; South Newmarket, twenty-eight men; Brentwood, thirteen men; Lee, five men; Raymond, two men; Nottingham, two men; Durham and Portsmouth, one each. The first man to enlist was Charles E. Durant, of Epping, who enlisted August 9, 1862, and died of disease near Summerville, Md., November 15, 1862. The enrolment by days was,—August 11, thirty-two men; August 12, eighteen; August 13, eighteen; August 14, twelve; August 15, three; August 16, three; August 18, seven; August 19, three; August 22, one; August 28, one. The age of the oldest man in the company was forty-four years; of the youngest, eighteen;—average age of the men of the company, twenty-six years. Company A was mustered into the U. S. service August 28, 1862. Enrolling officers—Horace C. Bacon, fifty-four; Gilman B. Johnson, forty-one; George N. Shepard, three.

Officers commissioned September 4, 1862—Horace C. Bacon, captain; George N. Shepard, 1st lieutenant; Gilman B. Johnson, 2d lieutenant—all of Epping. There were 101 officers and men in the company.

COMPANY B.

Company B was enlisted from the following towns: Deerfield, forty-six; Raymond, twenty-nine; Nottingham, sixteen; Fremont, eight; Allenstown, two. The first man to enlist was Henry E. Durgin, of Deerfield, who enlisted August 6, 1862, followed by John D. Folsom, of Raymond, on August 7, as a musician. Three men enlisted August 11; twenty-one, August 12; eighteen, August 13; sixteen, August 14; twenty-one, August 15; four, August 16; four, August 18; two August 19; two, August 20; three, August 21; three, August 22; two, August 25,—the bulk of the regiment having been enlisted in two weeks. The oldest man of the company was forty-seven years of age; the youngest, sixteen;—average age of the 101 men in the company, twenty-seven years. Ninty-three men were mustered into the service August 28, 1862, four on September 2d, and one on September 3d. The three officers were commissioned September 4, 1862, and were,—Sewall D. Tilton, of Raymond, captain; Isaac H. Morrison, of Deerfield, 1st lieutenant; and Joseph H. Cram, of Deerfield, 2d lieutenant. Enrolling officers—S. D. Tilton, thirty; J. W. James, fifty; T. B. Bartlett, ten; J. A. Robinson, eight. Number of officers and men in the company, 101.

COMPANY C.

Company C was made up as follows: From Manchester, thirty-four men; New Boston, ten; Tamworth,

ten; Fremont, eight; Merrimack, six; Concord, four; Londonderry, four; Weare, four; Sandown, three; Goffstown, three; Bedford, two; Milton, two; and one each from Antrim, Allenstown, Bartlett, Brentwood, Cornish, Danville, Haverhill, Hooksett, Lyndeborough, Pembroke, and Dracut, Mass. The first man to enlist was Hollis O. Dudley, June 7, 1862;—from this date until August, twenty-five men were enrolled as members of the company; on August 1, two men enlisted; on August 2, two; August 4, five; August 5, two; August 6, six; August 7, five; August 8, seven; August 9, eight; August 11, eleven; August 12, two; August 13, seven; August 14, five; August 15, one; August 16, two; August 18, two; August 19, three; August 21, one; August 22, one; August 25, one. By August 21 seventy-eight men were mustered into the U. S. service; on August 26 seventeen more came in; August 28, one; August 29, one; and September 1, three,—thus completing the company. The oldest man of the company was forty-four years of age; the youngest, sixteen years;—average age of the men of the company, twenty-six and a half years. Hollis O. Dudley was commissioned as captain; Joseph B. Clark, 1st lieutenant; Thorndike P. Heath, 2d lieutenant,—all of Manchester. Enrolling officers—H. O. Dudley, forty-two men; T. P. Heath, twenty-eight; A. J. Bennett, ten; J. Gilman, nine; C. B. Haines, four; J. A. Robinson, two; J. Langdell, two; G. H. Hubbard and Jacob Woods, one man each;—a total of 101 officers and men in the company.

COMPANY D.

Of the 101 original members of this company, Warner furnished forty-five, Henniker thirty-one, Hillsborough fifteen, Bennington three, Bradford three,

Hopkinton two, Concord and Boscawen one each;—forty-seven were enlisted by Leander W. Cogswell and Joseph A. Modica, thirty-one by Jerome B. Porter, eleven by Thomas L. Sanborn, eight by Charles Davis, Jr., two by George M. Wilkins, one by C. B. Haines, and one was transferred from the Ninth Regiment. The first man enlisted for the company was Frank E. Haines, of Concord; on August 12, 1862, four were enlisted; on August 13, twelve; August 14, sixteen; August 15, six; August 16, fourteen; August 18, seventeen; August 19, three; August 20, five; August 21, fourteen; August 22, two; August 25, one; August 28, one; August 29, three; September 3, one; and Don E. Scott, transferred from the Ninth Regiment. On August 29, eighty-three were mustered into the service, sixteen September 2, and one September 3. Twenty-four men were enlisted for this company who were not accepted by the regimental surgeon upon examination, though nearly all of these men entered the service later in the war. A very few were satisfied with their first attempt to become soldiers, and made no further effort. With one or two exceptions the whole number were anxious to join the great host that was then mustering throughout the North for the suppression of the Rebellion, and many of them did valiant service before the war closed.

Wednesday, August 27, 1862, the men who had enlisted for this company left their homes for Concord, where the regiment was to rendezvous. The men from Henniker formed on the common by the brick church, and, escorted by the Henniker Cornet Band, marched through the village to the station with bared heads, accompanied by several hundreds of the people of the town, who had assembled to bid good-bye to the brave boys who were going forth in defence of their country; and, amidst tearful eyes and throbbing hearts, the parting

words were said, and God's blessing and watchful care invoked. The company proceeded by rail to Concord; thence marched to the camp-ground, where other companies for the Eleventh Regiment had commenced to assemble, and then and there began its army life. The next day examinations commenced, and continued until the company was full, and, in common with the other companies composing the regiment, Company D was mustered into the United States service September 10, 1862, by Charles Holmes, captain 17th U. S. Infantry.

Company D had as officers,—Captain, Leander W. Cogswell, of Henniker; 1st lieutenant, Thomas L. Sanborn, Henniker; 2d lieutenant, Daniel C. Harriman, Warner. The age of the oldest man in Company D was forty-four years; of the youngest man, sixteen years;—average age of the men in the company, twenty-five years. The company numbered 101, officers and men.

COMPANY E.

This company was recruited as follows: Epsom, thirty-two men; Hampstead, twenty-four men; Goffstown, twelve men; Manchester, seven men; New Salem, five men; New Boston, three men; Derry, two men; Pembroke, two men; and one each from Bedford, Chichester, Danville, Merrimack, Nashua, Newbury, Plainfield, and Springfield. These men enlisted,—on August 12, nine; August 13, twelve; August 14, thirteen; August 15, thirty-five; August 16, three; August 18, three; August 19, one; August 20, four; August 21, five; August 22, two; August 26, two; August 29, one; August 30, two; September 5, 6, and 8, three men. August 29, 1862, eighty-one men were mustered into the service; September 3, six men; September 9, four men;

September 10, one man. The officers were,—Amos B. Shattuck, of Manchester, captain; Arthur C. Locke, of Epsom, 1st lieutenant; Charles E. Frost, of Hampstead, 2d lieutenant. The two oldest men of the company were forty-four years of age; the youngest man was seventeen;—the average age of the men of the company was twenty-six and one third years. Enrolling officers—Amos B. Shattuck, twenty-six men; Arthur C. Locke, thirty-six men; Charles E. Frost, thirty-three men. In this company there were ninety-five officers and men.

COMPANY F.

Company F had as members,—From New London, thirty-eight men; Sutton, thirty-two; Springfield, twenty-eight; Newbury, two; Grafton, one. The two first men to enlist were William Rowe and Moses C. Colcord, both of Springfield, July 29, 1862. August 7, two men enlisted; August 8, two; August 9, eleven; August 11, thirteen; August 12, three; August 13, nine; August 14, seventeen; August 15, nineteen; August 16, two; August 18, three; August 19, two; August 20, six; August 21, three; August 25, one; August 26, two; September 2, two. On August 29, ninety-three men were mustered into the U. S. service; September 1, one man; September 3, three men. Samuel M. Carr, of New London, as captain, Austin W. Messer, of New London, as 1st lieutenant, and Hiram K. Little, of Sutton, as 2d lieutenant, were commissioned September 4, 1862. Enrolling officers—A. W. Messer, thirty-nine; H. K. Little, thirty-one; J. Davis, Jr., twenty; W. A. Nason, eight. The age of the oldest man in the company was forty-four; the youngest, seventeen;—average age of the men of the company, twenty-six years. There were 101 officers and men in the company.

COMPANY G.

Company G was recruited in the month of August, 1862, and from the following named places: Haverhill, thirty-one men; Bath, twenty-three; Lisbon, twelve; Landaff, nine; Monroe, eight; Benton, four; Orford, four; Lyman, two; Piermont, Bethlehem, and Lancaster, one each. Enrolling officers—A. E. Hutchins, twenty-seven; J. W. Sampson, twenty-six; G. C. Pingree, twenty; J. LeRoy Bell, nine; J. A. Moore, eight; J. Whitcher, five; E. C. Knight, one. George E. Pingree, of Lisbon, was captain; Arthur E. Hutchins, of Bath, 1st lieutenant; J. LeRoy Bell, of Haverhill, 2d lieutenant—all commissioned September 4. The men enlisted as follows: August 11, five; August 12, two; August 13, six; August 14, eighteen; August 15, thirty-three; August 16, three; August 18, eight; August 20, three; August 21, four; August 22, thirteen; August 29, one. The age of the oldest man in the company was forty-four years; the youngest was eighteen;—the average age of the men in the company was twenty-five and five eighths years. Of this company, eighty-nine men were mustered into the U. S. service September 2, two on September 3, one on September 4, two on September 6, and two on September 9. Company G numbered 99, officers and men.

COMPANY H.

This company was recruited as follows: From Enfield, forty men; Lyme, twenty-five; Canaan, fifteen; Dorchester, six; Hanover, five; Orford, three; Orange, three; Claremont, one; and Norwich, Vt., one. These men enlisted,—on August 6, three men; August 7, one; August 8, one; August 9, seven; August 11, six; August

12, thirty-eight; August 13, four; August 14, eight; August 15, eight; August 16, four; August 18, two; August 19, one; August 20, one; August 21, five; August 22, six; August 23, one; August 26, three. Enrolling officers—C. G. Morgan, twenty-eight; O. N. Dimick, thirty; G. W. Murray, nineteen; A. M. Bryant, eleven; J. O. Dewey, five; R. U. Underhill, four; B. G. Corser, one. September 2d, 1862, ninety-two men of this company were mustered into the U. S. service, and six on September 9. Converse G. Morgan, of Enfield, was captain; Orlando W. Dimick, of Lyme, 1st lieutenant; Allen H. George, of Canaan, 2d lieutenant. The age of the oldest man in this company was forty-six years; the youngest man was eighteen;—the average age of the men in the company was twenty-seven years. There were 102 officers and men in Company H.

COMPANY I.

The men of this company were enlisted,—From Candia, forty-three men; Chester, twelve; Exeter, eleven; Kensington, nine; Newton, five; Hampton Falls, five; East Kingston, five; Brentwood, two; North Hampton, South Hampton, Concord, Acworth, Hampton, New London, Sandown, Epping, and Derry, one each. These men enlisted as follows: August 6, one man; August 8, one; August 9, one; August 11, three; August 12, one; August 13, ten; August 14, sixteen; August 15, twenty-seven; August 16, four; August 18, nine; August 19, three; August 20, four; August 21, ten; August 22, two; August 26, one; August 27, one; August 28, one; August 30, one; September 4, one. Sixty-nine of these men were mustered into the service of the United States on September 2, 1862, twelve on September 3, ten on September 6, and seven on September 9. Enrolling officers—W. R. Patten, forty-four; J. Underhill, fifteen;

M. M. Collins, eleven; A. B. Currier, eight; F. L. Blake, six; J. M. Dow, three; J. M. Brown, three; D. Crowell, two; J. C. Currier, A. W. Messer, S. M. Carr, H. C. Bacon, R. Peaslee, G. B. Johnson, one each. William R. Patten, of Candia, was commissioned as captain; John K. Cilley, of Exeter, as 1st lieutenant; J. Charles Currier, of Derry, as 2d lieutenant. The age of the oldest man in this company was forty-four years; the youngest was seventeen;—the average age of the men of the company was twenty-five years. One hundred and one officers and men were in the company.

COMPANY K.

Company K was largely enlisted under the following stirring call:

$165 BOUNTY PAID UNTIL THE 18TH OF THIS MONTH.

The undersigned, having received authority from the Adjutant-General to recruit a full company under the call for 300,000 volunteers, have opened an office at

EXCHANGE HALL.

Freemen of old Strafford, once more your country calls upon you! Quick! be ready! Now is a good time to show your patriotism by willingly enlisting in your country's behalf, for should you omit this opportunity, you must be drafted, lose your bounty, and show your want of patriotism. Can you be indifferent to this call? Shall the embalmed ashes of the sainted martyrs of American liberty be profaned with the unhallowed footsteps of the enemies of our country? Shall the laurelled tombs of the departed heroes of our country be touched with sacrilegious hands? The genius of the Revolution forbids it; the mandates of Jehovah protest against it. Come forth, then, without fear, and with manly hearts.

"Let our noble motto be,
God, the country, liberty."

EACH VOLUNTEER WILL RECEIVE,

cash in hand, on being mustered into the service of the United States, a bounty of $25, a premium of $2, one month's pay ($13) in advance.

At the expiration of his term of enlistment or honorable discharge from the service, he will receive a further bounty of $75; in event of his death, the same will be paid to his family. The State of New Hampshire will pay a bounty of $50 to each volunteer upon being mustered into the service. In addition, the city of Dover will pay to each of its volunteers the sum of $75. Aid will also be furnished to the families and dependents of volunteers, to an amount not exceeding $12 per month. Pay and rations to commence at date of enlistment.

NAT. LOW, JR.,
B. FRANK RACKLEY,
Recruiting Officers.

Dover, N. H., August 7, 1862.

Under this inspiring call the company was soon enlisted from the following city and towns: Dover, sixty-eight men; Durham, eight; Madbury, four; Somersworth, four; Farmington, Milton, and Sutton, two men each; Barrington, Springfield, and Wakefield, one man each. These men enlisted as follows: August 7, four men; August 8, three; August 9, five; August 11, eight; August 12, three; August 13, seven; August 14, fourteen; August 15, ten; August 16, three; August 18, seven; August 19, two; August 20, five; August 21, thirteen; August 22, four; September 5, two. Eighty-seven men were mustered into the service September 2, 1862, and three on September 3. Nat. Low, Jr., of Dover, was captain; Benjamin F. Rackley, of Dover, 1st lieutenant; Henry W. Twombly, of Dover, 2d lieutenant. The oldest man in the company was forty-four; the youngest man was seventeen;—the average age of the men of the company was twenty-four and one third years. Enrolling officers were,—Nat. Low, Jr., seventy; T. H. Green, ten; H. T. Wiswell, five; L. M. Gilman, four; H. K. Little, two; W. A. Nason and A. Tredick, one each. There were ninety-five officers and men in the company.

Captain Charles Holmes, Seventeenth U. S. Infantry, was mustering officer for the entire regiment.

The following is the order under which the Eleventh N. H. Regiment proceeded to the front:

HEAD-QUARTERS NEW HAMPSHIRE MILITIA,
CONCORD, Sept. 5, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 11. }

TO WALTER HARRIMAN, ESQ.,
Colonel Commanding Eleventh Regiment N. H. Volunteers:

SIR: You will proceed with the regiment under your command to Washington, D. C., on Thursday, the 11th inst., at 7 o'clock a. m., and report to the commanding general.

By order of the Governor,
ANTHONY COLBY,
Adj't-Gen'l.

THE REGIMENT LEAVES FOR THE FRONT.

Wednesday, September 10, the camp was visited by thousands from different parts of the state, who had come to bid the boys good-bye once more. Early Thursday morning, September 11, 1862, the regiment broke camp: tents were struck, baggage packed and forwarded to the station, and the regimental line was formed. In the midst of the hurry of departure, Lieut. Joseph B. Clark, of Co. C, introduced his intended bride to Col. Harriman, and under the fragrant pines, on that beautiful morning, the happy couple were by him united in marriage.

At 9 a. m. the regiment took up its line of march, crossed the river, and, amidst the assembled thousands accompanying its departure with sorrowful hearts, marched down Main street to the station to the cheering strains of "Marching Along" from the regimental band, boarded the cars, and were soon rolling on to the seat of war,—via Nashua, Worcester, Stonington, Jersey City, Philadelphia, and Baltimore to Washington. Composed

of some of the very best men New Hampshire contained, the regiment made a fine appearance, and was greeted everywhere on its way to Washington—save in Baltimore—in the most enthusiastic manner, and with the kindest wishes. With "the tallest men on the right" the regiment made a splendid appearance as it passed through the streets of Stonington to take the boat for New York, and "What a fine looking regiment!" was heard on all sides. As the regiment neared the steamer, bystanders said, "Oh, my God, what tall men! Say, any more such men left where you came from?" "Yes," said one of the tallest, who stood six feet four inches in his stockings, "plenty of them. We 're only infants compared with some of 'em." The regiment was landed at Jersey City, where it was supplied with ammunition for the first time.

Early the next morning, after having partaken of a good breakfast furnished by the kind people of that city, we left, in the midst of a pouring rain, for Philadelphia. All through New Jersey the reception of the regiment was very enthusiastic, especially at Camden and Burlington, where the people seemed to turn out en masse. Philadelphia was reached in the early evening, and an excellent supper was had at the Cooper saloon, where so many thousands of soldiers were fed by the kind-hearted men and women of that city. Shortly afterwards the men marched through densely crowded streets to the western station, whence, packed into "cattle cars," they departed at seven o'clock the next morning. At Wilmington, Delaware, but little attention was paid the regiment. From here to Baltimore the railroad was under a strong guard, and the regiment reached the latter place just at dusk, receiving a right royal welcome from the ladies, who, with other Union people, furnished an excellent supper. The regiment then marched to the station,—

passing along the street where the Sixth Massachusetts had its severe fighting,—the regiment singing "Old John Brown," though the streets were lined with sour, cross-looking people, and not a cheer escaped their lips. The next morning, Sunday, at seven o'clock, the regiment arrived in Washington, and partook of what was called a breakfast in a place denominated as the Soldiers' Retreat. Our boys have not, and never will, forget the place, nor the rations.

Col. Harriman reported to Gen. Casey, and the regiment went into camp on East Capitol Hill, where it remained two days; then was ordered to Camp Chase, near Arlington Heights, where it was brigaded with the Twenty-first Connecticut and Thirty-seventh Massachusetts regiments, General Paul commanding. The next day it had for its brigade commander General Briggs, and the Seventh Rhode Island and the One Hundred and Twenty-third New York regiments were added to the brigade. Two weeks were spent in drill, inspections, and reviews. Here the regiment began to learn that war was not boys' play. Big guns and bayonets bristled on every side: the men were under strict surveillance, and prepared themselves for the art of fighting.

A well known New Hampshire man, residing in Washington, said of the Eleventh Regiment, on its arrival in that city, September 14, 1862, "The soldiers of this regiment are large, sturdy men, worthy in every way to be followers of the Ninth, which was so highly commended on its arrival at Washington. The Eleventh Regiment arrived in this city on Sunday morning at seven o'clock, in good condition and in the highest spirits. Their passage all the way to Baltimore was an ovation, and their reception in Philadelphia generous and noble beyond description. The Eleventh Regiment is brigaded under the command of General Briggs, son of the late ex-Gov-

ernor Briggs, of Massachusetts. It has the right of the brigade, which is the first in Casey's new division. On Saturday last, the Eleventh was provided with eighty-five thousand rounds of ammunition. The regiment is held in high estimation, and has a prospect of immediate service. The Manchester band, which accompanied the Tenth, serenaded Captain Clark, because of his marriage just before he left home."

On the 20th, the division to which the brigade was attached, having about 15,000 troops in line, was reviewed by General Casey, commanding the division. The Eleventh had the right of the brigade in the review. This was the routine during the stay here: Reveillé for roll-call at 5:30 a. m., breakfast at 6:30, guard mounting at 8, officer and company drill and battalion drill from 9 to 11, dinner at 12 m., company drill at 2 p. m., roll-call at 4, dress-parade at 5, supper at 6, tattoo at 8, taps at 9, all lights extinguished.

September 23 the men of the regiment had their marching powers put to the test for the first time. A battalion drill was had from 8 till 10:30 a. m.; they then marched two miles and participated in a division review; and another march to Long bridge and back to camp again—a march of nine miles en route and six in review, making fifteen in all, under a hot, scorching sun. A great many men fell out, but were soon all in camp again. The boys said they only wished the officers who rode horses had to "hoof it" as they did. The march wouldn't have been so long if that had been the case.

Just at this time, President Lincoln's preparatory emancipation proclamation was issued, and was heartily approved by the men of the Eleventh Regiment, as well as by the large number of troops about them. A sutler made himself obnoxious by denouncing the president for what he had done, and threats were

made to "clean him out," but, being forewarned, he picked up his goods and left. During our stay at this place a great many visits were exchanged by the men with friends in other regiments, and many friends from home were seen. Communication with friends at home was uninterrupted, and many of the good things of life were to be had, so that camp life was quite endurable; but all this was to be changed for the stern realities of war, in which the men were soon to participate.

Early Monday morning, September 29, the regiment was ordered to be ready to march at 11 a. m., with two days' cooked rations. Then "there was hurrying to and fro." The cooks were busy, the sick and the lame attended the surgeon's call. Tents and knapsacks were to be left in camp, and the great wonder was, "Where are we going?" In the hurry and confusion one man cut off two fingers on one hand, but the men as a whole welcomed the order to march. This, however, was countermanded, and the regiment lay on its arms until 7 a. m. the next day, when it marched back into Washington, and halted near the station of the Baltimore & Ohio road, where it remained until seven the next morning, when, boarding a train, it was carried back nine miles to the Relay House, and reached Frederick City, Md., early the next morning.

The people on this route we found to be pretty loyal as a whole, but very ignorant. At one place the women wanted to know where the regiment was from, and when told, one said, "Whar is that ar place?" and the boys said, "New Hampshire is an island in the Atlantic ocean."

The next morning the regiment left for Sandy Hook, where it arrived about noon. This place was close by Harper's Ferry, then of so much interest because of John Brown's raid, which ended his life but hastened

the war. Large numbers of the men of the regiment availed themselves of the opportunity to pay Harper's Ferry a visit, and often while waiting here the men indulged in singing "Old John Brown," and the band played "Yankee Doodle." Here the writer of this, with some others, took breakfast one morning with a loyal family residing near our camp. The lady said that on the retreat of the rebel army into Virginia from Antietam, Stonewall Jackson and some of his officers ate supper at her house, and they talked boldly and defiantly. "But," said the old lady, "it appeared as how the Lord was toppermost of the devil yet; that the devil seceded in Bible times, and had now, through the South." Among the few books lying on the table in her little sitting-room was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This lady was a native of Harper's Ferry.

Monday, October 6, the regiment marched three miles up to Pleasant Valley to join Burnside's forces. The valley was rightly named, for it was a beautiful location, and its inhabitants were loyal, out of one hundred and thirty voters in its borders only sixteen being "secesh." Here Colonel Harriman reported to General Burnside, and the following day moved up the valley one mile, where the regiment was brigaded with the Twenty-first and Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, Fifty-first New York, and Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiments. The brigade was the Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps. General Edward Ferrero commanded the brigade, General S. D. Sturgis, the division, and Major-General A. E. Burnside, the corps. In this brigade, division, and corps the Eleventh Regiment remained as long as it was in the service. Here the regiment and brigade performed daily the routine of drill, inspection, and, at times, review,—fitting the men for the fearful task before them, work which would surely come sooner or

later. The camp was full of rumors. Where the army was to march, and when, no one knew, but orders came to be ready to march at a moment's notice, to leave all surplus baggage behind, to sleep with "one eye open," and await results.

Such was the life, varied with orders for details of various kinds of camp duty. Chaplain Stratton improved the time in telling the boys their besetting sins and entreating them to forsake them. He talked from some text on the Sabbath, held a Bible-class meeting once a week, held street prayer-meetings, gave an invocation on dress-parade, and endeavored at all times to do his duty faithfully to the thousand souls that were committed to his spiritual charge. Besides this, it was his duty to look after the mail for the regiment; and very busy was he when a large mail arrived, until it was assorted and delivered.

But cold weather was coming on. Heavy rains drenched the camp, high winds howled through the company streets, and often ice was formed about the little shelter tents. Many were ill, and many were blue; and although the winds were fearful and the heavens looked threatening, the men hailed with delight the order, which came on Saturday, October 25, to be ready to march the following morning. Although few believed anything else than that the order would be countermanded, still the almost certainty that a move would soon be made revived the spirits of the men wonderfully. A terrific storm came on, which continued until the morning of the 27th. At noon of that day the order came, "Be ready to march in twenty minutes!" and in half an hour the army was in motion. The regiment passed down the valley, struck the Potomac at Weaverton, thence down the river through Knoxville to Berlin, where it crossed the river on a pontoon bridge, thence

three miles to near Lovettsville, and camped once more on the "sacred soil of Virginia." McClellan was marching along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, with Lee alongside but beyond the mountains, and moving also towards Richmond. Though cold and windy, the regiment slept that night without tents.

On the 30th the march was resumed during the afternoon, and after going five miles the regiment bivouacked in an open field, the roads in all directions thundering with supply-trains and long lines of artillery. At daybreak the next morning the regiment again took up the line of march, and went into camp one mile below Wheatland, having marched twelve miles. Here the regiment remained until Sunday morning, November 2, when the order came, "Have your command in readiness to march in thirty minutes!" It was a delightful day, but the regiment marched to the thunders of artillery shelling the rebels from their hiding-places in the forests and ravines about us. Twelve miles was made, and the men bivouacked that night near the little hamlet of Union. The march was resumed the next afternoon, and when one mile on its way the regiment received its first order to "Halt and load!" There was another bivouac that night in an open field, and a high, cold, piercing wind. The next day a march of four miles was made, and the camp for the night was at Upperville, near "Snicker's Gap." The next day six miles was tramped over, and a bivouac was made near Piedmont station. Twelve miles was made the next day, and a halt for the night, near Orlean.

Snow commenced falling the next day, November 7, at nine in the morning, and continued until 4 p. m., accompanied with a driving wind, cold and bitter. At 3:30 p. m., the regiment commenced its march again, and just after dark went down into a sharp, dark ravine,

very rocky, and the mud ankle deep, in which the brigade was ordered to halt, as it was found that the order of some superior officer, who was either drunk, insane, or incompetent—most likely the latter—had taken it on the wrong road. "About face!" came the order, and two miles and a half was made to the rear. Upon one of the bleakest, coldest places to be found, the regiment halted in the face of a terribly searching wind for an hour; then marched still another mile to the rear, when a most welcome order was given. "Take the forest to the right!" came the word, and in an incredibly short space of time the woods were aglow with innumerable camp-fires. It was now near midnight, but, brushing away the snow, a very comfortable bivouac was made around the fires.

The next morning the regiment was on the march early, but, when two miles had been covered, halted, and stacked arms in an open field. The air was full of rumors. Battery after battery, with ammunition trains, thundered by on the run. The order, "Take arms!" came quickly, and the boys went up the hill on the double-quick, just in time to find that a skirmish had taken place, and that General Pleasanton had fed his horses in a field of corn occupied by General Stuart, of the rebel cavalry, the night previous. Marching several miles more, the regiment went into camp near Jeffersonville, in Culpeper county. Here the regiment was, for the first time, informed that General McClellan had been superseded by General Burnside, by the following order:

WASHINGTON, November 5, 1862.

By direction of the President of the United States, it is ordered that Major-General McClellan be relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that Major-General Burnside take command of that army. By order of the Secretary of War,

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

GEN. WALTER HARRIMAN.

Walter Harriman was the son of Benjamin and Hannah (Flanders) Harriman, and was born in Warner, N. H., April 7, 1817. He was the third son of a family of eight brothers and two sisters. His father was one of the most prominent men of the town, and his farm was one of the best. Here the son labored, attending the district school in winter. In the autumn of 1834 he attended Hopkinton academy, and in 1835 and 1836 he attended a select school in Henniker: this ended his school-days.

He taught his first school in Warner, in the winter of 1834–'35, and in 1836–'37 he taught in Braintree, Mass.; in 1838 he served as a clerk in a store in Henniker, and in 1839 he opened a tuition school in Westfield, N. J., and afterwards in Irvington, same state. Then he returned to his home in Warner. He commenced the study of theology at Westfield, and at the age of twenty-three years began his labors as a Universalist minister in his native town. He afterwards had pastorates at Harvard and Shirley, Mass., and in various places in New Hampshire. In 1849 he withdrew from theology, and entered the political field. He was elected a representative from Warner in 1849 and 1850. In 1851 he engaged in trade in his native town, and in 1853 he was elected state treasurer. In April, 1856, he was appointed by President Pierce one of a board of three to classify and appraise the Indian lands in Kansas. In 1859 he was again elected a representative from Warner, and was a state senator in 1859 and 1860.

Being of the Democratic faith in politics, he had taken a prominent part in the Kansas-Nebraska strug-

gle in the Fremont campaign in 1856, and in the campaign of 1860, which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln as president. When the life of the nation was threatened, and armed traitors sought its overthrow, his patriotism rose above party, and his voice and his pen uttered earnest words for the Union cause. In August, 1862, he offered his services to Governor Berry, who immediately commissioned him as colonel of a New Hampshire regiment of volunteers, to be known as the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers. He immediately commenced the task of filling his regiment, and addressed several meetings with eloquent words, some of which have been given elsewhere. In eight days his regiment was filled, and on August 26, 1862, he was commissioned its colonel.

His military career is largely interwoven with the history of the Eleventh. At noon of the day of the terrible slaughter at Fredericksburg, he received the order "Advance with your regiment!" with no more fear than if standing on one of the hills near his native home; his voice in clear, clarion tones rang out with the words, "Forward, Eleventh New Hampshire!" and not a man in the regiment but heard it; and how gallantly he bore himself upon that battle-field is a part of the history of that fearful day. His regiment being on picket, neglected and left to its own fate when the army recrossed the river, was one of the very last to cross, and the colonel only gave the order to return upon the earnest advice of the lieutenant-colonel and major of the regiment, as heard by the writer of this.

June 5, 1863, the regiment then being near the Big Black river (Mississippi), Colonel Harriman resigned his commission, greatly to the regret of the men and officers of the regiment, was honorably discharged from the service, and went to his home in New Hampshire,

carrying with him a written indorsement signed by all the officers then with the regiment, declaring that his "brave and gallant conduct at the battle of Fredericksburg," the only one in which the regiment had been engaged, commanded their admiration; that in social intercourse they had found him "a pleasant and affable companion," and that by his kindness and courteous bearing to the privates of the regiment he had gained their "love and respect." The men of the regiment who carried the gun and the knapsack gave expression to their feelings in the passage unanimously of a series of resolutions highly complimentary to their late commander, and declaring their deep regret at his resignation.

August 15, 1863, three weeks after he reached his home, he was re-commissioned colonel of the regiment, and on March 7, 1864, he rejoined it at Mossy creek, East Tennessee, receiving a royal welcome from the men who had borne themselves so bravely in the dangers and hardships of the previous winter, in reality the "Valley Forge" of the Civil War. He accompanied the regiment to Annapolis, and was present with it in its brilliant charges at the Wilderness on the afternoon of the second day's fight, when he was taken prisoner (see Battle of the Wilderness). He was a prisoner for eighty-nine days, but on August 3 was exchanged. During a portion of this time he had been exposed to the fire from the Union batteries at Charleston, S. C. He returned to his home, obtained leave of absence, and participated in the campaign for the reëlection of President Lincoln, speaking from the hustings in very many of the states of the Union, and contributing greatly to the success of the campaign.

November 21, 1864, he again rejoined his regiment, then near the Weldon Railroad, remaining with the reg-

encomiums from all who witnessed its valor. He followed the fortunes of the regiment in its Kentucky campaign in the spring of 1863, and then in the Mississippi campaign. After Colonel Harriman's resignation he was in command of the regiment, performing his duties with great acceptance to the regiment, and to his superior officers in the brigade and division to which the Eleventh was attached.

Upon the return to Kentucky, after Vicksburg and Jackson had surrendered, he received a furlough on account of ill health, and returned to his home. He rejoined his regiment in Tennessee shortly after the siege of Knoxville was raised, received a warm welcome from officers and men, and was immediately placed in command of the brigade to which his regiment was attached, which position he held until relieved by Colonel Carruth, of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, who rejoined his regiment after a long absence, having been a portion of the time a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Colonel Collins then resumed command of his regiment, filling the place until Colonel Harriman's return. He marched back over the mountains to Nicholasville with the regiment, on foot, carrying his own pack with the men of the Eleventh.

Daylight on the morning of May 6, 1864, found the regiment engaged with the enemy in the dense woods of the Wilderness. During the forenoon Colonel Collins was conspicuous along his regiment, he and Colonel Harriman both being untiring in their vigilance. When the brigade was placed in its new position just after noon of this day, and had advanced over several lines of men lying on the ground and refusing to advance, so terrific was the fire from the enemy, so terrible the storm of iron hail, that the earth fairly trembled with the roar of the horrible, deadly battle. At this moment, and just as the

Evarts W. Farr

order was given to "Charge the enemy's lines!" Colonel Collins, who had exhibited a coolness and bravery excelled by no one, received a bullet through his head, and fell to the ground, dead. He gave his valuable life for his country, and he gave it fighting bravely. His regiment lost a beloved officer and the state one of its most worthy citizens. His last command, just before the bullet went crashing through his brain, was an assuring one to his men, as he said, "Steady, men! Steady!" His body was found and buried by some men of the Eleventh belonging to the Ambulance Corps, but was not sent home at any time. In 1867, Chaplain Lyford and Lieutenant Goodall visited the Wilderness battle-field, and found where the bodies of Colonel Collins and Lieutenant A. E. Hutchins were buried. The latter's body was brought to his home for interment, and a head-stone tablet placed at the grave of the former, who lies buried on the farm of a Mr. Ross.

MAJOR EVARTS W. FARR.

Evarts W. Farr was the son of John and Tryphena (Morse) Farr, and was born in Littleton, N. H., October 10, 1840. At the age of twelve years he began to earn his own support and to secure means for an education. In the autumn of 1856 he entered the academy at Thetford, Vt., leaving the same in 1859 with valedictory honors. He entered Dartmouth college in 1859. In April, 1861, he was one of the first men to enlist under the call of President Lincoln for volunteers, and his name so stands enrolled. June 4, 1861, he received the commission of first lieutenant of Company G, Second New Hampshire Volunteers. During the year he was seriously ill for a portion of the time, but, recovering his

health, on January 1, 1862, he was commissioned captain of Company G.

On the 5th day of May, at Williamsburg, while in the act of firing, his right arm was shattered by a Minié ball; but coolly picking up his revolver he passed to the rear, where he remained with wet clothing for forty-eight hours. He was then conveyed to Fortress Monroe, and thence to his home, which he reached in fifteen days from the time of his being wounded, his right arm in the meantime having been amputated at the shoulder. In six weeks he returned to the front. On the 4th of the following September, he resigned his commission as captain to accept a position in the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers tendered him by Governor Berry and his council, and on the 9th of the same month he was commissioned major of the Eleventh; and shortly after, on December 13, 1862, he participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, having command of the left wing of the regiment. Major Farr was with his regiment in Mississippi, but upon the return of the regiment to Kentucky he was granted a furlough. Upon its expiration, he reported to General Burnside at Cincinnati, and was placed on detached service, serving most of the time until the war closed as judge advocate on court-martial duty.

After the war he practised law in his native town, Littleton, and took high rank as a lawyer. He was assistant assessor and assessor of his internal revenue district, was solicitor for Grafton county, and was at one time a member of the governor's council. He was elected to the forty-sixth congress of the United States by a handsome plurality and majority, and served with great fidelity upon the Committee on Pensions. He was reëlected to the forty-seventh congress in November, 1880. Shortly after his reëlection, he took a violent cold, resulting in pneumonia, from which he died November 30, 1880.

Eloquent eulogies were paid to his worth by his fellow-members in congress.

When the Eleventh Regiment in its advance on the battle-field of Fredericksburg first received the terrific fire of the enemy, Major Farr, in command of the left wing, raised his sword and shouted loudly, "Boys, we've got to go up there, and the sooner we get there the better it will be for us: Come on!" And he started at once on the double-quick, as did everybody else.

ADJUTANT CHARLES R. MORRISON.

Charles R. Morrison, third son of William S. and Stira (Young) Morrison, was born in Bath, N. H., January 22, 1819. He married, December 22, 1842, Susan Fitch, of Littleton. In the autumn of 1836 he entered the Newbury (Vt.) seminary, where he continued his attendance both spring and fall for three years, teaching school in the winter, and going into the hay-field in the summer, and thus fitted for college. He entered the office of Goodall & Woods as a student at law July, 1839. In July, 1842, he was admitted to the bar and became an equal partner of Mr. Goodall; removed to Haverhill in March, 1845; and on August 4, 1851, he was commissioned by Gov. Samuel Dinsmore "Circuit Justice of the Court of Common Pleas," and held the office until 1855. He continued the practice of law until Fort Sumter was fired upon, when he tendered his services to Governor Goodwin and afterwards to Governor Berry, but for some reason these were not accepted. In 1850 he was Division Inspector 4th Div. N. H. Militia, and upon the formation of the Eleventh Regiment he solicited of Colonel Harriman the position of adjutant, and was commissioned September 1, 1862, "Lieutenant Adjutant."

He was mustered September 2, 1862, and served in that capacity until September 19, 1864, when he resigned and was honorably discharged from the service. He participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Jackson, East Tennessee, Wilderness, and Spottsylvania. At Fredericksburg he was twice wounded,—first, upon the left forearm by a piece of shell; and second, a contusion upon the left leg below the knee, as he was on his way from the head of the regiment to Colonel Harriman to deliver him an order to hold his men in readiness to charge. Again, at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, while fighting bravely, he was dangerously wounded in the abdomen by a Minié ball, which he picked from his wound, and preserves as a memento of that terrific battle. In consequence of this wound he was carried to Fredericksburg, thence to Washington and Annapolis, and, when well enough, received a leave of absence of twenty days, and went home. He reported back to the hospital July 26, and to his regiment the morning of July 31, 1864, the day after the mine explosion. He was four weeks in hospital at Knoxville after the termination of the siege because of sickness and prostration.

After his discharge he resumed the practice of law in Manchester, where he remained till November, 1886, when he removed to Concord where he still resides. His brother, Captain James Swan Morrison, became a civil engineer, and, having been in the South for several years before the war broke out, joined his sympathies with the cause of the Confederacy. Upon the arrival of the Eleventh Regiment in East Tennessee, Adjutant Morrison made inquiries for his brother, he having been employed at one time as engineer on the Greenville & French Broad Railroad. When last heard from he was residing at Morristown, Tennessee, and thither Adjutant Morrison went; there he learned that

Yours truly
J. F. Briggs

Henry Lee Parish, Nichols N.Y.

James was acting as first lieutenant in Company A, Third Regiment, Engineer Troops, generally under General Bragg. Adjutant Morrison visited his brother's place of residence when the Eleventh reached Morristown, but found that he had left the day before. The adjutant wrote him a note asking, "What did you leave for, just as I was coming?" and left it. In a few days Morristown was again in the hands of the rebels, and his brother answered saying, "I left because I did not like the company you were in. If you have any boots to spare, and they are not contraband of war, leave them for me." The brothers did not meet during the war, although several times they were only a few hours' march apart.

Adjutant Morrison since the war has published the following works: "Digest of the N. H. Reports;" "Town Officer;" "Probate Laws and Directory;" "Justice and Sheriff and Attorney's Assistant;" "Digest of the Laws relating to Common Schools;" "Proofs of Christ's Resurrection from the Lawyer's Stand-point."

As adjutant, he was very faithful in the discharge of his duties, his morning reports usually being the first received at head-quarters, and all other reports were promptly furnished.

MAJOR JAMES F. BRIGGS.

James F. Briggs, son of John and Nancy (Franklin) Briggs, was born in Bury, Lancashire, England, October 23d, 1827. At the age of fourteen months he came to New England with his parents, who resided first in Andover, then in Saugus and Amesbury, Mass., until 1836, when they removed to Holderness (now Ashland), and the father became a manufacturer of woollen cloths. At the age of fourteen, the son attended school at Newbury, Vt., and later at Tilton, working in his

father's factory a portion of the time to gain means for his education. He arranged to read law with Hon. William C. Thompson, at Plymouth, but the death of his father changed his plans, and one year later he entered the office of Hon. Joseph C. Burrows, at Holderness. In 1850 his family removed to Fisherville (now Penacook), and he finished his law studies in the office of Judge Butler, from which he was admitted to the bar in 1851. A month later he settled at Hillsborough Bridge, and commenced the practice of his profession. He was one of the representatives to the legislature from Hillsborough in 1856 and 1857, and the latter year he was the Democratic candidate for speaker of the house. Upon the formation of the Eleventh Regiment, Mr. Briggs was commissioned its quartermaster, August 22, 1862, and was with the regiment at the battle of Fredericksburg; but on the 29th of December following he resigned his position and returned to his home. January 28, 1863, he was reappointed quartermaster of the regiment, and accompanied it on its Mississippi campaign until August 1, 1863, when he again resigned his position and was honorably discharged from the service. In 1871 he removed from Hillsborough to Manchester.

He was one of the representatives from Manchester in the legislature in 1874, and was a state senator in 1876. He was a member of congress six years, in the forty-fifth, forty-sixth, and forty-seventh congresses, holding important positions upon committees. Since then he has several times been one of the representatives in the legislature of the state from Manchester. He married Roxanna Smith, of New Hampton, whom he survives. Although from his position a non-combatant in time of battle, yet at the battle of Fredericksburg Major Briggs was in the thickest of the fight, passing along the regiment cheering on the men to heroic duty.

CHAPTER II.

FROM NOVEMBER 10, 1862, TO DECEMBER 16, 1862—ON THE MARCH—AT FREDERICKSBURG—COLONEL HARRIMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE—HERMAN J. EATON'S DESCRIPTION—CHARGES OF THE ELEVENTH—CAPTAIN PINGREE'S REMINISCENCES.

Monday morning, November 10, the regiment was ordered to "Fall in!" with rifles and ammunition only, as a battery supported by the Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment was shelling the enemy just in our advance, and the order came to "Hurry up the Eleventh New Hampshire to the rescue!" Down the road the boys went in fine style, every gun loaded and every man with his eyes and ears open, only to receive an order in a few minutes to "About face!" as the rebs had skedaddled. The regiment rested under arms during the day, and at night Company D was detailed for the advanced picket-line, where it remained until Wednesday morning, November 12. At three o'clock the regiment marched toward Warrenton, Company D having the advance guarding the supply train, and before noon the Second Brigade was in camp at White Sulphur Springs. And it was just in time, for its old camp at Jeffersonville was occupied by the enemy in force before it had fairly got away. The Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Ninth Corps had the advance to and from Jeffersonville, and the division commander, General Sturgis, said the Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment had the honor of having encamped farther into Virginia than any other regiment since the advance commenced. The halt here was a very welcome one to the boys, as the marching and bivouacking in the cold, stormy weather, together

with short rations, had told severely upon very many of them.

On Saturday the regiment broke camp and were fairly on the road, when the enemy opened fire upon our troops, with the evident purpose of securing some supply trains, of which they very plainly stood in need. Some rebel cavalry attempted to ford the river and head off the trains, but a company of the Seventh Rhode Island emptied a few saddles for them, and they retreated. This was the first time the regiment was under fire, and for two hours shot, shell, and railroad iron flew over the heads of the men in a lively manner. Two pioneers belonging to the regiment were slightly wounded. Four baggage-wagons in the train were burned to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. The march was resumed about noon, and several miles made before the regiment encamped for the night. The next day, November 16, it marched to Warrenton Junction, on the Orange Railroad, remaining there until Monday, November 17, when a march of eight miles was made through a poor, sandy country. It then bivouacked, and the next day, after a march of twelve miles, went into camp at Hartwood, eight miles from Fredericksburg. This last march was made mostly through the fields and woods, in order to give the roads to the artillery, ambulance, supply, and baggage trains. The sight was an inspiring one, with all of these trains and tens of thousands of troops hurrying, rushing onward,—and whither?

Wednesday morning, November 19, the regiment broke camp at six o'clock, and commenced its day's march, which it was hoped would end in Fredericksburg; but after a march of some nine miles a halt was made on the bank of the river opposite Fredericksburg, in full view of the city, and there the officers and men of the Eleventh Regiment came together under the

branches of a large oak tree, and grew eloquent and enthusiastic over the prospect of an easy capture of the city: "But few of the enemy were over there. The river could be forded at Falmouth, and thousands of brave men were ready to do it." But no, pontoons must be laid before we could cross,—and where were they? Official records show that General Burnside was promised pontoons for his bridges to cross the river into Fredericksburg, and that he expected to find them there on or about the time of the arrival of his army at Falmouth. Official records also show that on Wednesday, November 19, 1862 (the day the army began to arrive at Falmouth expecting to cross over into Fredericksburg), Captain Spaulding, in charge of the pontoons,—for they were the same that composed the bridge upon which the army crossed at Berlin at the commencement of the advance,—acting under orders from General Woodbury, engineer officer in charge, started from Washington to haul his pontoons overland to Fredericksburg. A series of misfortunes befell him. Some of the pontoons had been dispatched by water to Acquia Creek. Precious time was wasted, and when the pontoons arrived Fredericksburg heights were bristling with cannon and bayonet, bidding defiance to the Union commander and his brave army of an hundred thousand men. Who was responsible for all this?

General Sumner, who had led the advance on the 19th of November, and who demanded the surrender of Fredericksburg on the 21st, testified that he was positive if he had had the pontoons within three days after his arrival at Falmouth, he could have occupied the heights in the rear of Fredericksburg without material opposition.

General Franklin wished "to impress as firmly upon the committee as it was impressed upon his own" mind

the fact "that the whole disaster had resulted from the delay in the arrival of the pontoon bridges. Whoever is responsible for that delay is responsible for all the disasters which have followed."

General Hooker asserts that "he heard General Halleck or General Meigs assure Burnside that the pontoons would be at Falmouth in three days," and further said, "I think it [the responsibility of having the pontoons at Falmouth in season] necessarily rested upon General Halleck and General Meigs, because it was beyond the control of General Burnside, who was not where he could control it."

It is a matter of history now who was responsible for the non-arrival of the pontoons at the proper time.[1] They were not there when the head of the army arrived, and the Eleventh Regiment, not being able to go over into Fredericksburg as it had fondly hoped to do when it broke camp on the morning of November 19, about six o'clock at night of that day went into camp upon a high plateau below Fredericksburg, on the left bank of the Rappahannock; so that the march, which, when the army left Pleasant Valley nearly one month before, was expected to end at Richmond, ended on the Rappahannock, whose deep, dark waters lay between it and Lee's apparently invincible hosts resting in perfect security in their impregnable quarters. Here the men of the regiment made themselves as comfortable as was possible, doing guard and picket duty, and living largely upon the exciting rumors that daily, and at times hourly, filled the camp. A great army was lying about, drums were beating, fifes were screaming, bugles were sending out their clear notes calling to duty, and all were waiting and wondering what would be the next move, or whether there would be one at all: no one knew what was ahead.

[1] The Committee on the Conduct of the War.

Shortly after leaving Pleasant Valley, an order regulating the march was issued by General McClellan, which was, as a whole, very offensive to the army, especially to those who did not believe in fighting the enemy and feeding him at the same time. The purport of this order was, that if the provost guards caught any soldier straggling with the evident intention of foraging upon the country through which the army passed, he was to be arrested, and, if detected in the act of foraging, he was to be shot, and this order was carried into execution upon many a soldier. The march of the Ninth Corps to Fredericksburg was made under the following order, which order was read upon each regimental dress-parade before the march was commenced:

HEAD-QUARTERS NINTH ARMY CORPS,
PLEASANT VALLEY, MD., OCTOBER 23, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 7.

The attention of the division commanders is hereby called to General Orders, No. 155, Army of the Potomac, on the subject of straggling. A copy of these orders will be furnished to every company in their commands, and a strict compliance therewith enforced, together with the following Standing Orders for March:

1. All troops will be habitually marched in good order, in silence, with their arms properly carried on leaving camp, and until the command "Route step!" or "Arms at will!" is given. This applies to small detachments as well as regiments.

2. All officers are to remain constantly at their station during the march. The lieutenant-colonels and majors, or officers acting as such, will march in rear of their respective wings. If there is only one acting field officer beside the commanding officer of the regiment, his post is in the rear of the regiment.

3. One company officer will march at the rear of each company. Commanding officers of brigades and regiments, assisted by their staff, will move from one point to another as occasion requires their presence for the preservation of order, and particularly for the prevention of unnecessary defiling and straggling.

4. When marching at ease, files may be loosened, but each route,

section, platoon, or company must be kept perfectly distinct, and every man must remain exactly in his place. The inattention of file closers must be promptly rebuked. The officer commanding the leading regiment will halt his regiment half an hour after the column marches, unless it should interfere with the movement of the column from camp, and if so, as soon thereafter as practicable. At this halt fifteen minutes will be allowed for the men to ease themselves, the men stacking arms. The column will halt five minutes at the end of each hour thereafter. If a longer halt is thought necessary, the commanding officer will direct it.

5. As often as the width of the road admits, each regiment and detachment will march with company platoon or section front.

6. No regiment, company, or section is at any time to defile or diminish its front, or attempt in any way to avoid any bad spot in the road, unless the preceding regiment or company has done so.

7. Whenever defiling or undoubling is necessary, it must be executed with order and precision, as in manœuvring at drill, by the proper word of command preceded by the word "Attention!"

8. When a regiment or company comes to a bad place in the road where the men will be likely to defile individually, the officers must be on the alert and call out to the men to keep their ranks.

9. When a bad place is to be passed, the field officers will go to the head of their respective wings to see it regularly done. They will remain at the spot till the whole of their wings have passed, and then resume their stations in the rear.

10. Whenever a stream, ditch, or bank, or other obstacle is to be crossed, it will be found generally that instead of defiling, or diminishing front, the very contrary should be done, not only by causing the files of each section to extend gradually before they arrive at the ditch or obstacle, but even by forming platoons or companies.

11. It is proved that the defiling of one regiment on the march, even if done with as much prompitude as is practicable on such occasions, will cause a delay of ten minutes. One such obstacle, if not passed without defiling, would therefore delay a brigade, consisting of three regiments, half an hour, and in the winter, when obstacles of this kind are frequent, and the days are short, a column which is constantly defiling without cause will arrive at its quarters in the dark; whereas, if it had performed the march regularly, it would have got in by good time.

12. After passing an obstacle or ascending a hill, the leading company of each regiment will stop short until the last company of the

regiment has passed and closed up, although a large interval should be thereby occasioned between it and the preceding regiment.

13. If the head of a regiment cannot keep up with the preceding regiment, the commanding officer will forward the notice to the head of the column, detaching files at the same time to preserve the communication with the preceding regiment.

14. This order respecting defiling is, therefore, as much calculated to provide for the personal ease and comfort of the men, as it is essential for the due performance of the movement of the army.

15. On arriving at camp, each division commander will send a staff officer, or orderly, to the head-quarters of the corps; division commanders will also at once make themselves acquainted with all the roads and topographical features in the neighborhood, so as to be able to expedite the marches by day, or by night, and obtain favorable ground for attack, defence, advance, or retreat, as well as facilitate the movement and security of their trains.

16. The division commanders are directed to take particular precautions against surprise. They will also give such precise instructions to the officers of the medical department, pioneers, ordnance, ambulances, and baggage-wagons as will enable those officers to furnish needed labor and supplies at the required point with the utmost promptness.

17. It is important, for the sake of concert of action and to ensure success in the field, that communication should be constantly maintained between the troops; the division commanders will therefore take measures to communicate with the head-quarters of the corps, and, as far as practicable, with each other on the march.

A copy of the above will be furnished and read to every company.

By command of Brigadier-General Willcox,

[Signed] ROBERT A. HUTCHINS,
Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official:

G. H. MCKIBBEN,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

November 24 the regiment moved its camp one mile farther up the heights upon which it was encamped, and on to drier ground. Thursday, November 27, was the first Thanksgiving Day spent by the boys in the service. The chaplains of the brigade held a union service with the Eleventh boys, and the band enlivened the services

by playing several selections, including "Auld Lang Syne," "Hail, Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle." The turkeys and other fixings usually had at home were sadly missing. And so the days sped on,—each bringing its duties, and each one finding more and more of the boys ill. The cold, wet weather told fearfully upon the men in their little shelter tents, and the surgeon's call in the morning was usually well attended. In some regiments there were large numbers ailing. The Eleventh had its full share, and several men died in spite of all efforts to save them. Following the brigade were several ladies from Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, with large supplies for the soldiers of the brigade belonging to those states, and to care for the sick and dying. New Hampshire had none in the field at that time to administer these kind offices to the boys of the Eleventh, and if they secured anything of the kind, they had to ask for it, which requests, in all honor to the ladies be it said, were never refused by them when the solicitor was found worthy and stood in need.

December 1, 1862, the boys of the regiment were made happy by the appearance of Major Sherman, of New Jersey, an old pupil of Colonel Harriman's when he was a teacher in that state. The regiment was paid to October 1 preceding, and right glad were they to see some of the "needful" once more. The sutler was well patronized for a time, and whenever there was anything to be had for the comfort of the inner or outer man, it was forthcoming if money would purchase it. Others, still, remembered the loved ones at home, and a good share of what they had received was sent by express, or by letter, to those at home who were continuously in their mind.

Meantime Burnside was busying himself with the alternative, Shall I put my army into winter quarters, or

shall I press the enemy with all the means at my disposal? It was indeed a question of great moment, and it was decided by him with a view to fulfilling his promise made when placed in command of the Army of the Potomac,—"I'll try, sir." The advantages of crossing the river at various points were well considered, as were also the probabilities of success. He concluded to throw his pontoons across the river, and march his troops directly across into Fredericksburg and deliver battle with one portion of his army, another portion crossing the river farther down—a distance of two miles—to attack the enemy on his flank while the battle was delivered upon his front.

And this, too, in the face of the difficulties so vividly portrayed by Rev. Mr. Woodbury in his "Ninth Army Corps:" "Beyond the town lay the slope up which the army was to march in order to reach the enemy's lines. Above the slope frowned the enemy's batteries. The main task was to carry these heights, bristling with bayonets and dark with cannon. It was a perilous undertaking. For the first time in its history the Army of the Potomac was to 'move on the enemy's works' for a determined assault. It had shown itself unequalled for defensive warfare. Could it successfully take the aggressive? The answer to that momentous question was soon to be given in fire and blood." Behind these works rested General Lee, with an army 80,000 strong, of his best troops, eager for the advance of Burnside.

On the morning of December 10, 1862, there was in front of the enemy at Fredericksburg an effective force, as shown by the morning reports of that day, of 111,834 officers and men of all arms of the service. There were three grand divisions: The one on the left, commanded by General Franklin, consisting of the First and Sixth

corps; the centre, commanded by General Hooker, consisting of the Third and Fifth corps; and the right, commanded by General Sumner, consisting of the Ninth and Second corps. A large number of men from each of these grand divisions were occupied in guarding the railroad and doing picket duty, while the cavalry was held in reserve. This great army lay along the river waiting for the order to advance: our duty is with the New Hampshire Eleventh and its brave deeds.

The night of December 9 was a busy one. Troops were marching in all directions, accompanied by batteries and wagons; drums were rolling the entire night. Early on the morning of the 10th, the men of the Eleventh were furnished with three days' cooked rations and sixty rounds of ammunition, with orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. During the night the artillery was posted along the river from Falmouth to the Mattapony, and early on the morning of the 11th iron hail belched from hundreds of iron throats upon the enemy's ranks on Fredericksburg heights. While this bombarding fire was going on, the engineers under General Woodbury were attempting to lay a bridge across the river for the passage of troops, and one was nearly completed before the work was discovered by Barksdale's Mississippi sharpshooters, who were posted in the houses in the city, and the men were driven from their work.

Burnside then ordered the guns to open on the city, which order was responded to in a terrific manner. More than one hundred pieces of artillery kept up a terrible fire until the buildings, many of them, were completely riddled, and the city set on fire in several places; but still the enemy clung to their positions and had perfect control of the river. General Woodbury reported to Burnside that the bridges "could not be built." "They must be built," replied Burnside; and again the engi-

neers went bravely to their work, but were soon obliged to desist. Burnside then called for volunteers to cross the river in boats and dislodge the sharpshooters, which was bravely done by men from the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, with men from the Fiftieth New York as oarsmen. A number of men from the Eighty-ninth New York crossed at another point. In half an hour Fredericksburg was ours, the bridges were soon completed, and troops began to cross.

During the terrific firing on the morning of the 11th, "Fall in, New Hampshire Eleventh!" came in the clear, ringing tones of Colonel Harriman, and in a few minutes the regiment was on the march towards the river, and, when near it, halted and remained all day,—but just at dusk went back to its old camp-ground for the night.

Early on the morning of the 12th the regiment left its camp, crossed the river into Fredericksburg, and filed under the bank of the river, where it remained during the day and the night following. Troops were everywhere, and the day was very busily spent by them in looking for articles "rare and antique." Some of the boys found some flour and lard, and turned many an honest penny by selling fried doughnuts; and the writer of this had nothing for rations from the 12th until the 14th, save doughnuts from a well stored haversack.

But there was hard, dangerous work ahead. Early on the morning of the 13th the regiment moved down Caroline street—the main street of the city—to the lower part of the town, where it rested on its arms. Artillery from both sides were firing briskly, and shells and bricks were filling the air at times. At 11:30 Colonel Harriman received orders to move his regiment to the attack. The regiment, being the first of the brigade to

advance, filed into Princess Charlotte street, and the men lay upon the sidewalks waiting for the order to advance. Presently it came, and the regiment went down the street, past the brick kilns behind which stood the commander of the brigade, General Ferrero, who in a short speech to the Eleventh New Hampshire a few hours before had said,—"Men of the New Hampshire Eleventh: I expect every man to do his duty in the coming fight. *I will not ask you to go anywhere that I will not lead you: Follow me!*—and that was the last seen of him by the regiment until the battle was over. It filed to the right, and, crossing the Fredericksburg & Richmond Railroad, formed a line of battle in front of the rebel works: the men were ordered to lie down and await the order to join. The firing from the enemy was severe: precious time was being wasted, and the men exposed to a murderous fire. After what seemed an age, almost, an aide from somebody came cringing along in a cowardly manner to the left of the regiment and said, "Tell your colonel to advance by the front," and onward it went, men continually falling dead or wounded. Part way up the slope a Pennsylvania regiment was encountered, running to the rear as fast as their cowardly legs would take them, but on the Eleventh pressed, in the midst of a terrific fire from the enemy's works, which belched forth "sheeted damnation" in a terrible manner. The men wavered not, but soon gained an elevation looking down into the enemy's works.

The regiment was now with their detachment, Colonel Harriman at the right wing, Companies D and F in the centre, and Major Farr with the remainder of the left wing farther to the left, all fighting bravely. Men fell dead and wounded in large numbers. Soon reinforcements began to arrive, and their coming was heralded by an increased firing from the enemy.

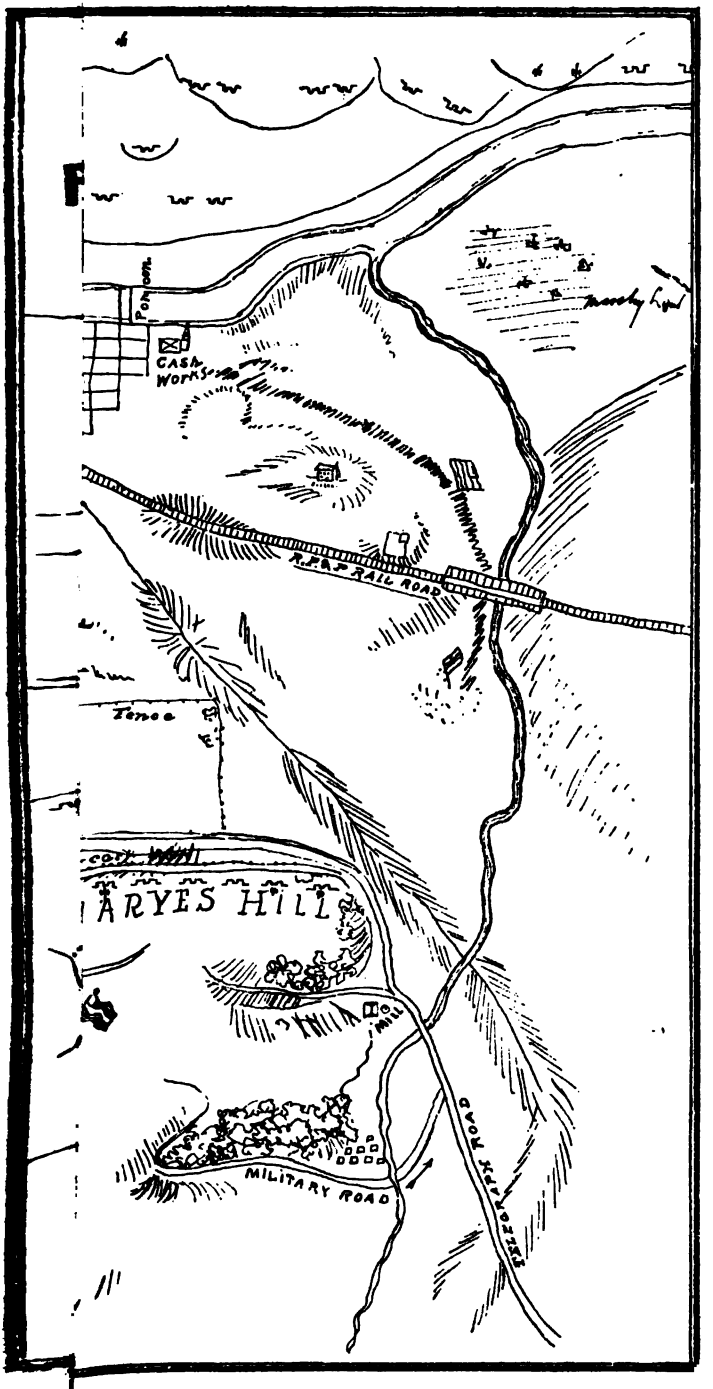
All this time the Union artillery posted across the river was silent, their shot doing more harm to the Union troops than to the enemy. Some regiments came to the rear of the line where the fighting was going on, and there in their fright would rise up and fire at random, and had to be silenced by the men in front. Most of the regiments that came, went into the fight bravely, at dusk the whole line being crowded with men without much regard to formation in some parts of it. The enemy's front seemed alive with men preparing to repulse the Union charge, which was made with a terrible rush. Hundreds of pieces of artillery from the rebel works rained their fierce defiance of grape, canister, shells, and solid shot, and thousands of muskets filled the air with leaden hail. The heavens were lurid with a fiery flame; peal on peal, crash on crash, benumbing the hearing and almost bewildering the senses, raged the fearful charge, but it was as bravely met;—the stone-wall was ours, and a portion of the enemy's rifle-pits, and it seemed at one time as though the crest would be carried; but "thus far and no farther" was still said in earnest behind those breastworks—and the battle was over. Still the firing was fearful at different points.

After this desperate charge, the regiment, gathering up its wounded as best it could, went back to the city, having earned for itself a proud name for its bravery, for at no point was the fighting more severe than upon that part of the line where the Eleventh New Hampshire was engaged, and where it had been fighting for six long hours. During this time the men of the Eleventh quailed not, fully meriting this compliment from its division commander, General Sturgis, himself one of the best fighters in the Army of the Potomac. While urging forward some of his old troops during that terrible afternoon, he said, "See the men of the Eleventh New Hampshire,

COLONEL HARRIMAN'S ACCOUNT.

Wednesday, November 19. Broke camp at 6 o'clock in the morning and marched, we hoped and believed, for Fredericksburg. The distance made to-day, eight or nine miles. On coming to the bank of the Rappahannock below Falmouth, and directly opposite to Fredericksburg and in full view of that city, the officers of the Eleventh, while the column was at a halt, came together under the branches of an oak tree, and grew eloquent over the prospect of the easy capture of that city. "No rebels of any account are now there, the river can be forded without difficulty, and the men are ready for it. But remarkable counsels prevail: we must wait, wait for pontoons to cross on, which will be simply waiting for the rebel army to arrive and intrench itself!" After tedious waiting this afternoon we got into camp at 6 o'clock, on a high plateau a little below Fredericksburg, but on the left bank of the Rappahannock. From Warrenton Junction to this point we have presented a magnificent spectacle. An immense army, feeling that it was engaged in a holy cause and marching on to glorious victory, could not feel otherwise than elated at the prospect before it. We have marched from that point in three lines abreast. To explain it, it may be said that three roads running parallel to each other and very near together were occupied by our army during these last three days. There were in reality no roads at all, or next to none; only such as we made through forest and field as we moved upon the Confederacy. In this grand advance we have had six army corps, amounting in all to 100,000 men.

December 11, Thursday. Bombardment of the city of Fredericksburg. I will not undertake to describe it; numberless great earthquakes could not shake the ground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CASH WORKS
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TELEGRAPH ROAD

or rend the air more. The city was frightfully torn to pieces: the inhabitants had left for parts unknown.

Saturday, December 13, 1862. This day we have had a most fearful, sanguinary battle. The battle-field was just in the rear of the city, and at this moment, as I write, many thousands of noble dead and wounded lie upon the ground. The grand total loss is not now known. The loss in my regiment in killed and wounded is about 175, and it is frightful. I feel it ten times more at this moment (midnight) than I did in the midst of the iron hail, when my men were momentarily falling about me. The Eleventh Regiment formed a line early in the morning; at 9 o'clock moved down Caroline street to the lower part of the town, and rested on their arms in the street till half past eleven, forenoon. I then received orders to move my regiment to the attack. The Eleventh was chosen as the first regiment of the brigade, and the first of the division, to move upon the enemy. *It disappointed the high expectations of no one.* We filed out on Princess Charlotte street which runs back at right angles from the river. The fire of the enemy had already opened, and by the time we had arrived at the head of this street, one man, Charles M. Lane of Company I, had been severely wounded, and the fire from the rebel batteries and rifle-pits was anything but music. Here we filed to the right, crossed the Fredericksburg & Richmond Railroad, moved into the open field at the rear of the city, and formed line of battle. Here I caused the men to lie down snug to the ground, and awaited orders. No orders came. The fire from the enemy had become terribly severe. No general or aid was willing to risk his life where we were. An aid, however, did creep up to near the left of the regiment (I was at the right), and told one of my officers to tell me to advance by the front. This we did, I believe, most gallantly, under a deadly

fire, our men falling wounded and dead at every step. While thus advancing, a Pennsylvania regiment fled in dismay from the front, breaking through our line and halting only when they had found safety in the city. None of my men, I believe, hesitated in consequence of this. We advanced with a firm tread, on the double-quick, over a smooth field, with no rock, ravine, or road to shield us for an instant from the deadly missiles of the enemy. We reached our post, clear up, almost to the mouth of the rebel guns, in good order, although our ranks had been a good deal thinned by their well directed aim. We held our post from our arrival at about half past twelve o'clock, firing deliberately, coolly, energetically, till we received orders the second time to fall back, this being after dark. At 6 o'clock we retired, and now here we are, on the same ground that we left at 9 o'clock this morning. But such a battle as this has been!—one well calculated to startle the whole world.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

(BY HERMAN J. EATON, CO. E.)

The morning of December 13 was very foggy. About nine o'clock the fog began to lift, and in a very few minutes the great battle we had been looking for was ushered in on the left. It commenced with a heavy artillery fire, but in about half an hour the infantry fire opened, which very plainly told us that "the pine was swinging against the palm," and that a great day's work, long to be remembered, was commencing.

Soon the order came for the Eleventh New Hampshire to move down Caroline street. We marched to the lower part of the city, or nearly so, and there made a halt to wait for orders, and listened to the crash of musketry on

the left. On the north bank of the river our artillerists stood by their gleaming guns ready for action, firing occasional shots over the city and into the rebel lines. Standing on a shed I could see over some portions of the field where the Union forces were so soon to advance, and where they were to stagger and crouch under a merciless fire from the enemy. Already I could see the red hospital flag flying from many of the large buildings and from the churches. A little past eleven o'clock General F—— rode up to our brigade, and ordered one regiment to advance and "drive in the rebel pickets." I think the regiment was the Twenty-first Massachusetts. Meanwhile General Couch's Division, on our right, emerged from the bomb-shattered town, and moved swiftly to the attack. In a very few minutes the regiment from our brigade made an attack on the enemy's picket, and a brisk picket fire opened on our front, which had up to this time been quiet. Some of the boys made the remark, "That sounds like popping corn."

At 11 :30 o'clock Colonel Harriman's voice rang out as clear as a bugle, "Fall in, New Hampshire Eleventh!" It was the last "Fall in" to a great many. Ere the sun set, many who were then standing in the ranks with us would "pass to where, beyond these voices, there is peace." General F—— told us to "Keep cool: it is good fun when you once get in!" Leaving Caroline street on the double-quick, we turned into Princess Charlotte street, leading directly to the battle-field. When nearly at the end of the street, a halt was made, and we were ordered to lie down upon the sidewalk; and here our first man was wounded. The fire in our front was rapidly growing hotter and hotter. The harsh notes of the cannon shook the ground, and reverberated among the hills. I could look up to the enemy's works just at our left, and see the guns belch forth long sheets of flame,

and hear the crashing of the shells as they struck in our lines. Very soon the order came for us, "Forward!" We passed on up the street and over the mill-race, and, as we did so, we passed a brigade who gave us three cheers, clapped their hands, swung their caps, and shouted to us, "Go in, Eleventh New Hampshire, go in! You are good for it! Go in, bully boys!" We did n't cheer much in return: we had something else of importance on our minds just then.

At the end of the street stood a long brick building reaching nearly to the railroad. This hid us from the enemy. At that point we turned to our right, advancing swiftly for the railroad. As soon as we reached that we were in full view of the enemy, who at once turned all their guns upon us as we crossed it. The first shell that was thrown at us struck in a large pile of railroad ties, and in the twinkling of an eye that entire pile was converted into kindling-wood. The next shell swept through the ranks, instantly killing two soldiers in Company K. After advancing about twenty rods, we were ordered to halt and drop down near an embankment, and close beside a brick-yard, while the shells were thrown at us most fearfully. One fellow, being somewhat frightened, cried out, "Oh, dear! they 'll kill every one of us: not a d—d one of us will be left to tell the story!" I had to laugh in all the fury of the battle. Things looked, however, as if he was about right. All the Union troops that were in our immediate front were only a heavy skirmish line; consequently the enemy had very little to fear from them, but turned their guns upon our devoted heads with deadly effect.

While we were lying upon the ground and in the soft mud, waiting for orders, a panic-stricken regiment passed us in disorderly retreat. Many of them threw away their guns, and yelled at us, "Do n't go up there:

the day is lost!" The officers ran after them, ordering them to "Halt! halt you, —— ——, halt!" but no attention was given to their orders. They ran so fast, it looked to me as if their feet did n't touch the ground more than twice before they were in the town and out of sight. We remained in our position only a few minutes, when we were ordered to make the final advance. In doing so, we had to climb over two high fences. The moment we were on our feet, we were in full view of the enemy. Then the great war-cloud burst in our front ten times more terrible than ever, and seemed to rival hell itself.

Stretched in our front stood the embattled lines of Longstreet. Marye's hill was one sheet of flame. Then the bright flash leaped from the rebel guns, and the great puffs of smoke rolled upward. Now the Miniés whistled, and the shells screamed over our heads and through the ranks. Now the case-shot hummed, and the splinters from the fences flew in our faces, when, as we neared the enemy's works, the canister was poured into our ranks, and many of the boys fell, killed or wounded! The ground behind every advancing regiment was dotted with blue coats, and gaps were made in the ranks that never could be filled. It can never be written or told: pen, pencil, or words fail to tell the story of that cruel day's work. The ground, over which we advanced in that furious storm of iron hail and leaden rain, was a gentle slope from the city to the rebel works. Many of the soldiers are of the idea that the ground was a level field, but it is not so. In the days before the war this field was occupied as a fair-ground. The entire field had the appearance of a theatre; the enemy held the tier of seats, and the Union army occupied the stage. The Eleventh Regiment went into the fight, left in front, leading the brigade and the division. The distance we

had to advance under this terrible fire was from forty to sixty rods, and it was the longest fifty rods I ever saw.

It was the famous Washington Artillery, the best in the Confederate service, which played so furiously with lightning flash and thunder stroke, hurling shell and canister through our defenceless ranks that day. In all probability there was not another battery on either side during the war, that worked so steadily and rapidly upon a body of men wholly unprotected, as did this battery from noon of that day until after dark. It is also safe to say that no braver army ever stood upon a field of battle and received, unflinchingly and without wavering, such a terrific battery fire, together with the fire from three lines of infantry at the same time, as did the Federal army that day. We gained nothing by that terrible battle, as everybody knows; nevertheless, the Eleventh Regiment is proud to be numbered among the many regiments which composed the fourteen brigades dashed against Marye's hill on that day.

It was Colonel Walton who commanded those guns, and who said just before the battle opened, "My artillery can comb that field so clean that not a chicken can live upon it." Wild and fearful was the onslaught in the setting sun! and the cry that shall never be repeated urged on the last charge, until that crimsoned field seemed to mock the purple clouds above it. For that day the battle was over. Amid the bomb-shattered buildings of the town we sought shelter for the night. There we watched and waited—waited, expecting to be foremost in another fearful assault at early dawn. Yes, there we waited, with bleeding ranks and trailing banners, in terrible suspense for the expectant order; waited and listened to the occasional fierce outbursts of the pickets' deadly fire out on the field; waited and sighed that no victory was ours, while dreadfully glared the iron face of war; waited in

the damp chill of night, while death drew his bloody shroud over the fallen on that field so red and wet; waited, until

> "One by one the pale stars faded,
> And at length the morning broke;
> But not one of all the sleepers
> On that field of death awoke."

On a gentle rise of ground, and about twenty-five rods from that noted "stone wall" with which every one is familiar, and nearly in front of Marye's hill, we made a halt, and there for the first time emptied our muskets at the rebels to the best of our ability, while the cry ran along our line, "Give it to 'em, boys; give it to 'em!" Just before we reached the rise of ground where we made our halt, Captain Shattuck of Company E fell, mortally wounded, as he was advancing at the head of his company, with his sword in one hand and a musket in the other. Poor Shattuck! There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee!

During that memorable afternoon of December 13, we lay on that field enveloped in smoke, amid the deadly roar and crash of battle. My blood chills as I pen these lines, and think how like a shower the hissing bullets flew among us in one incessant stream; how the shells rushed over our heads in their death-dealing flight, and ploughed the ground where we lay! Regiment after regiment was now sent to our support, advancing under the galling fire, and all the way we could protect ourselves was by loading and firing while on the ground. A young soldier, not more than eighteen years of age, belonging to some other regiment, got lost from his command, and joined the Eleventh. He was cool; few older were as much so. He took off his blouse and laid it on the ground, and, placing all of his cartridges upon

it, stood erect and fired. After using all of his cartridges, he emptied the boxes of the dead, and continued that way till late in the afternoon, when he fell, pierced by a rebel bullet.

The Union batteries were silent, as they endangered the lives of their own men. Late in the afternoon, one of our batteries got into position on a little rise of ground just in the edge of the town; the battery horses were all killed, but the guns were wheeled into position by the artillerists, who were assisted by a regiment of infantry. That battery then opened on the enemy most furiously, firing as fast as they could handle the guns. How sweet the notes of that Union battery sounded to us! I shall never forget them. The enemy's guns were all brought to bear upon it, and for ten minutes it seemed as though the heavens must fall and the ground would open. So terrible was the fire from the enemy, that in ten or fifteen minutes our men were obliged to abandon their guns, leaving a large number of their comrades dead beside them, where they fought so well.

The line of battle was five miles in length; the right and centre were in an open field, while on the left it was more uneven and wooded. The Ninth Corps fought in the centre, and a very large part of them directly in front of Marye's hill, where the greatest slaughter of the Union troops was made. All the New Hampshire troops occupied a position either in front of Marye's hill or Lee's hill, the last named place being just at our left from Marye's hill. The sunken road and the stone wall were in front of Marye's hill; behind this wall and in the road lay the rebel division of General McLaws.

A citizen of Fredericksburg, long after the war, gave me a history of that great day's work. His eyes flashed fire as he remarked to me,—"We made that stone wall count that day, I tell you, sir. The way we piled up

them Northern boys in front of that wall was terrible to look upon."

Just at nightfall General Meagher's Irish Brigade made their famous charge just at our right, when all that field was lighted up by countless thousands of muskets and the red glare of the cannon. At that fearful moment the great battle seemed to burn more furiously than ever, while the wild yell of the charging troops arose above the roar and clashing of the two armies. A portion of the charge was made in an apple orchard. The owner of the grounds pointed out to me after the war the point reached by their front line, which was only a few feet in front of that deadly stone-wall, showing with what indomitable courage they made the charge under a withering infantry fire, and in the blaze of artillery. They charged to the muzzles of the rebel guns. Of the 1,200 men that General Meagher led into action that night, only 280 answered to their names the next morning. Not only the men in the ranks, but many brave officers—including six majors, three colonels, and one adjutant, nearly all of the front line—were swept into eternity. The Confederates in their report said, "The charge was unparalleled in history."

It was after dark when the battle ceased and the broken ranks of Burnside's army started for the town. I had gone only a few steps when I stumbled over a large number of dead and wounded. All over that field lay ghastly forms that once were men. A fence corner, whither they had crawled for safety after they were wounded, was packed with the dead and the dying, all cut to pieces by shot and shell. I asked one fellow if I should help him off. "Oh, no!" said he, "let me alone; let me lie, and die here." I stooped over and put my hand on another, and as I did so he groaned, "Don't touch me! I am terribly wounded. I must die!" His

clothing was completely soaked with blood. Oh! you who were in your quiet homes in the North, can you realize the horrors of that battle-field? General Lee remarked the next morning, as he viewed the ground strewed with the Union dead, "It is well this is so terrible: we would grow too fond of it!"

Alas for the thunders of victory's boast! It was not ours to give. We believed that we were fighting for Liberty and Union, God and the Right. All the spoils war could claim from the shattered Union army were the ashes of her brave. There, under the dim, starlit sky, on a single acre of ground on which the Eleventh Regiment stood, lay *six hundred and twenty* men, as was proven by actual count on the day of the burial; and doubtless there was twice that number of wounded when the battle ceased. This I saw on the battle-field of Fredericksburg, and in my memory I can see it now. I often think of that terrible battle.

Before bringing this sketch to a close, I have a compliment for the Eleventh New Hampshire, and it seems fitting that I should mention it here, for it came from the enemy. One year after that battle I was conversing with two of Longstreet's soldiers in Kentucky, who were taken prisoners at Knoxville, Tenn., and were on their way North. They were giving me the rebel side of the story of the battle of Fredericksburg. Said one of them, "There was one regiment in that battle which we all had a great desire to know the name of. It was large enough for a brigade, and its uniforms were black. After they came out of the city and crossed the railroad, they made a halt, and dropped on the ground near a brick-yard. They were very soon on their feet again, and started in a long line towards our works. We all said—and our officers, too—'Boys, they look too handsome to fire upon, but it must be done: let them have it.'

Then we opened on them. Our line was all ablaze, and, well knowing they were new troops, we expected to see them stagger and retreat; but in spite of all our musketry and artillery fire they kept their line perfect, and never wavered." I at once knew what regiment it was. It was the Eleventh New Hampshire, commanded by the gallant Colonel Walter Harriman. We wore a very dark blue uniform then, which at seventy-five rods, distance looked black. We were the only troops on that part of the line, and I think on the whole field, that did not wear the light army blue. I always considered the above something of a compliment, particularly as it came from the enemy.

CHARGES OF THE ELEVENTH.

The following is a vivid description of the charges in which the Eleventh Regiment bore such a conspicuous part:[1]

"But while this was transpiring on the left, there was a terrible sacrifice of life at the foot of Marye's hill. Soon after noon French's and Hancock's divisions of the Second Corps, with Sturgis's Division of the Ninth, advanced over the open field in rear of the town to attack the heights. Officers walked along the lines, giving the last words. 'Advance, and drive them out with the bayonet!' were the orders.

"The fifteen thousand in a compact body move to the edge of the plateau. The hills are aflame. All of Longstreet's guns are thundering. Shells burst in the ranks. The rebel skirmishers, concealed in the houses and behind fences, fire a volley and fall back to the main line. Onward move the divisions. We who behold them from the rear, although we know death stands

[1] Charles Carleton Coffin in "Four Years of Fighting," pp. 170, 171.

ready to reap an abundant harvest, feel the blood rushing with quickened flow through our veins, when we see how gallantly they move forward, firing no shot in return. Now a sheet of flame bursts from the sunken road, and another from half way up the slope, and yet another from the top of the hill. Hundreds fall; but still on, nearer to the hill, rolls the wave. Still, still it flows on; but we can see that it is losing its power, and though advancing, it will be broken. It begins to break. It is no longer a wave, but scattered remnants thrown back like rifts of foam.

"A portion of Sturgis's Division reaches the hollow in front of the hill, and settles into it. The Eleventh New Hampshire, commanded by Colonel Harriman, is in the front line. They are new troops, and this is their first battle; but they fight so gallantly that they win the admiration of their general. 'See,' said Sturgis, to an old regiment which quailed before the fire,—'see the Eleventh New Hampshire, a new regiment, standing like posts driven into the ground!'

"Hancock and French, unable to find any shelter, are driven back upon the town. The attack and repulse have not occupied fifteen minutes. Sturgis is still in the hollow, so near the hill that the rebel batteries on the crest cannot be depressed sufficiently to drive him out. He is within close musket-shot of Cobb's Brigade, lying behind the stone wall at the base of the hill. In vain are all the efforts of Longstreet to dislodge them. Solid shot, shells, canister, and Shrapnel are thrown towards the hollow, but without avail. A solitary oak tree is torn and broken by the artillery fire and filled with musket balls, and the ground is furrowed with the deadly missiles; but the men keep their position through the weary hours.

"A second attempt is made upon the hill. Hum-

phreys's Division, composed of Tyler's and Briggs's brigades of Pennsylvanians, nearly all new troops, leads the advance, followed closely by Morrill's Division of veterans. The lines move steadily over the field under the cover of the batteries, which have been brought up and planted in the street. Sturgis pours a constant stream of fire upon the sunken road. Thus aided, they reach the base of the hill in front of Marye's, deliver a few volleys, and then with thinned ranks retire once more to the shelter of the ridge.

"The day is waning. Franklin has failed. He telegraphs that it is too late to make another attack on the left. Not so does Sumner think on the right. He cannot see the day lost without another struggle, and orders another attack. Humphreys, Morrill, Getty, Sykes, and Howard, or portions of their divisions, are brought up. The troops have been under arms from early daylight. They have had no food. All day they have been exposed to the fire of the rebel batteries, and have lost heavily. . . . It is sunset. The troops move out once more upon the plain, and cross the field with a cheer. The ground beneath them is already crimson with the blood of their fallen comrades. They reach the base of the hill. Longstreet brings down all his reserves. The hillside, the plain, the crest of the ridge, the groves and thickets, the second range of hills beyond Marye's, the hollow, the sunken road, are bright with flashes. Two hundred cannon strike out fierce defiance; forty thousand muskets and rifles flame. The rebels are driven from the stone wall, and the sunken road, and the rifle-pits midway the hill. The blue wave mounts all but to the top of the crest. It threatens to overwhelm the rebel batteries. But we who watch it behold its power decreasing. Men begin to come down the hill singly, and in squads, and at length in masses. The

third and last attempt has failed. The divisions return, leaving the plain and hill-side strewn with thousands of brave men who have fallen in the ineffectual struggle."

REMINISCENCES.

(BY CAPT. GEORGE E. PINGREE.)

One evening while I was on picket duty on the Rappahannock before the battle of Fredericksburg, a rebel band came down to the river and played "Dixie." A brigade band on our side responded with "John Brown's Body." The rebel band retaliated with the "Bonny Blue Flag," and our band came at them with the "Star Spangled Banner." So they played back and forth at each other until late in the evening. Suddenly all music ceased, and silence reigned; when all at once a musician on our side played splendidly on a key bugle "Home, Sweet Home." As the sweet sounds rose and fell on the evening air, and were wafted down the Falmouth Heights and over the Rappahannock, all listened intently, and I do n't believe there was a dry eye in all those assembled thousands. For a moment or two after the bugle ceased a dead silence reigned, broken then by a wild, exultant cheer from both armies.

On one occasion, when I crossed the river under a flag of truce for conference with the officer in command on the other side, I heard one of my men, who had rowed me over, ask a rebel, "Why do n't you fellows get better guns?" The answer was, "There will be a battle mighty soon, and after it is over we 'll pick up all the guns you 'uns leave on the field." Those posted on the Fredericksburg battle know that they did so.

One remarkable incident happened to me while connected with the Second New Hampshire. At the first Bull Run I came very near being captured, and in order to escape flung away my musket and fled. My initials were cut in the breech of the gun. The next spring, while fighting at Williamsburg, my musket got too foul to be loaded, and seeing a nice, clean gun by the side of a dead rebel I picked it up, and it was my own gun left at Bull Run. I decided I would keep it always, but when wounded, later, was forced to drop and leave it forever.

One day, while on picket duty in the Eleventh on the Rappahannock, a flag of truce was waved on the other side. The parties were directed to cross, and a boat-load came over containing General Kershaw, commanding at Fredericksburg, Mayor Slaughter, and the city council. They stated that they came over to reply to a summons from General Burnside to surrender the city. We sent a soldier with the news to General Burnside, who sent down his chief of staff, requesting the parties to recross the river and return the next day, as it was too late in the afternoon for conference that day. The next day General Kershaw came over alone, and was escorted to General Burnside's head-quarters. Soon after he had gone there, an officer on the other side waved a flag of truce and came over. Introducing himself as Captain King on General Longstreet's staff, he said he wanted to see General Kershaw *at once*. Knowing that Captain King's presence meant the approach of General Longstreet, and not wishing General Kershaw to know that fact until after his talk with General Burnside, I informed Captain King that I had no authority to pass him through our lines, and so kept him at the bank of the river until late in the afternoon, when General Kershaw

returned. Immediately on his arrival Captain King rushed up to him and said, "General, have you surrendered the city?" "No," replied Kershaw, "I told Burnside if he wanted the city, to come and take it!" "All right," responded King; "General Longstreet is approaching,—is probably in the city now,—and Lee is coming." Kershaw and King then recrossed the river. I was told that King was killed in the battle which soon followed.

When we crossed the river towards evening of the day that Burnside bombarded the town, we camped on the river-bank that night in Fredericksburg. Looking for a place to sleep in the street, and having no blanket with me, I came across a soldier lying there, comfortably enveloped in three blankets; spoke to him, but, as he seemed to be sleeping very soundly, I lifted up his coverings and crawled under the blankets with him. Awakening in the morning, I found my "room-mate" to be a very dead rebel, whose head had evidently been taken off by a cannon-ball.

When Burnside was "stuck in the mud," I was listening to a mule-whacker whose wagon was fast in the mud. The driver certainly poured out the most varied assortment of oaths I ever heard in my life. Suddenly General Burnside appeared, and sternly rebuked the man for his profanity. The general dismounted, placed his shoulder to the hind wheel, directed me to do likewise on the off side, and we both lifted and strained to our utmost, but the wagon did n't budge an inch. Flushed and muddy, the general remounted, then turned to the driver, and naively said,—"As soon as I get out of *hearing*, you just pitch into those mules, and make them pull out that wagon; I believe they can do it."

CHAPTER III.

FROM DECEMBER 16, 1862, TO AUGUST 14, 1863—IN VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY—THE MISSISSIPPI CAMPAIGN—EXTRACTS FROM LIEUTENANT PAIGE'S LETTERS—THE RETURN TO GENERAL BURNSIDE—BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES OF REGIMENTAL OFFICERS.

Routine duty in camp and on picket was again resumed, and on the night of December 29th the regiment was ordered to be ready to march the next morning with three days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition —forty in the cartridge-boxes and twenty in the pockets of the men;—but the order was countermanded, for the reason that somebody had been intriguing against Burnside at Washington, and President Lincoln sent this to Burnside,—"I have good reason for saying that you must not make a general movement without letting me know it." On the 5th of January following, Burnside tendered his resignation as a major-general of volunteers, which was not accepted by the president. Burnside, still believing that success was certain, determined to cross the river either above or below Fredericksburg, and finally decided to make the crossing at Banks's ford.

On the morning of January 20 the army was on the move; everything worked well the first day, but at night a furious storm burst upon the army; the wind roared and raged, and the rain fell in torrents; the roads were one bed of mud and mire. No trains could be moved; and Burnside, on the morning of the 22d, ordered the army back to its old encampment,—and back it went, the men making the best time they possibly could, the artillery and supply trains floundering on the retreat, and at times buried, as it were, in the mud; and the harpies

and the critics and the sore-heads called it "Burnside's march in the mud." On January 25th Burnside was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and returned to his home in Providence. General Hooker was now in command of the Army of the Potomac, and General John Sedgwick was in command of the Ninth Corps until March, 1863, when he was relieved by Major-General John G. Parke, who had a long connection with the corps.

February 10, 1863, the Ninth Corps was detached from the Army of the Potomac and sent to Newport News. February 7 the regiment received orders to provide itself with three days' cooked rations, blankets to be rolled, canteens filled with water, knapsacks packed, everything ready to move on one hour's notice,—all of which was done, and then the men waited for the order to strike tents; but the regiment did not move until the tenth, when it marched to the station and took the cars for Acquia Creek, thence on transports to Newport News via Fortress Monroe. The change was a happy one for the Eleventh and the entire Ninth Corps. New tents were provided for the corps. These looked finely, pitched up and down the James river. With clean, broad streets, an abundance of shade-trees, and fresh, bracing salt air, the men enjoyed themselves finely. With all the rest, there were plenty of nice oysters and bountiful rations as well, and the spirits of the men rose as they realized more and more the great change that had been wrought in their surroundings; and they made the most of the short time they were to remain there. However, there was considerable sickness in the regiment, and several brave men died, lamented by all their comrades. Drill and picket duty took up quite a portion of the time. Up to the 12th of March, 1863, the captains of the regiment had remained in rank as Col. Harriman had appointed

shortly after the regiment was organized. At that time an order was received from the War Department that the officers should be ranked in accordance with the date of their muster. By this order Captain Dudley, who had been second in rank, became the ranking captain, and this arrangement was continued during the war.

But rumblings of war were again heard. Longstreet was reported as advancing on Suffolk, and one division of the Ninth Corps was sent to reinforce the troops already there. The excitement soon died away, but the camp was full of rumors of the corps going here, there, and no one knew where. Shelter tents and clothing were issued to the men. One division had already gone, and on the morning of March 26 the Eleventh broke camp and embarked on the steamer *John Rice*, with orders to report at Cincinnati, via Baltimore, there to be again under its old commander, General Burnside. Cincinnati was reached on the morning of March 31, and the regiment marched up through a portion of the city to Fifth Street market where a most excellent breakfast, provided by the good people of that city, was partaken of. At 1 p. m. the regiment, followed by thousands of the loyal people of the "Queen City of the West," marched down past the Burnett House. There Burnside made his appearance, and was greeted with lusty cheers, the men presenting arms at the same time. The march was resumed down to the ferry-boat, and the regiment was soon in Covington, Ky., where it remained until the next morning, when it boarded the cars and at night halted at Paris. Some of the men remained over night in the cars, some in a church near at hand, others wherever a good place could be found.

The next morning an order was received to remain at this point, and as there were no means of transportation with the regiment, the quartermaster, Major Briggs,

with one captain and a detail of two men from each company, started in search of teams, with orders to treat everybody civilly, but to "*bring in some teams at all events.*" The day's tramp was a severe one, but the order was obeyed, and when the work was done six good teams stood ready for the regiment's use. The country was rich and fertile. All the work on the land was done by horses and mules. Still, nearly every man of whom a team was asked for, declared he had but one horse or one mule, but diligent search and a few plain words brought forth the team all the same.

This was in the "blue-grass region," which, for its rich soil, fine forests, broad, rolling fields, and healthy climate, is one of the brightest spots on earth. The next day, April 3, the regiment resumed its march, and camped that night near Mount Sterling, after a tramp of twenty-two miles. The next morning it moved into the village, and as it was passing through its principal street, past a large, elegant house, the owner and his entire family were out to bid us welcome. A young lady, one of his daughters, stood by the side of the street waving a flag and saying, "God bless the Yankees; I love to see you here!" which was royally responded to by the boys of the regiment. The camp was in a rock-maple grove, and the boys tapped a good many trees to remind them of their homes. The warfare in Kentucky at this time was of the guerrilla stamp. Neighborhoods were at loggerheads; old acquaintances passed each other unnoticed; some who had been the best of friends previous to the war, were now at variance, and a bad feeling generally prevailed.

The regiment picketed by detail on the farther side of the town on the Sharpsburg pike, having charge of the toll-gate through which every one was admitted into town. But no one was allowed to go out without a pass

from the provost marshal in the town. This gate was kept by three sisters living close to it, only one of whom could read, write, or reckon, and they were as ignorant of the world outside of their immediate vicinity as were the mass of the people of that state. They complained bitterly because a woollen mill above them had been burned a short time before, and one of them said to the officer in charge of the picket, "I wish you could have seen that mill before it was burned; it was a great one." When asked how many hands were employed in it before its destruction, she said, "As much as *fifteen or twenty;*" and the officer replied, "We have cotton mills up in New England that have 300 employés in one room." The reply came, "Oh, you git out! We've hearn you Yanks tell that story before, but it's no such a thing." Sunday morning, April 12, an order was received allowing a portion of the regiment to attend church in the village, but directing the men to go armed; which they did, thus repeating the history of the olden times in New England.

While lying in camp at Mount Sterling the following incident occurred: A comrade of the Fifty-first New York came into the camp of the Eleventh about midnight pretty well intoxicated, and thus accosted the guard in front of Colonel Harriman's quarters: "I have just been paid off, and I am afraid I shall spend my money foolishly; and I want to give it to your colonel to keep for me. I won't trust any of my officers with it. Your colonel is the best man God ever made. I want him to take it." The guard refused to wake the colonel, and the soldier said, "You must be a pretty good fellow, or you wouldn't be here on guard: take it and give it to the colonel." And the guard did as he directed.

April 17 the regiment broke camp and marched to Winchester, a distance of eighteen miles, and went into

camp, remaining there until May 4, when it again took up the march. Passing through Lexington and Nicholasville, it crossed the Kentucky river at Hickman's bridge; thence through Lancaster to Paint Lick creek, where it arrived on the 7th. Having remained there until Sunday, the 10th, it then marched back ten miles to Lancaster, and went into camp. On Saturday, May 23, a warm, sultry day with clouds of dust flying, it marched twelve miles to Crab Orchard, which was left Monday, the 25th, and a march made to Stamford, twelve miles, where a halt was made until Wednesday, June 3, when it broke camp. After bivouacking that night at Lancaster, it reached Nicholasville the next day, and took the cars for Cincinnati, arriving the next morning. At 6 p. m. of that day it took the cars again, and on Sunday morning, June 7, reached Cairo, Ill. The next day it went on board the steamer *Imperial* and steamed down the Mississippi, and on Sunday morning, June 14, arrived at Sherman's Landing, three miles above Vicksburg, on the Louisiana side of the river, and went into camp. The next morning the regiment marched down the right bank of the river four miles, then crossed to Warrenton, Miss.; but in a couple of hours it recrossed the river and returned to its camp left in the morning. The next morning it sailed up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Yazoo, then up that river twelve miles to Snyder's Bluff, Miss., remaining on board the steamer that night, and the next morning marched three miles and went into camp at a place called Milldale.

THE MISSISSIPPI CAMPAIGN.

And why was the Ninth Corps ordered to Mississippi? Grant had laid siege to Vicksburg, a difficult and arduous task, but brilliant in conception. The siege com-

menced May 22, and, the rebel government foreseeing the danger that would result to the Confederacy if the siege was successful, all of the available rebel troops in the Southern department were ordered to report near Jackson, Miss., and placed under the command of General Joseph E. Johnston, who, with the exception of Longstreet, was Lee's ablest officer. To General Johnston was assigned the task of raising the siege of Vicksburg by attacking Grant in the rear. Grant at once saw his danger, and telegraphed the president for assistance, "to be sent in immediately."

Burnside was on the point of marching his corps for the redemption of East Tennessee, when he received a dispatch from Washington asking him if he could spare any troops to assist Grant. He immediately sent word that he could, for he considered Grant's necessity for more troops greater than his own; and on June 3, at Lexington, General Burnside received an order to reinforce Grant with eight thousand men. The order was instantly obeyed, and the next day the Ninth Corps was on its way to Vicksburg under command of Major-General John G. Parke. Burnside desired to lead his old corps himself, but he was needed more in his department. It was with the greatest sorrow that Burnside parted with his men, but on the 7th he had the proud satisfaction of receiving from Secretary Stanton the following despatch: "You will accept the thanks of the president and vice-president for your alacrity and promptness in sending forward reinforcements to General Grant."

It was the part of General Johnston to make the attack upon the Ninth Corps, but this he declined to do, for he had been foiled in every attempted demonstration against the Federal lines, and as a result the troops had two weeks of quiet. On the 25th of June a reconnoissance

was made by the Sixth New Hampshire and the Seventh Rhode Island, under command of Colonel S. G. Griffin. The enemy was found strongly intrenched and on the alert, and the troops returned to their own camp. Earthworks were thrown up in Grant's rear to render his position more secure. There were two of these lines of works, the one along Oak Ridge to guard the roads leading across the Big Black river, and the other extending from Haines's Bluff through Milldale, on the high land east of Vicksburg, commanding the approaches from the east and north.

Vicksburg surrendered on the 4th of July, and before Grant had fully taken possession of the city the Ninth Corps was on the march in pursuit of Johnston. The corps crossed the Big Black at different points. On the evening of the 7th, it bivouacked not far from Jefferson Davis's plantation, which was near Bolton. The march was uneventful until it neared Jackson, where both armies lay for several days watching each other. On the 16th General Sherman ordered a reconnoissance in force, for the purpose of ascertaining the rebel position. The enemy replied with his shot and shell, doing some damage to the Union troops, who were withdrawn, and arrangements were made for an assault on the following morning.

The Second Brigade of the Ninth Corps, to which the Eleventh New Hampshire belonged, was in the trenches, under command of General Ferrero. Early in the evening some deserters who came into our lines reported Johnston evacuating Jackson. The darkness prevented any movement until two o'clock the following morning, June 17, when Ferrero's Brigade occupied the skirmish line, and at daylight made a dash for the enemy's works, which they found evacuated; and at six o'clock Ferrero entered the city. The Eleventh New Hampshire being

in the advance, would have been the first to raise its flag in the city but for the illness of the color-bearer, who was unable to do so until too late, and the flag of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts was raised, followed by that of the Eleventh New Hampshire. We take great pleasure in appending the following from the letters of Lieutenant C. C. Paige:

EXTRACTS FROM LIEUT. PAIGE'S LETTERS.

"We remained at Milldale, which place we had fortified, three weeks; then marched to Oak Ridge, where we remained one week. We started from this place on the trebly memorable 4th of July, marched six miles, and camped. The next day we marched eight miles, and camped within two miles of Big Black river, where we remained two nights. Tuesday, the 7th, we marched at 2 p. m., crossed the river, and made twelve miles. The plains on either side of the river are one mile and a half wide; when we crossed them there was no air, and the sun's rays were unmercifully warm, and as a result very many of the men fell with sun-stroke. Shortly after 6 o'clock, and while we were still on the march, it commenced to thunder and lighten, the storm increasing in severity, and about 9 p. m. the rain began to fall in torrents. This continued for two hours with short intermissions, making a sight grand and sublime. We plodded on, though the rain came faster and the mud grew deeper and more slippery, and at about 12 m. camped. The next day, at 4 p. m., the march was resumed, and we made some eight miles and camped at ten p. m.

"Marched the next morning at 6, made some eight miles, and camped within sound of the enemy's guns, which we could hear occasionally in response to our

artillery, which was shelling the rebel position. Friday morning, the 10th, we marched very cautiously some six miles, when we came up with the enemy, who were but a short distance in our front, and a line of battle was formed. The Eleventh Regiment was thrown out on the left of the line with intervals of thirty feet between the men, to prevent the rebs from flanking us and getting in our rear. A solid line was soon formed, skirmishers were thrown out, and the work commenced briskly: the rebels were quickly driven to their works around Jackson, and we were drawn in and marched about one mile and a half towards the front, where we camped for the night.

"The next morning we were ordered to the front as a reserve, and took up a position within one third of a mile of the skirmishers, and remained there until the next morning, the Sabbath. We were under fire at this place, the bullets being thick in the top of the trees, but they did no harm and served to keep us on the alert. On that Sabbath morning, July 12, our regiment was ordered to the front to relieve the skirmishers at 3 a. m. Our position was in an open field on a ridge between the two skirts of woods on the opposite side from us. The enemy were secreted in the bushes and behind the trees, while we were lying flat between the rows,—for the land had been cultivated the previous season—and they got a good range on us. In addition to this their sharpshooters in the trees fired at us with a great deal of accuracy, while our fire was largely at random. The sun seemed to shine with all power, and some were sun-struck; others were wounded; and thus the day wore away with the missiles of death constantly flying about us. At dark a portion of the men were advanced a few rods, and the night was spent in digging rifle-pits for the sharpshooters to occupy the following day. At 3 a. m. we were relieved by the Sixth New Hampshire, and we retired a

few rods to the rear, acting as their support. Shortly after the order was heard, 'Fall in, quick!' and we were in line at once. The enemy started to charge us, but the volley of the Sixth sent them back to their lines.

"So, after having been under fire continuously for seventy-five hours, we retired about one mile and a half to rest, where we remained until the Tuesday morning following, at 2 a. m., when we were again placed in front to support the skirmishers. At 4 a. m. we received orders to be in line, and, at the firing of the signal gun, to advance with the bayonet. The gun pealed forth its solemn voice twice, and the yells and the volleys soon sounded all along the line, beginning at the right. It had extended half way along the line when the 'rebs' opened with great ferocity, and for a while the air was full of the thunder of cannon and musketry. The object was gained and the firing ceased. It was supposed the enemy were evacuating the city, but all soon learned to the contrary.

"The next morning, Friday, the 17th, we were ordered into the pits to relieve those who had been there, and at 6 a. m. were ordered out again and advanced at 'charge bayonets,' constantly expecting to get a volley from the 'rebs,' but not a fire opposed us, and soon we were in their works, capturing their brigadier-general. Proud and jubilant were we, the first to occupy the rebel works in Jackson! Our color-bearer was ill, and could not keep up with our charge, and for this reason the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts got the praise of first planting the Federal flag in the city. The boys enjoyed themselves nicely. Each got what his fancy liked best: sugar, molasses, and tobacco were quite free among us.

"We went back to the place from which we advanced, and camped. On Monday, the 20th, we started for Milldale, and made a march of twenty miles, the sun giving

another specimen of his direct rays upon us, and more men in the brigade fell out than ever before on a march. The march was resumed the next morning at four o'clock, and we made fifteen miles. It was harder than on the day previous, the heat was so intense. At one time the commander of Company G had not a man with him for two miles. The next day the march was taken up at 4 p. m., and the Big Black was crossed, when the rain came pouring down harder than at any time before, and in ten minutes the road was three inches deep with water. At ten o'clock the regiment camped in a corn-field, where the mud was deeper than in the road. I laid down two rails, took off my boots and socks, and lay down on my downy bed, with a pillow made of my old hat laid on the cracks of the rails, spread my rubber blanket over me, and stopped there until morning.

"At sunrise the next morning the march was resumed, and eight miles brought us to our old camp at Milldale; and truthfully I can say that home never looked better to me than our old camp. We were quite tired and sick of Mississippi. At the first dress-parade after our return to Milldale, the adjutant read some complimentary orders from Grant, Sherman, Smith, and Parke. They were very flattering. We were praised for our good behavior and soldierly bearing, for our heroic and brave conduct before the enemy, and generally for our prompt action wherever we were placed; and we were ordered to inscribe on our flag 'Vicksburg' and 'Jackson.'"

THE RETURN TO BURNSIDE.

"The troops remained at Milldale and Oak Ridge about two weeks, awaiting transportation North. Transports soon arrived, and the sick, weary, dying men went on board with hopes that they might all once more feel the

life-giving breezes of their own loved homes in the far-away North. The voyage up the river was a long one, and the last of the corps did not reach Cairo until the 15th of August.

"The regiment reached Memphis August 9, at 3 p. m., where it remained until twelve o'clock the next day, giving the men a chance to inhale a little fresh air by getting on shore. Although the mercury marked over 100° in the shade, it was a great relief to the men to leave the sick-quarters upon the crowded steamer for a while. Very many were not able to do so, but they were well cared for during the stay here. But the boys were anxious to get still farther north, and the order to 'cast off and haul in the gang plank' was a most welcome one to all. The boat was crowded, four regiments being on board, and having as part of its cargo 150 bales of cotton. Cairo was not reached until Wednesday morning, August 12, at 6 a. m., and we left there at 2 p. m. in the cars for Cincinnati. There were forty cars on the train. When ten miles beyond Jonesborough the train broke in two, but was soon connected again, and Centralia was reached at 11:30 p. m., where a good lunch of meat and coffee was served. At midnight it was again on its way, reaching Vincennes via Sandoval, where a halt was made for three hours at noon, and a good dinner was served, and at 7 p. m. we reached Seymour. Friday morning at three o'clock Cincinnati was reached, and at seven o'clock the regiment marched to the Fifth Street market, where the boys enjoyed the best meal they had eaten since they left for the South. The regiment then marched across the river to Covington, Ky., and went into camp about two miles south of the river.

"The regiment received a perfect ovation on its march through Cincinnati, and on all sides was heard 'That's a bully regiment! just look at their colors, how they are

riddled!' And the boys of the regiment will remember to their latest hour the generous, loyal people of Cincinnati. While lying in camp at Covington, the writer of this and Lieutenant Shepard were commissioned to have placed upon the flag 'Fredericksburg,' 'Vicksburg,' and 'Jackson,' which was done in a fine manner in Cincinnati.

"The camp here was full of rumors. Colonel Harriman had resigned; Major Farr and Captain Pingree had both gone home on a thirty days furlough; Quartermaster Briggs had resigned and gone home; Dr. Ross had gone home on sick-leave; Lieutenant Heath had resigned and gone home; Captain Low had gone home on sick-leave; Adjutant Morrison had applied for a thirty days furlough, as well as had Lieutenant Morrison of Company B. A large number of men were ill in various hospitals, and, on the whole, the outlook ahead was not very encouraging. However, the regiment had returned from its Mississippi campaign proud of the good name it had achieved in common with other regiments of the Ninth Corps.

"General Grant returned the Ninth Corps to Burnside with general orders dated July 31, 1863, in these words: 'In returning the Ninth Corps to its former command, it is with pleasure that the general commanding acknowledges its valuable services in the campaign just closed. Arriving at Vicksburg opportunely, taking a position to hold at bay Johnston's army, then threatening the forces investing the city, it was ready and eager to assume the offensive at any moment. After the fall of Vicksburg, it formed a part of the army which drove Johnston from his position near the Big Black river into his intrenchments at Jackson, and, after a siege of eight days, compelled him to fly in disorder from the Mississippi valley. The endurance, valor, and general good conduct of the

Ninth Corps are admired by all; and its valuable coöperation, in achieving the final triumph of the campaign, is gratefully acknowledged by the Army of the Tennessee. Major-General Parke will cause the different regiments and batteries of his command to inscribe upon their banners and guidons 'Vicksburg' and 'Jackson.'"

"In addition to this very gratifying order from General Grant, the men of the Western regiments were compelled to change their opinion of any troops that had ever been a portion of the Army of the Potomac: so that, instead of thinking they did not know how to fight, they were perfectly surprised at the courage and bravery displayed by the Ninth Corps, especially at Jackson. When informed by the men of the corps that that action was considered by them as only a 'sharp skirmish,' they frankly confessed they didn't want to go into any battles; and the men of both armies became strongly attached to each other.

"Rev. Mr. Woodbury, in his 'Ninth Army Corps,' thus sums up the disastrous effects of this Mississippi campaign: 'The campaign in Mississippi was especially severe in its effects upon the officers and men of the Ninth Corps. The excessive heat, the malaria that settled like a pall of death around the camp upon the Yazoo river, the scarcity of water and its bad quality, the forced marches, and the crowded condition of the transports told fearfully upon the troops. All the accounts of the movement agree in their statements respecting the amount of disease and mortality which accompanied it. The hardships, which all were obliged to endure, were excessive. Water which the horses refused to drink, the men were obliged to use in making their coffee. Fevers, congestive chills, diarrhœa, and other diseases attacked the troops. Many sank down upon the wayside, and died

from sun-stroke and sheer exhaustion. The sickness that prevailed on board the transports upon the return voyage was terrible and almost universal. Nearly every night, as the boats lay up on account of low water and the consequent danger of navigation, the twinkling light of the lanterns on shore betokened the movements of burial parties as they consigned the remains of some unfortunate comrade to the earth. When the troops reached Cairo, the men were scarcely able to march through the streets. They dropped in the ranks; and even at the market-house, where the good citizens had provided an abundant and comfortable meal for the worn out soldiers, they fell beside the tables, and were carried away to the hospitals. More than half the command were rendered unfit for duty. There were not able men enough belonging to the batteries to water and groom the horses. Under such circumstances, instances of brave, even of heroic, endurance were not rare, and the soldiers deserved the commendations which their officers freely bestowed.' "

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR. JONATHAN S. ROSS.

Jonathan Smith Ross, son of Samuel and Fannie Putman (Smith) Ross, was born in Bath, N. H., April 12, 1822, graduated at Dartmouth college with the degree of A. B., and studied medicine with Dr. Adams Moore, of Littleton, N. H., with Dr. Timothy Haynes, of Concord, N. H., at Dartmouth Medical College in 1846, and at the Medical University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, from which university he graduated M. D. in 1846. He commenced to practise at Boston, Mass., in April, 1846, but removed to Bath, N. H., in Novem-

ber, 1846, and subsequently to Great Falls, in Somersworth, N. H. He represented the town of Somersworth in the legislature in 1855. Upon the formation of the Eleventh Regiment, he was commissioned surgeon August 14, 1862, and followed the fortunes of the regiment and brigade to which it belonged until December 7, 1864, when he was discharged from the service for physical disability. During the larger part of the campaign, before his discharge from the service, he was brigade-surgeon, and at times had charge of brigade and division hospitals, and later was assigned to duty in Concord, N. H. He was one of the most skilful surgeons at amputation in the Ninth Army Corps.

DR. JOHN A. HAYES.

John A. Hayes was born in Berwick, Maine, March 27, 1838. He received his education in the common schools of his native town, at the academy in Lebanon, Maine, and the New Hampton (N. H.) Institution. He graduated from the Dartmouth Medical College in the autumn of 1861, and was located at the Concord Insane Asylum for a year as assistant physician. He was commissioned assistant surgeon of the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers August 26, 1862, and was mustered out with the regiment June 4, 1865. He was on detached service a good portion of the time in different hospitals connected with the Ninth Army Corps, and participated in all of the battles and skirmishes in which his regiment was engaged, whether with the regiment or otherwise, and won a high reputation as a physician and surgeon.

After leaving the army he practised his profession for three years in Biddeford, Maine, then removed to Great Falls, N. H., where he has since resided.

He was brevetted a lieutenant-colonel of United States Volunteers March 13, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious services," upon the following recommendation, a copy of which is here appended:

This is to state that Dr. John A. Hayes, late surgeon of the 11th N. H. Vols., served for a year under my immediate supervision, in connection with the Depot Field Hospital of the Army of the Potomac, at Fredericksburg, White House, and City Point, and that he finally acted as executive officer at Burkeville, Va.

He was a first-rate officer, and was entrusted with most responsible duties, in the performance of which he was most reliable and untiring. I cordially recommend him as deserving the brevet of Lieut.-Colonel.

ED. B. DALTON,
Late Surg. U. S. V. Br't-Col.
(Formerly in charge Depot Field Hospital, Army of Potomac.)

ASSISTANT SURGEON JOHN C. W. MOORE.

John C. W. Moore was born at Wells, Me., January 30, 1837. His father, Dr. E. G. Moore, was an eminent physician of Concord, N. H., and his mother, Eliza Hidden Moore, was a daughter of Rev. Samuel Hidden, a noted divine of Tamworth, N. H. John C. W. Moore graduated at Yale University in 1859, and took the degree of M. D. at Bowdoin college, Maine, in July 1865. He was a medical student when the war broke out, and June 5, 1861, he was mustered into the United States service as a member of Company B, "Goodwin Rifles," Second New Hampshire Volunteers, and was detailed to the Hospital Department, and participated in all of the campaigns of the Second New Hampshire,—Williamsburg and the Peninsula, under McClellan, Second Bull Run and Fredericksburg, up to January 3, 1863,—when, upon recommendation of all the officers of the gallant Second New Hampshire Volunteers,

Governor Nathaniel S. Berry commissioned him assistant surgeon of the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers. He joined the regiment in March, 1863, at Baltimore, Md., en route to Kentucky. He participated in the Mississippi campaign in the summer of 1863, and accompanied the regiment over the Cumberland mountains in October following. He assisted in organizing Knoxville Court-House United States Hospital, had charge of several wards, and was highly complimented by Medical Director Shippen for his executive ability. He was one of the surgeons in charge of 1,000 convalescents of the Ninth Army Corps, who went by rail from Knoxville, Tenn., to Annapolis, Md., in March, 1864. Dr. Moore was assistant surgeon in the field at the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Mine Explosion, July 30, 1864, and in front of Petersburg, Va. He was detailed to take charge of the sick of the Ninth Corps army train. After a service of three years and three months, he resigned October 8, 1864. Since leaving the service, he has practised at Andover and Manchester, Mass., but most of the time he has resided, and still resides, at Concord.

ASSISTANT SURGEON EDWARD R. HUTCHINS.

Dr. Edward R. Hutchins, son of George Hutchins, was born in Concord. He was commissioned assistant surgeon of the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers September 2, 1862, and resigned December 25, 1862, being with the regiment at the battle of Fredericksburg. He is at present commissioner of statistics for the state of Iowa, and his residence is Des Moines, Iowa.

CHAPTER IV.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG—BEFORE JACKSON—TROUBLESOME SHARPSHOOTERS—CAPTAIN ALEXANDER'S DEATH—ORDERED TO THE REAR—JACKSON EVACUATED—A WHISKEY BET AND A STRAGGLING MARCH—BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES OF COMPANY OFFICERS.

(BY CO. E, ELEVENTH, NEAR JACKSON.)

"The war stood still, and all around then gazed."—*Iliad.*

"'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands,
Far, far from hence; your fates are in your hands."—*Iliad.*

"I had rather than forty pounds I were at home."—*Twelfth Night.*

At three o'clock the next morning, the 13th of July, we were relieved from our post by a company from the Ninth New Hampshire, and were ordered further to the right—and not very far from where we lay all day of the 11th—there to support the Sixth New Hampshire, as they were one of the regiments that formed the first line of battle in front of the Second Brigade. The Second Brigade was very soon in line again, in a heavy piece of pine woods. The Sixth New Hampshire lay in rifle-pits, directly in our front, about eight or ten rods distant. In front of us was a large open field, though before the rude hand of war had seized it it was a large peach orchard; but then, the zigzag lines of Union rifle-pits were cut through it, showing for a long distance the crooked piles of earth freshly thrown up to shield the heads of those who occupied them from rebel bullets. Picket shooting was carried on all of that day very spitefully. A soldier could not show himself above the pits without getting peppered by the vigilant "Johnnies," who lay concealed in their works, and in the trees on the further side of the

field eighty rods or more away. There in the pine woods we put in the day listening to the reckless picket shooting and desultory cannonading,—at times from both sides; but it was not equal to that of the day before, although both armies still faced each other, contending for the mastery. The reason why the Union army did not make an attack on that day was because we were nearly out of shells for the batteries, the ammunition train not having arrived from Vicksburg; consequently we were delayed in our operations, and the enemy took advantage of it and made good their escape four days after. Our batteries had ammunition enough for firing occasional shots at the enemy, but not enough for a battle. We lay within easy reach of the enemy's shots all that day, upon the soft green grass under the pines.

The rebel army at Jackson called everything into requisition that could be used in war. Many of the citizens turned out, and used squirrel rifles, or whatever they had to fight with, and helped the army hunt the Yankees. A good many old flint-lock muskets were used, the cartridges being one ball and three buck-shot, such as were used in the days of the Revolution. In fact, nearly everything that could be used as a weapon was pressed into the service, while the Union army would have been ashamed to be seen with such weapons of war. The Confederate army thought a good deal more about fighting "for their rights" than they did about "red tape" and show, which latter, very many times, the Union army was guilty of. It really seemed, from what we saw there, that fish-spears, pruning-hooks, axes, cleavers, broad-swords, and targes were brought from their hiding-places, where they had rested for years, and made to do duty in defending the city and their homes. L. remarked that he saw guns on the morning of the 17th, when we advanced into the city, that were minus

lock, cock, stock, and barrel. With all the poor implements of war that they used, they had a great many muskets that were first class: they were as good as those used by the Union boys, and had been put in as skilful hands too.

The Sixth New Hampshire Regiment was very much annoyed a part of the day by occasional shots from a sporting rifle, which they supposed was in the hands of a citizen. He had secreted himself in a good place where he could fire his shots lengthwise of the pits (or for many rods at least); and where that "cussed rebel," as they called him, could be concealed was a mystery. The soldiers of the Sixth fired in his supposed direction as their judgment told them, and the more they fired the more "Johnnie Reb" fired, and with all their shots none reached him or hindered him in the work of death on which he was so intent. The boys speculated for a long time, and guessed where he might be; then one or two would fire as directed by the officer in command, but no sign could they see to show where he was secreted. Those round balls continued to speed past their heads, making that smooth whistle peculiar to a sporting rifle. After suffering his insulting shots for a long time, one of the soldiers, who had been watching for some time, and who had appeared to be in a brown study over the matter, saw a faint puff of smoke come from a clump of bushes—a point they had little suspected. The shot went by him in a moment more, telling plainly that the hiding-place had been discovered. All hands watched with eager eyes the clump of bushes, and very soon another puff of smoke was seen, although very faint, and whizz! went the ball past them as before. Every man was then ordered to watch the spot, their muskets at their shoulders, and every man was to fire at the same time at the same place, and to watch what the effect would be.

They did not have long to wait, for in a very few minutes another faint puff of smoke was seen from the clump of bushes, and in an instant a fearful volley of musketry was fired by the regiment, that went tearing through those bushes making green leaves scatter to the breezes. Whatever became of "Mr. Reb" they never knew. One thing they did know, and that was, they were never troubled with any more shots from that quarter, and the probability was that he was killed or severely wounded.

At that very time, as well as during the day when the Eleventh supported the Pennsylvania regiment three days after, a sharpshooter troubled us very much by sending his shots into the woods where we lay. He had a picked position where he was concealed, and we could not tell where he was; neither could the front line, for as they were lower than we were he could not see them or they him, and his shots passed over their heads. He doubtless thought we were in the thick pine-tops, for very often his shots would whistle through the tree-tops, cutting off a limb as large as my arm, plainly telling us that he had a good weapon and knew how to use it. Then some of his shots would come very low, and at one time a stack of guns was struck, and the stock of one shattered to splinters by his well aimed shot. All that we could do was to let him enjoy himself "pegging away at the Yankees," for it afforded him lots of fun and he touched no one of us, if I remember correctly, with one exception. A big Irishman from Company K undertook to go out and ascertain where he lay, and to "give him h—l" as he termed it. He poked slowly to the edge of the wood, and stopped to survey the ground in front before advancing any further, when whizz! came one of those large musket-balls and just touched the lower part of the Irishman's ear. He made a big dodge, and started back,

exclaiming, as he shook his fist, "Oh, you son of a —!" and that made lots of fun for awhile.

We were then in front of that miserable siege gun, and very often some of its heavy shots, sixty-four pounders, would come tearing through the tree-tops, reminding me of a small earthquake, particularly so when they exploded among the pine trees, and the pieces of iron would hum, and the green boughs would drop all around us. Sergeant Lyford of Company C was leaning against a tree, when a shot from that gun cut off the top of the same tree, and as a matter of course made a racket above his head that caused him to look up and see what was going on, he in the meantime exclaiming loudly, "Fire a little lower if you please, if you intend to kill me!"

Our rations were poor and very scarce, and the water we had was far worse. We dipped it from little mud holes in the ground, consequently it was a trifle thick. Our rations consisted mostly of green corn issued by the commissary, and right glad were we to get that. When such rations were issued to us, L. would look at them for a moment, and then break out with "Who wouldn't be a malicious man!"—militia man. We lived on faith and very poor browse. We had faith that right would win at last, though many a brave soldier would die in that hard campaign; and there in that pine forest and its surroundings

> "They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle.
> No sound can awake them to glory again!"

We remained in our position in the woods on the night of the 13th, in readiness to assist the front line in case of an emergency. A sad thing happened on the picket line that night, at the very place where Company E picketed the night before. Captain Alexander, of the Ninth New Hampshire, commanding the company which guarded

the left of the line that night, had stationed every man at his post, and all was in readiness for the night. It was another very dark night, such as Company E saw there the night before. The captain passed along the line from post to post—the pickets were stationed beside the large trees, about one rod apart—to see if everything was all right. As he left one post to pass to another, he either got bewildered in the darkness because the line was not straight, or it was sheer carelessness on his part; for instead of following the line he walked directly off in front of the pickets, and it was supposed he walked in a half circle, which made him appear again advancing toward his own pickets. His foot-steps upon the green grass and leaves were quickly heard by the watchful picket—one of the captain's own men—who, in that tone of voice so well known upon the picket post, challenged him at once with "Who comes there?" The captain answered, "It's me." Then the picket was more aroused and almost confident that the person advancing was a rebel picket creeping upon him under the cover of the darkness; and again in an excited voice, but loud and clear, he challenged with "Tell me who me is, quick!" at the same moment drawing back the hammer of his musket. The captain repeated the same words as before, "It's me, it's me," which was indeed very thoughtless considering the position in which he was placed as a picket within a stone's throw of the enemy. That answer was sufficient. The picket, faithful in the discharge of his duty, was confident it was a rebel, as the captain's answer was by no means a military one. It was the work of a moment. The picket's rifle blazed out in the thick darkness; a sharp report rang through the forest; and poor Alexander fell with a slight groan, but mortally wounded. He was not instantly killed, his thigh being broken near the body. The scene

that transpired at that moment on the picket line beggars all description. Matches were lighted, revealing to the pickets a sight that they will long remember. Blood was flowing from the wound profusely, staining the blue uniform, and plainly visible on the green turf. No lights could be used longer than for a moment at a time, for fear of a volley of musketry from the enemy, and the officer was moved to the rear in the extreme darkness of midnight by his faithful comrades. He died on the second day after receiving his wound, and war's dread alarms summoned him no more to the field of strife. Another brave soldier had laid down his life in freedom's cause. Poor Alexander! I knew him well when a teacher in New Hampshire, and often met him in our campaigns. There, in the suburbs of Jackson, under a branching oak and in the shadow of the tall pines, his comrades tenderly laid him to rest—"A rest to last through all the years."

The next morning, July 14, we were ordered to the rear for rest and rations. Had the ammunition train arrived as we were expecting, we should have had no chance to rest; we should have been blazing away at the rebels for dear life. As it was, we did get some rest; but all the rations we got could be put in one's eye, and not injure one's vision a bit. On our way to the rear we passed through the yard of the insane asylum, and made a halt just west of the building among some arbor-vitae and other evergreen shrubbery. There we were ordered to remain that day and the next, as the fighting could not be pushed until the trains had arrived from Vicksburg. Over the country as far as we could see, around Jackson, were long lines of freshly thrown up earthworks, consisting of rifle-pits and strong redoubts. Among the evergreens, the oaks, and scattering trees gleamed the bright Northern bayonets in the sunlight, as the army stood motionless, waiting for the second attack to be made.

Bristling cannon looked toward the city with bold defiance, while many were masked in the bushes, in readiness to belch forth canister in case the line was broken, and trees were cut away so the artillery could strew death broadcast. The picture was one of beauty: but we did not care a straw for the beauty;—we had been promised, at the beginning of the fight, that as soon as the battle was fought and won we were all to return to Kentucky. We were very anxious to finish the task set before us, however hard it might be, and then hasten back to "Old Kaintuck."

As soon as we had reached the place where we were to enjoy such sweet rest and calm repose, the general commanding the Second Brigade sent his orderly to Colonel Collins with an order for him (the colonel) to form the regiment in company streets, as was the custom when we were in camp;—just then we were all lying round loose—every man for himself. The colonel heard the order, and then very curtly replied, "Tell the general to go to pot with his poppycock orders: I'll place my men where I please!" The regiment gave one burst of laughter, and we heard no more orders from the general that day. We spent a part of the next day hunting after green corn, but found only a scanty supply, for we dared not venture very far away for fear of being captured by rebel guerillas, who were constantly on the watch for us. If some of the nonparticipants during our late unpleasantness would like to know what kind of water we were obliged to drink as we were resting in the shade of the evergreens, I will tell them with all pleasure, for it is far more pleasant to tell the story now than it was to drink the water at that time:

Not far from where we were lying was a nice farmhouse, one of the best in the suburbs of Jackson. Near this house was an artificial pond of oval shape, from

twenty to forty feet wide and twice that in length, which had probably been used as a horse-pond in the days of slavery. It was the only water we were able to find, and at the time we first saw it it could hardly be called water, but more properly a mixture of filth. Nearly every officer who rode a horse had him washed in that pond. The water was about two feet deep, and the horses were led into the pond by their bare-footed and bare-legged grooms, and sponged off until the water was thick with dirt and scum. We undertook to drive them away, but their orders from the officers were given in advance of ours, and as that sort of thing had been going on before we got there, the water was all spoiled anyway and not worth fighting for. It was "tough water" for one to drink on a hot July day, as he lay there basking in the sun, and my pen fails to do the matter justice. L. used up all the oaths in the English language in freeing his mind on the matter, and would have exhausted all the oaths in foreign tongues had he been sufficiently well educated. I was not long in making up my mind that the water would kill more men than the rebel siege gun.

We often hear the remark made, There is too much money spent in pensioning soldiers. Those who make such speeches did not dare shoulder a musket in defence of the old flag when their services were needed, but many of them looked toward Canada and cried, "The war is a failure!" or "Why does n't the army move?" Very many of the soldiers who are applying for pensions were with us at Jackson in the summer of 1863, and were obliged to drink cesspool water when they were almost perishing with thirst and suffering from their wounds. Many lost their health in that hard campaign, and by some are now begrudged the small pittance they receive in the way of pension money. "Begrudged! by whom?"

I hear some one ask. By men who remained at home and sucked their fingers when their services were needed at the front in the trying days of the war.

At 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, the Eleventh was ordered to its old position of the 13th, there to support the Fiftieth Pennsylvania Regiment, who were to hold the line of works in our front. It was the same old story: things had not changed one particle from what they were on the 13th. There in our front lay just as many rebels as ever, and there on the hill that old siege gun still stood facing us; the bullets hissed just the same as ever; and the shells shrieked with the same vengeance. There we lay under the pines in readiness for what might come. Over to the left in our front lay that rebel sharpshooter, who kept up a constant fire upon us all that day, as he had done before, and all our efforts failed to disclose where he was concealed. As our ammunition had not arrived from Vicksburg, our batteries did not do very much work. They were not out of shells, however, for they took good care to save enough during the battle of the 12th to last them in case of an emergency. When a good chance presented itself, our gunners would let a shot drop into rebeldom with such remarkable accuracy as to stir up the "Johnnies" wonderfully. The enemy were not backward in letting their artillery slam and bang to the right, left, and centre; in fact, they did not show much regard for our feelings, as they plainly proved by the cold lead and iron they hurled at us. In all the commotion of war on that day, I was vividly reminded of the following words, as I saw them enacted:

"The bursting shell, the gate-way wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade."

We remained in the shade of the pines all that day, while the rebel shells would pass over our heads and through the tree-tops, and their sharpshooters kept popping away at us with untiring zeal. About half past two o'clock in the afternoon the picket fire in our front, which had been slow and lagging most of the day, grew very severe all at once, and brought us all upon our feet in an instant, well knowing that the enemy was advancing, and that we should soon be called upon to take a hand in the fray. We were hardly upon our feet before the order, that was so well known to us all at such times, echoed along the line, "Fall in, men! Fall in!" The Second Brigade was in line in a moment, and Colonel Collins gave the order "Fix bayonets!" as we advanced up to the edge of the woods. The long line of polished bayonets glistened among the low pine boughs, and seemed to say "We are all ready!" and the enemy's musketry in our front was becoming one grand rattle. Then came the shells from the heavy guns in our front. These were hurled with great force, and burst over our heads with stunning effect, twisting the green tree-tops in their furious flight, while the fragments of the bursting shells hummed with that deadly sound so peculiar to them. Everything began to look as though another battle was soon to ebb and flow, as it had done four days before. The front line replied in good earnest to the enemy; and as we stood at the edge of the wood I could see our men in the pits working vigorously in front of the enemy. The constant puffs of smoke from their busy rifles rose on the air, and the terebinthine odor of the pine forest was quickly changed to that of gunpowder, as the blue smoke floated into the woods. The reserves were doubtless seen by the enemy, as we advanced to the edge of the wood, for they very soon ceased firing, and all was calm again. The front line kept their eyes open for another attack, should it

come, and at the least provocation would send a ball into the rebel lines to warn them that we were not all dead yet.

Some of the Fifty-first New York boys used to tell the following story of things which happened on that afternoon: A soldier of that regiment was instantly killed by a shell, that knocked his head to atoms. A moment afterwards a fellow had one of his fingers nearly cut off by a musket ball. He jumped around and took on with the pain, and seemed almost wild for a while. An Irishman belonging to the same company had laid down his gun, and was in the act of lighting his pipe at the time, and as he looked at the broken finger and the sorrowful face, remarked to him, "Be jabers, ye make more fuss than the man did that just lost his head." A part of that night we slept in the pine woods, with one eye open in readiness for what might come. The long-looked-for ammunition train arrived from Vicksburg about dark. All the Union batteries on the line were placed in readiness, and were ordered to open fire on the rebel lines at daylight, and not to cease until orders were given to that effect. A little before two o'clock the Second Brigade was ordered into the pits, and those whom we relieved acted as our support. A large, bright light was seen in the direction of the city, and as we viewed it, when we took the pits, we quickly surmised that the rebel army was evacuating the city and were burning all the stores they could not move, and that the attack which they had made upon us in the afternoon before was only a feint to ascertain whether we were withdrawing from the contest or not, or how strong a force we had in their front.

There in the darkness we stood in our line of earthworks, and watched the fire in the distant town as it grew larger and brigher, tinging the far away clouds, and making a grand midnight display. On the whole, it

was one of those pictures that vividly portray the rude hand of war, in which devastation and ruin go hand in hand, almost convincing the looker-on that the day of doom has come. That night, women and children in the city were forced to abandon their homes amid the smoke of burning houses and the tumult of war; while the loud knocks of the Yankee army at the very gates of the city added still more distress to the panic-stricken people, as they were fleeing for refuge through the blinding smoke and crackling flames. The Union army, whose lines extended many miles around that city, stood motionless in the darkness, and saw

> "Through the gloom, in pale and dreadful spires,
> Rise the terrors of the dark red fires;
> Torches, and torrent sparks, by whirlwinds driven,
> Streamed through the smoke, and fired the clouded heaven."

We "pinned our ears back" and listened for the sound of moving troops on the rebel line, and for the rumble of wagon trains, or the heavy jar of artillery moving. But all in vain: they were too far away to admit of our hearing them, and all that broad field, which had been washed by the tide of battle for the past seven or eight days, was silent. Daylight came at last, but no shots from our brethren in gray came with it, as we had been expecting. Their artillery was silent also, and this almost convinced us that their army had evacuated the city and their strong works, and had left for some other point, where the Yankees were not so troublesome, or, to use the phrase used by us then, I should say they had all "skedaddled."

Up and down the Union line, at the right and left, the zigzag pits held a line of blue-coats, standing erect, looking over the works, and wondering what was going on across the line, and what had become of "Johnnie Reb."

Very soon after daylight the Second Brigade was ordered to advance, which it did with celerity, momentarily expecting a shower of lead or a dose of iron from the sixty-four pounder in its front. It was very plainly to be seen either that the rebel army had left, or else they had withdrawn nearer the city in order to shorten their line, and that they did not intend to open fire upon us until they could see the whites of our eyes. It was a lovely morning, one of the best we had seen during our sojourn in that state. The air was sweet and cool, and wafted the balmy, citron-scented breeze. God had hung his banner in the eastern sky, tinted with gold and saffron hues, and flushed with victory,—symbolic of what was soon to perch upon the banners of the Ninth Corps. Behind us, in the pine forest as well as throughout the woods in our front, the twittering of the birds was poured out upon the air of that Southern summer morning. As the long line of infantry jumped out of the earthworks to advance, it surged, swayed, bent, then straightened out like a huge reptile in its rapid advance. The countless flags, as they were carried pitched a little forward, dipped in the gentle breeze, presenting a picture that must remain in the memory of those who witnessed it, printed in fast colors.

In our rapid advance we soon crossed the open field or peach orchard, where we struck the rebel line the day before in a ravine thickly hemmed in by pine trees and thick undergrowth; but there were no earthworks at that point. Upon the large limbs of the trees, from four to six feet from the ground, I saw a lot of corn-cake that had been placed there the day before. The rebels laid it there that it might be convenient, and it showed that when they were tired of pegging away at the "Yanks" they would take a rest and grind corn-dodgers for a while, doubtless cursing the Yankees at the same time.

When they retreated they forgot to take their grub with them. I am of the opinion they were very glad to leave, so much so as not to care a straw for corn bread. One of our number ate some of it, and pronounced it tip-top, but when L. spied what he was doing, he yelled at him, "Throw that away; it's pizen!" The ground under the pines and along the ravines was trampled to smoothness by the vigilant rebel soldiers, who were ever on the alert to watch the movements of the Union army. The general appearance of the grass and underbrush plainly told that they had a much larger force there than we had had any idea of, and it was no wonder that their shots fell thick and fast for those four days that we lay in reserve.

The brigade made no halt at all, but pushed rapidly on, with that firm and rapid step with which an army advances; and it can be seen to-day in the imagination of those who were there that morning. The extreme left of the Eleventh Regiment, in climbing a bushy knoll, discerned the hiding-place of the rebel sharpshooter who had annoyed us so much. On the top of the knoll stood an oak tree that forked very near the ground, and had no trunk at all, but was all branches. Two hogsheads had been filled with earth and placed one on each side of the tree, and "Johnnie Reb" took his position between them, and fired through the crotch of the tree, which was about four feet from the ground. He was perfectly secure, as all the musketry in the Ninth Corps would have failed to move him, even if they had known where he was concealed. One or two good shots from a battery would have made him duck his head and think that his time had come to get out of that or die. As it was, he had things all his own way, and had a jolly time sitting there, blazing away at the Union boys to the best of his ability.

After leaving the ravine, the ground was ascending

all the way until we reached the top of the hill. The ground was very uneven and mostly wooded, although a large lot of trees had been cut away in order that artillery might have a good sweep and ricochet their shots with deadly effect in case the Union army advanced. We very soon came in sight of the fort, where the siege gun was mounted that had shelled the Ninth Corps with untiring zeal for many days. Its black muzzle looked saucily through the embrasure of the fort, and we all expected to get a severe dose of canister when we got within proper distance. We had to cross two or three deep gullies formed by heavy rains, the work of years, perhaps. We had to cross the deep places on fallen trees as lively as possible, at the same time keeping our eyes peeled for what might come from the rebel gun. The moment we saw a puff of smoke from the gun we were to drop flat on the ground, and let the iron hail pass over our heads; then rise up and advance until another shot came. Happily the fort was abandoned save by one man, whom the rebels had left there to fire the heavy gun at us as soon as we reached a certain place marked by them. When this poor fellow saw the long blue line advancing, his courage failed, and he stood like a stone post and was taken prisoner. The gun was loaded with canister, filled nearly to the muzzle, and, being a sixty-four pounder, it would have scattered death and destruction in our ranks had it been fired. We asked the prisoner who loaded that gun in such a manner. He informed us that the gunner did, under orders from the commanding officer of the fort, and, as they all left with the retreating army, they left him to fire at us when we were within good range, and "Give the d—d Yankees h—l," as they termed it. It was well that his knees grew weak and that his courage failed, for if he had done such a piece of work, he would have been sent

to kingdom come in short order. Doubtless he was well aware of that, and would much rather be taken prisoner than made into mince-meat, as he would have been.

The colors of the Eleventh Regiment were carried over the high earthworks and through the fort, and they kissed the air of the morning in the same place where the rebel flag was waving only a few hours before. We soon learned that "Joe" Johnston and his army had evacuated the city and his strong works, and had left for parts where it would not be quite so hot with Yankee bullets and shells. Johnston's rear-guard had not got out of the city then, and, though making rapid strides with their long shanks encased in butternut, they barely escaped falling into our clutches. Many of the rebel soldiers left their ranks, and hid in the bushes by the wayside on purpose to fall into our hands, they claiming to be sick and tired of the war.

The soldiers of Johnston's army informed the citizens that they were forced to abandon their strong line of works and leave for other fields. They also informed them that as soon as the Yankee army entered the city they would all be killed; and at this terrible warning, the people fled for their lives, for the Yankees would soon enter the city, and wholesale butchery and burning would commence. All such talk told them by their own army set them wild with fear, as a matter of course, and they rushed from their homes, leaving everything behind them. Those of the citizens who were there at that time were mostly of the poorer class, or what is known in the South as "poor white trash," while all, or nearly all, of the wealthy class had left on the cars, or by their own conveyances, several days before.

The poor panic-stricken mortals, when warned to flee for their lives, as they were, ran for dear life in all directions. Many of them jumped from their beds, and did

not stop to dress, but carried their clothing in their hands, and ran for the woods like lunatics. Many of them had no idea where the Union forces were advancing, neither did they stop to give the matter any thought in all their flight, but ran right toward the Union army that they were trying to get away from. They did not seem to have any idea of what they were doing, only that they were fleeing from the "vile Yankee horde," not thinking for a moment that their lines extended nearly around the city. When the long lines of blue that nearly encircled Jackson advanced nearer the city, we came upon all these people necessarily. When they heard the crackling of our rapid footsteps in the woods and shrubbery, they lay low in their hiding-places among the bushes, and listened to the beatings of their hearts, almost palsied with fear. They verily believed that their hour had come, and that for them it was the last of earth. Many of the women were so badly frightened that they dropped upon their knees and began to pray to be protected from the Yankees. I soon formed an opinion that it was the first prayer they had ever made by the way they went at it. Their entreaties for us to spare their lives were pitiful to hear. We did pity them as soldiers do, but we showed our pity to them by words only, telling them they should not be harmed. We were in too much of a hurry to reach the city to stop and talk with them, but during the short halt we made we had to laugh at the poor terror-stricken wretches.

In our rapid advance we came upon an old woman who was on her knees begging to be spared, and as we passed her, L. addressed her thus: "Halloo, old woman! what the d—l ails ye?" It was anything but a joke to her, but as it did not matter much if we did laugh, we concluded to look on the funny side. As the able-bodied men were all in the rebel army, we saw but few except

those too old for military duty. The women and children were to be pitied; and I look back upon them now with pity—but we were all a little hardened then. If our mothers, wives, and daughters had been in those people's places, they would have felt just as those poor women did, and perhaps worse. The women of the North will never know the privations the women of the South had to endure in those days. It was *one* picture of the great war; and once more I repeat, as I have many times during my sketches, that the horrors of war can never be appreciated save by those who saw it at their very doors, in the dark days of the Rebellion. The forlorn women were told to return to their homes, which they all gladly did as soon as they could.

During the day, when in the city, I overheard the following by an old colored woman, upon the arrival of her mistress from the woods whither she had fled: "Did n't I tole ye dem Yankee sojers would n't hurt ye, eh? Did n't I tole ye dat Massa Linkum's men would n't hurt ye? Dey 's heaps better 'n de rebel sojers is." About half way between the fort and the city, the Eleventh Regiment came to a halt just as we came upon the broad street leading to the city. Here we had to "Dress up!" an order we all despised when in a hurry. While we were thus manœuvring, though only for a moment, the rest of the brigade passed, and reached the city a little ahead of us, the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts being the regiment that tore down the Confederate flag floating from the court-house. The men ran up the stars and stripes in its place amid the shouts of the regiment, and much to our chagrin. The Eleventh could have had that honor just as well as not, as we were in advance all the way until the halt was made; but we made a bad move there, and stopped when we ought to have pushed on. Such

delays are dangerous in a time of war. The boys of the old Eleventh were indignant over the matter, and it furnished something to swear about for the rest of the day. "All's for the best," is an old saying, and I will not censure any one at this late day for the slow movement. We now saw for the first time the tapering church spires, the cupola of the court-house with the rebel flag waving over it, and, near at hand, many fine dwellings with red brick chimneys, trailing vines covering the piazzas, and surrounded by beautiful flowers sparkling with the silvered dew of the morning. A cloud of smoke that arose from the burning buildings hung over the city, and once more before our eyes was pictured the rude hand of war.

At our right, and some distance away, stood the blackened walls of the state-house, that was burned one year or more before—a monument marking the terrible desolation of war. As we marched down the broad street, with waving flags and gleaming bayonets, the Second Brigade band poured forth some of its best notes upon the morning air, and brought the most violent rebels to their doors to see us pass, and look upon troops better dressed and better drilled than their own army, which they had just seen depart from their midst in a flight of utter disorder, a perfect "skedaddle." The moving of the troops and the loud strains of music vividly reminded me of the old song so common in the days of the Mexican War:

> "Under the walls of Monterey
> At daybreak the bugles began to play."

The citizens—what few there were left of them—looked sour and sad: they doubtless wished us in that place where huge fires are made of brimstone by experienced firemen, and are kept burning day and night the year round. They held a handkerchief to their faces as

they watched the long lines of blue sweep past. L. remarked that some of the young ladies smiled upon him, and he made up his mind that they would all "go in for the Union to a man." Many of the dry remarks we made caused a smile to creep over their faces, where tears were trickling only a short time before.

The colored people were in their glory. No big tears rolled down their ebony cheeks: they whooped, danced, sung, and husked their white ivories as they cheered "Mass'r Linkum's men." They had been living in constant fear while the rebel army held the city; but on that morning they looked as though they had a big load lifted from their shoulders, and they were wild with joy. From their very souls they felt that "the year of jubilee" had come, and the long-looked-for day had dawned when they could run and awaken "Nicodemus of old," so often mentioned in the old song. We made no more halts, but hastened onward, each regiment trying to be the first to enter the panic-stricken town, while

> "Drums and trumpets echoed loudly,
> Waved the crimson banners proudly."

As we had expected, the rebel army had really evacuated the city, and had retreated to Meridian. The strong picket force they left to watch the movements of the Union army up to daylight, together with many others of their army, hid in the woods with the citizens for the sole purpose of being taken prisoners. They informed us, when captured, that they were tired of fighting, had seen all the war they cared to, and were glad to fall into the hands of the Union army. We reached the city in a very short time,—in less time than I can tell it,—finding many of the large blocks in flames: many of them were piles of smoking ruins. Had not the Union boys taken hold and extinguished the flames, in a few hours more

they could have said very truthfully, "Black ashes note where our proud city stood." The burning of everything to prevent its falling into our hands was cutting their own fingers badly without injury to us; but that was the work of the rebel army, and was severely denounced by those who were left in the city. During our stay in that place we occupied Court-house square, where we stacked our guns and watched the fury of the flames across the street. On the back part of the square the prisoners were placed under guard until they could be paroled.

Very early on Monday morning, July 20, the Ninth Corps started on the return march to Milldale and Snyder's Bluff, where we were to take boats and return to the promised land of "Old Kaintuck." The general commanding the Ninth Corps, and another general whose name I have forgotten, bet a canteen of whiskey that one could march his corps back to Milldale in less time then the other. A canteen of corn juice was a very small quantity for two generals to bet on in such extremely hot weather, nevertheless it was done. As one brigade after another moved away, we bade good-bye to the fields, the woods, and the valleys, and gazed upon the distant spires of Jackson for the last time while engaged as soldiers of the illustrious "Uncle Sam." We did not expect to go so far south again during our term of service, consequently we were bidding adieu to Dixie, the land of the magnolia and cotton, to go to other green fields and pastures new, not forgetting that we had shared with her people "hard times down in Dixie." And yet, perhaps our next campaign would be just as severe, wherever it might chance to be.

We had a little something in the way of rations issued to us the night before, Sunday evening, and more were promised for the next morning. On the morning of our departure we were all on our feet and equipped by day-

light, but saw no rations. There were no more rations to issue to the troops, but every man received half a candle, which caused some sport and a good deal of swearing. "Got so many candles that the mules can't draw 'em, and they are packed off upon us to carry!" growled L. It is rather laughable, as we think of it now; but we saw instances of that kind very often then, so it was nothing new. The last thing before leaving camp the shout was raised that the mail had arrived. Although it was a small one, there were many white-winged missives distributed, it being the first mail we had seen during the campaign. The letters were precious mementos from the homes so far away, and where we all prayed to be when the cruel war was over.

We started off on the long march that morning as though we were pursued by the rebel army; nor did the pace slacken, but rather increased, until we reached our destination. "What does it all mean?" we asked; and the answer we received was, "The boats are all waiting on the Yazoo river to take you back to Cairo." But the whole story was a black lie gotten up to hurry us on, as we were all very anxious to soldier on the soil of Kentucky once more. In consequence of the rapid marching, with no halt for rest or rations, under the extreme heat of a July sun, as a matter of course many were obliged to fall out. We all hung together pretty well until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when we were forced to look out for ourselves; and very soon soldiers from every regiment in the army could be seen scattered along the way-side. When night came on, no halt was made. It was the same rapid march onward; and, as we did not know anything about the whiskey bet, we were all more puzzled than ever to know why we were so hard pushed, especially since we were going away from the enemy and there were no rebels in our

front; and what it could all mean was a mystery. Long after dark we took the matter into our own hands for a while, and fell out to spend the night by the road-side, thinking that we had marched far enough that day, the distance being over twenty miles. The place where we stopped was near Brownsville, a dirty Mississippi village, and nearly deserted save by the old people and by the blacks.

The army was so badly scattered that when we halted for the night we were all in a confused mass. Many of the soldiers did not stop at this place, but continued to trudge on in the darkness; but as the men of other regiments came up and saw us resting, they exclaimed, "Fell out for the night, boys?" and, upon receiving our answer, they quickly dropped from the ranks, remarking as they did so, "Boys, we're with ye!" We started on again at an early hour the next morning, being a little ahead of the lark, and the way we marched that day was a terror to all soldiers, and astonished the natives. About 5 o'clock that morning two or three of the Second Brigade band made a halt,—after marching two or three hours,—and prepared to make coffee. When they were about ready to ask a blessing over what little there was spread before them, General Parke rode up, and asked, "What are you doing here?" "Making coffee," was the answer. "What corps do you belong to?" inquired the general. "The Ninth," was the reply. "Well, d—n it! don't you know that the Ninth Corps is stretched all along the road for six miles? Get up and go on!" roared the general, as his eyes flashed from the effects of the canteen of whiskey he had bet. "Yes, we will," answered the boys, and at once prepared to do so, but as soon as the general was out of sight they made their coffee all the same, contented to let the corps stretch out another six miles. All the troops started for the day's

march at an early hour, and all day we measured off the miles with our feet at a lively pace, and sun-strokes were frequent.

The route back to Milldale was not the one we marched over in going to Jackson. By the change we found more water by the road-side, which aided us very much; but when I say *more water*, I do not wish to be understood as saying that we found enough to keep us from suffering, by any means. Long before noon the entire army was marching to suit its own convenience, lagging behind no more than could be helped, not knowing how near the rebel guerillas were to us, watching our movements. There was no order at all during the march, owing to the rapid way it was commenced. The army was so scattered for miles that the only adequate description would be, "completely demoralized." A regiment is always supposed to be where the commanding officer or the colors are, but on that march no one could tell where that was. We hardly knew to what regiment we did belong. I asked a colored teamster if his wagon was a Ninth Corps wagon, and his answer was, "Dunno, massa, dunno," which made it very certain that the teamsters were all demoralized as well as the troops.

About all we did know on that day was that we were on the march, or, more properly, on the double-quick: we were very certain of that. A strong rear-guard, with strict orders to drive any man along who fell out, as is always the case when on the march, followed the long and straggling line of blue, but it did no good: they themselves were all used up, and straggled as badly as the regiments they were supposed to push along, and very soon there was no rear-guard at all. When we asked a brother soldier, whom we overtook on the dusty road, "To what regiment do you belong?" very likely his answer would be, "I used to belong to the ———

Regiment, but cuss my brass buttons if I know where I do belong to-day." That march was a severe one, and there are many of the old comrades living to-day who were there, and they can testify to the facts as I have stated them.

We marched until a late hour that night, and bivouacked in a large field of corn, such as is common in Mississippi, about three miles east of the Big Black river. In that immense corn-field were countless numbers of soldiers—many thousands in all—belonging to many different regiments. Upon the outside, and also among the troops, was a large number of horses and mules, belonging to the supply trains and ambulances. In fact, it was one perfect jam of soldiers, horses, mules, and wagons, covering several acres. The night was really passed in one of the worst places we had seen that day; for lying on rows of corn was not very comfortable, you may rest assured.

It must have been near midnight when most of the troops arrived there, and the writer was about to say, "Now I lay me," when he heard the loud command at some distance away, and echoing far and wide, then caught up by the officers, "Fall in, men! for God's sake fall in! the rebels are coming!" A Dutchman from a Pennsylvania regiment ran past me, shouting at the top of his voice, "Mein Gott in Himmel! we ish gone up dish time!" while another frenzied Teuton ran in the opposite direction calling to his comrades, "Come on mit me. Tunder und blixen, we vash gone to der tyful, sure!" All the while could be heard the orders from the officers, "Fall in, men, lively!" and then we heard the order to "Fix bayonets!" all of which passed much more quickly than I can tell it. With all the excitement it was truly laughable.

We soon found that it was not a rebel raid, but a hog

raid. A large number of hogs ran out of the woods at some distance south of us with that "Ough! ough!" so common in hog language, and the horses and mules becoming very much frightened broke and ran for dear life toward the sleeping army. With all the tramping of so many horses and mules, no wonder we thought the rebels were charging upon us. We had a long laugh over the matter, it being the first thing of the kind that ever happened to us in all our army life; and at this late day the "hog raid in Mississippi" lives fresh and green in the memory of those who were there, and who will never call it to mind without a laugh. The Second Brigade remained in a piece of woods in a valley all the next forenoon. At noon the march was resumed, when we crossed the Big Black river. A violent thunder-shower came up about five o'clock, and the rain fell in torrents. We went on our way slowly over the muddy roads, going up a long hill. The mud was deep and darkness coming on, so we were obliged to stop for the night by the roadside. An old cotton gin near by was packed with troops, while many made their beds for the night upon the wet grass, with the black, floating clouds for a covering. We were up with the lark the next morning, and were soon on the march. The day was scalding hot, and at noon we feasted on green corn and peaches. In many places we found ripe figs growing in the yards of the wealthy planters. The colored people who lived along our line of march were very glad to see us, and, when we informed them that Vicksburg and Jackson had fallen, they were wild with delight, and exclaimed, "Golly! what 'll ole mas'er say now?" Their very looks plainly told that there was freedom on the old plantation for the first time. In the afternoon we reached our old camp at Milldale, as straggling and tired a lot of men as ever was seen. There we rested for a

few days in the shade of the oaks, from which the long gray moss drooped so gracefully; and near by the green cane-brakes grew in great abundance.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN HORACE CLINTON BACON.

Horace Clinton Bacon was born in Newton, Mass., December 14, 1823; was educated at Phillips Exeter academy, studied law with Hon. John S. Wells, was admitted to the bar May 3, 1850, and commenced the practice of law under the firm name of Wells & Bacon. He was a member of the staff of Governor Nathaniel B. Baker in 1854, with the rank of colonel. In 1855 he took up his residence in Sioux City, Iowa, where he remained until 1860, when he removed to Epping, N. H., from which place, without enlisting, he was commissioned, September 4, 1862, captain of Company A, Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers. He was with the regiment at Fredericksburg, and a portion of the time afterward was judge advocate upon the staff of General S. D. Sturgis, commanding the Second Division, Ninth Corps. At the time of Morgan's raid at Cincinnati, in 1863, he was provost marshal of Central Kentucky, and was in command of twelve hundred men. He was honorably discharged from the United States service "on account of disability from wounds received in action," by special orders No. 204, of the War Department, June 11, 1864, and was discharged from the hospital June 15, 1864.

Since the war closed he has been superintendent of schools at Epping; then removing to Lawrence, Mass.,

was elected from that city a member of the Massachusetts legislature in 1872 and 1873, and a member of the state senate in 1874. He was for several years one of the land commissioners of Massachusetts, and in 1880 commenced the practice of law in Boston. Since 1882 he has not practised his profession on account of increasing disability. He resides in Lawrence, Mass. Captain Bacon received a severe wound in the head at Fredericksburg, leading his men most gallantly in that terrific slaughter. From the effects of this wound he has had long years of suffering.

LIEUTENANT GILMAN B. JOHNSON.

Gilman B. Johnson was born in Epsom, N. H., July 24, 1834, and received his education in the schools of that town and Epping, in which town he resided at the breaking out of the war. On September 4, 1862, he was commissioned second lieutenant of Company A, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers. He participated in the Battle of Fredericksburg, was with the regiment in its Kentucky and Mississippi campaigns, and then went over the mountains with it to Knoxville, taking a prominent part in the entire East Tennessee campaign. Lieutenant J. F. Briggs having resigned as quartermaster of the Eleventh Regiment, Lieutenant Johnson, who had been acting as quartermaster, was, at the request of all the officers of the regiment, commissioned quartermaster of the Eleventh Regiment, April 22, 1864, at Annapolis, Md., which position he held until the muster out of the regiment, June 4, 1865. Lieutenant Johnson brought to the discharge of his duties as quartermaster untiring energy and activity, and amid all the dangers of the last campaign, ever brought his train through in safety. He won the regard of his superior officers, and was officially

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Sewell D. Lilton

complimented near the close of the war as being the most faithful quartermaster in the Second Division.

Since the war he has resided most of the time, and still resides, in Concord, where he has been engaged in the boot and shoe business, selling throughout the state. He was a member of Governor S. W. Hale's staff, with the rank of Brigadier-General, in 1883–'84, and was elected commissary-general for the state. He was for several years elected quartermaster of the Veterans' Association at the Weirs. In 1888 he was chosen one of the aldermen for the city of Concord for two years, and was reëlected in 1890 for the same length of time. He took a very active and prominent part in the erection of the Regimental Head-Quarters building in connection with the Ninth New Hampshire Volunteers, at the Weirs, and to his efforts is largely due the elegant home of the regiment by Lake Winnipiseogee.

CAPTAIN SEWELL D. TILTON.

Sewell D. Tilton was born in Deerfield, N. H., December 9, 1824, and lived there until 1853, when he removed to Raymond, N. H., where he resided until his death. He was at one time adjutant of the Eighteenth Regiment, state militia, and in 1857 was one of the selectmen of Raymond. His occupation was that of a farmer. In August, 1862, in connection with Lieutenant Isaac H. Morrison, of Deerfield, he assisted in raising a company which was designated as Company B, for the Eleventh Regiment. He was commissioned captain of the company, September 4, 1862, and followed the fortunes of the regiment, save at Fredericksburg, being then ill, until July 30, 1864, when he was severely wounded while in command of the regiment. After the

return from Mississippi and while the regiment lay at London, Ky., he received a furlough of twenty days, and returned to his home. At its expiration he reported at Cincinnati, and was ordered to report to Colonel S. G. Griffin, commandant of the post at Camp Nelson, Ky. He with other officers was placed in charge of a large supply train, cattle and horses, and a large number of convalescents, for Knoxville. He reached Cumberland Gap the day Longstreet surrounded Knoxville, and could proceed no farther until the siege was raised. During the siege of Knoxville he was engaged under General A. B. Willcox in guarding the fords of Clinch river and the passes in the Clinch mountains, East Tennessee—a service full of dangers from exposure, and with liability of being killed by the guerillas who infested that region, as he travelled alone from post to post looking after the pickets. After the siege was raised he rejoined his regiment, and was in command of it until relieved by Colonel Harriman. He participated in the heavy battles during the last campaign in which the regiment was engaged, and was prominent in capturing the rebel battery at the Shand House on the morning of June 17, 1864. He was in command of the regiment at the explosion of the Mine on the 30th of July following, where he received a severe wound, preventing his doing any further duty in the field.

After months spent in the hospitals at various points, and a short furlough at his home, he was placed on light duty at New Haven, Ct., as a recruiting officer, where he remained until the close of the war, and was mustered out with his regiment June 4, 1865.

After the war, Captain Tilton served three years as one of the commissioners for Rockingham county, was for many years a member of the board of education for the town of Raymond, and was a member of the staff of

Governor Harriman, with the rank of colonel. He was quite prominent in the G. A. R., being at one time senior vice-commander for the department of New Hampshire, but declined any further promotion, much to the regret of his friends. He was one of the oldest members in the state of the order of I. O. O. F., in which he had filled many important positions. He died quite suddenly at his home in Raymond, May 20, 1891, and was buried by both of the orders of which he had been such an honorable member.

CAPTAIN ISAAC H. MORRISON.

Isaac H. Morrison was born in Deerfield, N. H., October 2, 1829, in the house erected by his great-grandfather in 1774. Some of his ancestors were engaged in the siege of Londonderry, Ireland, in 1689. He received his education in the common schools of the town, and at the academies at Pembroke and Hampton Falls. His occupation is that of a farmer.

He enlisted as a private August 15, 1862, and, by the men afterwards organized and mustered into the United States service as Company B, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, was chosen first lieutenant, and received his commission as such September 4, 1862. He was honorably discharged from the service September 2, 1864, because of wounds received at Bethesda church, Va., June 2, 1864. Up to and including this battle, he had participated in every one in which the regiment had been engaged, as well as in the skirmishes. He was in command of Company B at the battle of Fredericksburg, receiving three separate wounds. He was also in command of Company B in the East Tennessee campaign, and during the siege of Knoxville was several times brigade officer of the day. When the regiment returned from

East Tennessee, he came by rail in charge of regimental and head-quarters baggage of the Second Division of the Ninth Army Corps.

At the battle of Spottsylvania he had command of companies C and I as skirmishers on the advance of the regiment, and captured thirty men and two commissioned officers. At Tolopotomoy creek, on the morning of June 2, he was placed in command of Company I, and still had command when wounded on the evening of that day. July 22, 1864, he was promoted to a captaincy and assigned to Company K, but was not mustered, as he was unable to be with the regiment because of his wounds. The following account, from his own pen, of his record will be read with much interest:

"After leaving our position on the right at Tolopotomoy creek, we marched by the left in rear of the Second, Fifth, and Sixth corps, and had halted for coffee, but before getting it ready the rebels swung around and attacked our rear. We got into line double-quick, behind some old rifle-pits, and sent out a skirmish line. The Ninth New Hampshire was on our right, and a division composed of heavy artillery and dismounted cavalry on our left. About dark we received word that the skirmish line was not complete, and Company A was ordered to fill the gap. I connected with our line on the right, but did not find the skirmishers of the division on our left, when, hearing the sound of troops a little in advance, I left my men and went to reconnoitre. I advanced some ten or fifteen rods across the corner of a swamp, and found the 'rebs' just forming a line of battle. I then turned about, and saw three men advancing towards our lines in a diagonal direction; they discovered me about the same time. I came promptly to them and ordered them forward, and they, in the dark, supposing me to be one of their officers, obeyed orders,

and were close to my command, when they turned to shoot me; but I ordered my men to shoot, and they surrendered. I then ascertained that the division on our left had no skirmishers, and I commenced to draw the left of my line back to protect the left flank, when a gun was cocked and the cap exploded close to me. I at once ordered 'Come in!' but he did not come, but discharged his rifle, the ball passing through my right arm. My skirmishers fired upon him, and a man was found dead near that spot in the morning. This was the last duty I performed in the service."

Captain Morrison was town-clerk at the time he enlisted. Since the war he has represented the town in the legislature in 1865 and 1866; has held nearly or quite all the offices in the gift of his townsmen; is a trustee of the Philbrick James public library; has been a member of Union Lodge, I. O. O. F., for more than forty years; has been commander of J. E. Chadwick Post 70, G. A. R.; and was a charter member of Deerfield Grange P. of H.

CAPTAIN HOLLIS O. DUDLEY.

Hollis O. Dudley was born in Alton, N. H., December 13, 1833, and at the age of seven years his parents moved to Gilmanton, N. H., in the district schools of which, and at the academy, he received his education. In 1851 he removed to Manchester, where he was for some time an employé upon the Stark corporation; then with the Amoskeag Company's iron foundry as a moulder. In 1858 he was elected night watch upon the police force of Manchester, which position he held until nearly the breaking out of the war.

On the 16th day of April, 1861, in company with J. C. Abbott, then adjutant-general of the state, and John L.

Kelley, he went to Concord and tendered his services to Governor Goodwin to enlist and raise a company of infantry for the three months regiment which had been called for from New Hampshire. He enlisted April 17, 1861, and was commissioned second lieutenant of Company K, First Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, April 30, 1861, being mustered into the service May 1, 1861, and mustered out August 9, 1861. In June, 1862, he was appointed a recruiting officer in Manchester, and raised a company for the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers; and on August 26, 1862, was mustered as captain of Company C, and was with the regiment at the battle of Fredericksburg.

Upon the movement of the Ninth Army Corps to Kentucky in the spring of 1863, Captain Dudley had charge of transporting the Second Division baggage-train, and upon his arrival in that state he rejoined his regiment and resumed command of his company. He accompanied his regiment to Vicksburg, Miss., and served in charge of a large number of men in the engineer corps until the surrender of Vicksburg. He was taken sick, and was disabled for duty for some weeks, being for a time in the brigade hospital. Lieutenant-Colonel Collins being ill, and at Covington, Ky., receiving a furlough to visit his home, Captain Dudley assumed command of the regiment until relieved of that duty by Captain L. W. Cogswell at London, Ky., with orders to report to the medical director at Cincinnati. He obtained a furlough of thirty days and returned to his home. Shortly after he was detailed by General Dix, commanding the Eastern Department, to serve upon a general court-martial, and was stationed at Concord until he was relieved by order of the secretary of war, April 12, 1864. He rejoined his regiment, then at Annapolis, Md., from its East Tennessee campaign, April 20,

Joseph B. Clark

[illegible]. He was detailed in command of [illegible] officers and men to bring the Twenty-[illegible] States Colored Regiment from Indianapolis [illegible] Washington, which being done, he rejoined [illegible] April 30, 1864, at Bristol station.

He was with the regiment at the Wilderness [illegible] two slight wounds, and was with the regiment [illegible] officer during the campaign until June [illegible] when he was carried from the field to the division hospital, where he remained a few days, and [illegible] was several months under the care of Dr. J. S. R[illegible] surgeon of the Eleventh New Hampshire [illegible] medical director of the Second Brigade. October 8, 1864, he rejoined his regiment, and was in command until relieved by Colonel Harriman in the November [illegible]. He was in command of the regiment at the [illegible] the war, Colonel Harriman being [illegible] Brigade, and his regiment was one of the [illegible] Petersburg. Captain Dudley was mustered [illegible] with his regiment June 4, 1865.

Since the war he has been engaged in trade in Concord, assistant store-keeper in the customs department of New York city; in the insurance business; and in [illegible] commenced the raising of a fund of $50,000 for the endowment of the I. O. O. F. Home at Concord, in [illegible] successful. His residence is in Manchester, N. H.

[illegible] JOSEPH B. CLARK.

Joseph [illegible] Clark, son of Samuel and Betsey (Clement) Clark, [illegible] Gilford, N. H., June 21, 1823. Resided [illegible] seventeen years of age, then spent three years at New Hampton institution, and in 1844 he [illegible] Brown University, Providence, R. I., from which he

Joseph B. Clark

1864. He was detailed in command of a detachment of officers and men to bring the Twenty-eighth United States Colored Regiment from Indianapolis, Ind., to Washington, which being done, he rejoined his regiment April 30, 1864, at Bristoe station.

He was with the regiment at the Wilderness, receiving two slight wounds, and was with the regiment as commanding officer during the campaign until June 18 following, when he was carried from the field to the division hospital, where he remained a few days, and subsequently was several months under the care of Dr. J. S. Ross, surgeon of the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, acting medical director of the Second Brigade. October 8, 1864, he rejoined his regiment, and was in command until relieved by Colonel Harriman in the November following. He was in command of the regiment at the close of the war, Colonel Harriman being in command of the brigade, and his regiment was one of the very first in Petersburg. Captain Dudley was mustered out of the service with his regiment June 4, 1865.

Since the war he has been engaged in trade in Concord; assistant store-keeper in the customs department of New York city; in the insurance business; and in 1887 commenced the raising of a fund of $50,000 for the endowment of the I. O. O. F. Home at Concord, in which he was very successful. His residence is in Manchester, N. H.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. CLARK.

Joseph Bond Clark, son of Samuel and Betsey (Clement) Clark, was born in Gilford, N. H., June 21, 1823. Resided at home until seventeen years of age, then spent three years at New Hampton institution, and in 1844 he entered Brown University, Providence, R. I., from which he

graduated in 1848. Taught six years in academies in this state and in Massachusetts, occupying a portion of his time reading law in the office of Hon. Asa Fowler, of Concord, and later with Stephen C. Lyford, of Laconia, and was admitted to the bar of Belknap county in 1853, at which time he was principal of the academy at Wolfeborough. He went to Manchester in January, 1855, and commenced the practice of law.

September 4, 1862, he was commissioned first lieutenant of Company C, Eleventh Regiment, and was promoted to captain of Company H, May 1, 1863. At the Battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, he received a severe wound on his right forearm, while leading his men in the thickest of the fight, disabling him for life. After a furlough of several months, he again joined his regiment, and was mustered out with it June 4, 1865. He participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, in the Kentucky campaign in the spring of 1863, in the Mississippi campaign, and in East Tennessee, and in the last campaign when the Rebellion was ended.

After the war closed he returned to Manchester, of which he was mayor in 1867. He was solicitor for Hillsborough county in 1861; a representative from the city in 1859–'60; solicitor for the city in 1858–'59, and was reappointed solicitor for the county in 1866, holding the position for a period of ten years. He was a director of the Merrimack River National Bank, a trustee of the Merrimack River Savings Bank, one of the foremost men in the formation of the First Baptist church in Manchester, and was prominent in all matters relating to the prosperity of the city. He was an aspirant for the nomination as a representative to congress from the first district of the state, but was defeated. He took his life by suicide October 22, 1886.

On the morning of September 11, 1862, as the Eleventh

Regiment was breaking camp to proceed to the station to leave for the front, Captain Clark and Mrs. Mary Jane (Peabody) Smith were united in marriage by Colonel Harriman. Mrs. Clark died August 15, 1873. Captain Clark's adopted city lost in his death one of its very noblest citizens.

CAPTAIN LEANDER W. COGSWELL.

Leander W. Cogswell was the son of David and Hannah Cogswell, and was born in Henniker, November 18, 1825. Received an academic education in the academies at Henniker and Francestown; went to California in 1849, returning in 1854; was in the mercantile business in Henniker from 1855 to 1861. July, 1861, he was appointed route agent from Hillsborough to Manchester. Enlisted as a private August 13, 1862, and September 4, 1862, was commissioned captain of Company D, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers. Was with the regiment at Fredericksburg, a portion of the Mississippi campaign, the East Tennessee campaign, being in command of the regiment on its march over the mountains to Knoxville, during the siege of Knoxville, and in the mountains afterward. Was acting-assistant adjutant-general on the staff of Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, commanding the Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, and on the staff of Colonel Sumner Carruth, commanding the same brigade. He participated in all the battles of the last campaign, save the final charge at Petersburg and Pegram Farm; a large portion of the time as assistant inspector-general upon the staff of General Simon G. Griffin, commanding the Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps; was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Eleventh Regiment August 20, 1864, but was never mustered, for lack of numbers in the

regiment. Was seriously ill in January, 1865, taken to the hospital and from there to his home, where he was honorably discharged from the service April 26, 1865.

Since the close of the war he has represented Henniker in the legislature in 1866, 1867, 1870, 1871; was state treasurer 1871–'72; savings bank commissioner from 1876 to 1881; president of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society; worshipful master of Aurora Lodge, F. & A. M., and high priest of Woods Chapter, R. A. M.,— each several years.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS L. SANBORN.

Thomas L. Sanborn was the son of Dr. Nathan Sanborn, and was born in Henniker, January 4, 1836. He fitted for college at the academy in Henniker, and entered Dartmouth in 1854, from which he graduated in August, 1858. He was at the head of a very large and prosperous school in Henniker academy for four years, and until he enlisted as a private August 13, 1862. He was commissioned first lieutenant of Company D, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, September 4, 1862; resigned, and was honorably discharged from the service February 23, 1863, and returned to his home in Henniker. He was a clerk several years in one of the departments at Washington, was for some time a resident of Alexandria, Va., and now resides in New York city, where he has been teaching for several years.

LIEUTENANT DAVID C. HARRIMAN.

David C. Harriman was the son of Benjamin Harriman, and was born in Warner in 1820. He resided in that town most of the time until the war broke out, when

he enlisted as a private August 18, 1862, and was commissioned September 4, 1862, second lieutenant of Company D, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers; was promoted to first lieutenant February 27, 1863; resigned, and was honorably discharged from the service at Milldale, Miss., June 27, 1863, and returned to his home in Warner. October 6, 1864, he was commissioned first lieutenant of Company E, Eighteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was mustered out with his regiment at the close of the war. He has resided in Warner since the war closed, and at one time was deputy sheriff. He was a brother of Colonel Walter Harriman.

CAPTAIN AMOS B. SHATTUCK.

Amos B. Shattuck was born in Lowell, Mass., June 24, 1834. He was educated in the public schools of Lowell, at Francestown academy, and at Williams college (Massachusetts). He studied law at Manchester, N. H., with the late Judge Daniel Clark, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1857, at Manchester, where he continued in the practice of law until he entered the army. At the formation of the Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment he assisted in raising a company of men afterwards known as Company E, of which company he was commissioned captain September 4, 1862. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, he was mortally wounded while fighting most bravely with his men, and died December 17, 1862. He suffered amputation of his right leg. His body was conveyed to his late home in Manchester by Chaplain Stratton.

CAPT. ARTHUR C. LOCKE.

Arthur Caverno Locke was born in Epsom, N. H., October 31, 1824, his paternal and maternal grandfather being soldiers of the Revolution. He married, September 23, 1847, Salina O. Bickford, of Epsom. He was a farmer by occupation, teaching school during the winter. He was one of the selectmen of the town, and filled other positions of trust. His biographer says of him,—

"When the old flag was fired upon at Sumter, his patriotism was aroused, and when men were asked to volunteer by the beloved Lincoln, he said, 'Shall I remain at home in such a time of need? No! While the blood of my ancestors courses through my veins, I feel it my duty to go, and I must go.' He told me that he was in sixteen battles, and he had no fear of death. He was severely wounded, and came to his home for a short time, but his courage and patriotism did not abate. When the war was over, he came home and resumed his former occupation, and as a trader in a country store for awhile, for his system had received so many shocks that he was not the strong man of other years. He had rheumatism very severely, which culminated in paralysis. For twelve or more years he was lame, going upon crutches, and for three years before he died could not dress or feed himself. During all these long years of suffering he loved to recount his battle scenes, and when his comrades called to see him, his vigor and his patriotism seemed renewed. He was patient through it all, and never regretted that he gave his life for his country."

This is indeed a loving tribute, such as only a sister could give, and truthful, as every member of the Eleventh Regiment knows, to every one of whom he endeared himself by his genial disposition, his manly bearing, and

his unflinching courage. At the first reunion of the regiment after the war, held at Manchester, the entire regiment joined in resolutions tendering the brave man their deepest sympathy and continued respect.

LIEUTENANT HENRY G. DILLENBACK.

Henry G. Dillenback was born in Dickinson, N. Y., in 1832. August 18, 1862, he enlisted as a member of Company E, Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, being then a resident of Derry, N. H. He was mustered into the United States service August 29, 1862, and was commissioned first sergeant of his company. He was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, and on the promotion of First Lieutenant Arthur C. Locke to be captain of Company E, he was commissioned first lieutenant, his commission dating December 18, 1862. In January following he was detailed as commander of the provost guard at division head-quarters, and rejoined his regiment at Mount Sterling, Ky., in the month of April following. He was with the regiment through the Mississippi campaign, and upon the return of the regiment to Kentucky he was again detailed as commander of the provost guard at the division head-quarters, and took charge of a large wagon train over the Cumberland mountains, arriving at Knoxville, Tenn., September 25, 1863. January 1st, following, he rejoined his regiment, then lying at Blaine's cross-roads, remaining with it two weeks, when he received an order from Major-General John G. Foster, then commanding the Ninth Army Corps, to report at Knoxville for duty upon the railroad. Here he remained until May, 1864, when he came home on a sick leave of thirty days, being quite ill because of the severe duties he had been discharging

in his usual prompt and faithful manner for so many months. At the expiration of his furlough he reported at Washington, and was sent from there to a hospital at Annapolis, being still seriously ill, with no immediate prospect of being able for duty in the field. He was, on July 22, 1864, honorably discharged from the service, having been on duty of various kinds nearly all the time for a period of nearly two years. He is a resident of Haverhill, Mass.

CAPTAIN CHARLES WOODWARD.

Charles Woodward was the son of Gage and Betsey Woodward, and was born in Sutton, N. H., November 3, 1837. He has resided in New London most of his life. He enlisted as a private in Company F, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, August 9, 1862; was appointed second sergeant of the company, and, upon the resignation of Lieutenant Messer, was promoted first lieutenant September 30, 1862. He was commissioned captain of the company January 30, 1863, in place of Captain Carr, resigned, and was honorably discharged from the service, for disability, June 23, 1864.

Captain Woodward was with his regiment continuously until its return from the East Tennessee campaign, and until he became physically disabled. During the most trying days of the siege of Knoxville he was in charge of forty men stationed in the "round-house" at the railroad station, with the walls pierced, with orders to defend it until the last man was killed or captured, which orders were most faithfully and ably carried out.

Captain Woodward represented New London in the state legislature in 1885–'86, and is a carpenter and house-builder.

CHAPTER V.

FROM AUGUST 14, 1863, TO DECEMBER 7, 1863—EAST TENNESSEE—THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE—HARDSHIPS OF THE REGIMENT—BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES OF COMPANY OFFICERS—SERG'T MCALLISTER'S EXPERIENCES AT LIBBY PRISON AND SALISBURY.

And now, resting in their pleasant camping-place, the men of the regiment were wondering what the next move would be. Already Burnside had planned his campaign to reconquer East Tennessee, and was about to set out with the Twenty-third Corps, leaving his corps, the Ninth, to follow as soon as possible. The Eleventh had earned the reputation of being the most hardy regiment of the brigade, and it might well have been said, of the division also. The men bore their hardships bravely, and though very many were ill and unfit for duty, they preferred remaining with the regiment to entering any hospital with an almost absolute certainty of dying, or becoming disabled for life, because of their crowded condition. So, when the rumor filled the camp that East Tennessee was their destination, they hailed it with pleasure, saying, "Anywhere but Mississippi."

Here Captain Dudley was placed in command of the regiment because of the illness of Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, and on Wednesday, August 26, at 5 p. m., the regiment left Covington by rail, reached Nicholasville, a distance of 112 miles, shortly after midnight, and that day went into camp about four miles beyond. There it remained, resting and recruiting, until September 8, when an order was received to be ready to march the next day with three days' rations. The regiment moved at the time designated, leaving seventy-five sick men in

camp, and marched to Crab Orchard. Here Rev. E. T. Lyford, the new chaplain, joined the regiment, and was most cordially received. A portion of the Ninth Corps was already on the march to Knoxville, and on Wednesday, the 15th, the regiment broke camp, marched seventeen miles, and camped at Cave Spring.

The next forenoon, after marching seven miles, we halted to let 2,200 rebels pass us. These were captured by Burnside a few days previous at Cumberland Gap. There were three regiments of them,—one Tennessee, one North Carolina, and one Georgia,—all under command of General Frazer. The Georgia regiment was cross and sullen, but the other two were in good spirits, and bandied many a joke with the boys of the Eleventh as they passed by. An old colored man attached to the Eleventh Regiment, standing by the writer of this, seemed very much pleased, and said, "You didn't make much gigging [fighting] this time, did you? You'se got your rights: now you'd better go home;" and then turning said, "Got 'em now, haint we, cap'n?"

After this interesting incident the regiment resumed its march, and, after fording "Big Rock Castle" river, passed over "Wild Cat" mountain, near the summit of which the rebel general, Zollicoffer, attacked Colonel Garrett; but he was badly defeated, having been held at bay by Union bush-whackers until Garrett had been reinforced. On the summit one team of the regiment tipped over, and its load, consisting partly of sugar and hard bread, went rolling down the hill. Everything was made right after awhile, and three miles further on the regiment camped. Resuming the march the next morning, we went into camp that noon about two miles from London in Laurel county.

Here an order was received appointing Captain Cogswell provost-marshal of the town, but some of the First

Division of the Ninth Corps were still there, and the order was countermanded. The regiment did a large amount of picket, guard, and fatigue duty; also escorted a great many prisoners to Crab Orchard on their way North. On October 5, Captain Cogswell was placed in command of the regiment, for Captains Dudley and Tilton had gone home on furloughs. Saturday, October 10, an order was received to be ready to move at once. At an interview between the captain commanding the Eleventh Regiment and Lieutenant-Colonel Schell commanding the brigade, it was discovered that the brigade was on half rations, and the Eleventh having no more than that, and there being no time to secure more, as he was under orders to be in Knoxville in eight days, he decided to leave that regiment with orders to secure eight days' rations, and follow on as soon as possible. So, turning over the command of the regiment to Captain Cogswell, he left for the front. The regiment expected to march in three days at the farthest, but was not able to do so.

Sunday night, October 11, Parson Brownlow, wife, and four daughters, and Hon. Horace Maynard, wife, and two daughters, spent the night at London. They were on their way to their homes in East Tennessee, from which they had been driven two years previous. Among Brownlow's daughters was the one who defended with a revolver the stars and stripes on the roof of her father's house in Knoxville. As they left the next morning, Brownlow said to the men of the Eleventh, "My parting advice to you, boys, is, Never kill a guerilla prisoner: *take him out in the woods somewhere and leave him.*"

But the order had come to proceed to Knoxville at once. October 16, new clothing was issued to the men who needed it, eight days' rations were secured, and the men supplied with three quarters rations for three days.

Though having few teams, the regiment broke camp at London Saturday, October 17, at 2 p. m., marched nine miles and camped. The march was resumed the next morning in a drenching rain, and at the end of six miles we camped in some old out-houses by the side of the road. Here an ox team was pressed into the service, and on Monday the march to Barboursville, thirteen miles, was made. Here another team was found. The next day, after a march of sixteen miles, we forded the river at Cumberland Ford, and went into camp on its southerly bank. Just after getting into camp, this dispatch was received by the commanding officer of the regiment from General Fry:

U. S. MILITARY TELEGRAPH, BARBOURSVILLE, October 20, 1863.
By telegraph from Camp Nelson, 20th, 1863.

TO CAPT. CROXTON, LONDON, KY.:

Dispatch the commanding officer commanding the 11th N. H., and say it would be well for him to return and wait for Captain Day's train. Also dispatch General Burnside, and let him know the danger. Have you no one to send out to ascertain the facts in regard to the rebels at London? If so, send at once. I will try and send a force to London.

S. S. FRY,
Brigadier-General.

Another orderly immediately appeared from Cumberland Gap, fourteen miles below, bearing this dispatch:

October 20, 1863.
By telegraph from Camp Nelson.

TO COMMANDING OFFICER, 11TH N. H., C. GAP:

I have just received a dispatch that a body of rebels had reached Manchester, Clark county, only 25 miles from London, and that Captain Day has a large train between London and Barboursville. I request that you return with your regiment, and escort and guard the train on. There is no force at London, and it would be impossible for me to get a force there in time if the rebels are at Manchester.

S. S. FRY,
Brigadier-General.

General Fry had nothing to do with the Eleventh Regiment, but in the absence of any orders from Burnside at Knoxville, the commanding officer decided to return to Captain Day's rescue. He dispatched an orderly to warn him of his danger, sent an orderly to Cumberland Gap with a dispatch to Burnside stating General Fry's request, and asking for instructions. One hundred and twenty-five men were detailed to make the return march, accompanied by two lieutenants, Adjutant Morrison, and Surgeon Moore,—the whole under command of Captain Cogswell. Although a wearisome march had been made that day, the men of the regiment were ready, to a man, to turn back and make a night march. But it was thought best to leave a portion of the men in camp. Just after dark the river was again forded, and an advance guard thrown out.

The march was taken up at midnight. Six miles from camp the men were met by a messenger,—one of their own regiment, returning from a furlough—Ira G. Wilkins, of Company C,—with the following dispatches:

BARBOURSVILLE, October 20, 1863.

By telegraph from Knoxville, 20, 1863.

TO OPERATOR:

Do n't have the Eleventh New Hampshire return, but send word for them to halt where they are for Captain Day's train, and come as escort.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General.

TO COMMANDING OFFICER, 11TH N. H. VOLS.:

Enclosed you find dispatch from General Burnside. He was informed of your being ordered back, and sends enclosed telegram countermanding that order.

I think Captain Croxton has ordered Captain Day to halt with his train between here and London, where they now are.

Respectfully,

OPERATOR.

The regiment immediately faced about, and reached its camp just at daylight in the midst of a pelting rain.

The day following, one of those terrific mountain storms, which need to be passed through to be enjoyed, was experienced. The wind blew a gale, the rain descended in torrents, the Cumberland river was a roaring, raging flood, and everybody and everything in and about the camp was thoroughly soaked. During the afternoon the following dispatch was received:

KNOXVILLE, October 21, 1863.

To CAPT. L. W. COGSWELL,
Commanding Eleventh N. H. Vols.:

Gen. Potter directs that you remain at the Gap until the train comes up: then guard it to its destination.

G. H. MCKIBBEN,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

It was fourteen miles to the Gap; and the next morning, in the most severe storm the regiment ever encountered, it broke camp and commenced wading to the Gap. At the end of eleven miles it took shelter for the night in some out-buildings. The next morning it passed through one of the most remarkable gate-ways in this country, and reached the camp below about noon, where the following dispatch was received:

KNOXVILLE, October 22, 1863.

CAPT. L. W. COGSWELL:

Bring your regiment to this place without waiting for Captain Day's train. Colonel Lemerts will furnish you rations, if he has them to spare.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General.

This was a welcome order to the boys, and, after securing a few supplies from Colonel Lemerts's scanty stores, the regiment took up its march for Knoxville, sixty-five miles away. We camped in a pine wood that night, and the next day, Sunday, marched sixteen miles. The next

day at 11 a. m., Clinch river was reached. The river was full, but a flat-boat from the other side was obtained, and in two hours the regiment were all safely across, and fourteen miles more was made. The next day a march of seventeen miles was made, and on the 28th we camped about one mile north of Knoxville, having been twelve days on the march, only four of which had been pleasant, the rest being made up of the severe storms and heavy gales of wind peculiar to mountainous regions at that season of the year. Though living on half rations, and marching over the worst possible roads, with constant exposure, only two men were left on the march, and but few were on the sick-list when the regiment arrived at Knoxville.

The rest of the Ninth Corps being at Loudon, thirty miles below Knoxville, Captain Cogswell reported to Colonel Riley, commanding the post, and delivered the prisoners the regiment had taken down from Loudon. A little later he reported to General Manson, who on the next day issued the following order:

HEAD-QUARTERS, 23D ARMY CORPS,
KNOXVILLE, TENN., Oct. 29, 1863.

COMMANDING OFFICER, *Eleventh Regiment N. H. Vols., Infantry:*

SIR,—The General commanding directs that you report in person at these head-quarters, when your regiment is ready to move, and before you march, that he may give you further and more minute instructions than are contained in the accompanying order.

I am, sir, respectfully your obedient servant,

R. C. KISE,
Captain, and Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEAD-QUARTERS, 23D ARMY CORPS,
KNOXVILLE, TENN., Oct. 29, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDERS, } [EXTRACT.]
No. 101. }

3d. The commanding officer of the Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Vol. Infantry, will proceed, early to-morrow morning, with his

command, to Lenoir's, Tenn., and report to Brigadier-General Potter, commanding Ninth Army Corps. The regiment will march by the road usually travelled by wagon-trains between this place and Lenoir's.

By command of Brigadier-General Manson:

R. C. KISE,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Commanding Officer 11th N. H. Vols.

In accordance with this order the commanding officer of the Eleventh reported with his regiment to General Manson, and, after waiting nearly half a day for instructions, an order was received from General Potter to have the Eleventh Regiment remain at Knoxville until further orders, that it might recruit from its march over the mountains. The regiment marched back to its camping-ground of the night previous, where a camp was laid out, and good, substantial log-houses were erected, the first and only time while in the service that the Eleventh Regiment had anything that looked like comfortable quarters.

Among the many incidents that occurred on this march, was one especially worthy of note. Just before night of the second day from Cumberland Gap, the regiment camped near a large orchard, the trees in which were loaded with most tempting apples. It belonged to a man and his wife, both very aged, who had been unable to gather the fruit. They very generously said to the men of the regiment, "Leave us what we need for the winter, and you are welcome to the rest." In half an hour the apples were all gathered, the larder of the old couple filled with them until they fairly cried "Enough!" and the remainder was distributed to the regiment.

But the men of the Eleventh Regiment were having too much of a good thing. There was work ahead. Rumors of all kinds filled the camp, and, on November 15, the regiment was ordered to "be ready at a moment's notice." There was heavy firing across the river. Burnside was reported falling back to Knoxville, and there was much

excitement everywhere. At 5 o'clock the next morning an order was received to form a line of battle near the town at once, and in three fourths of an hour the regiment formed a line of battle with other troops, three quarters of a mile from its camp. At dark we were ordered to occupy a gap north and west of the town, which we did, holding the position until the next night, when we were withdrawn and rejoined our old brigade in town, much to the delight of the regiment and of the brigade as well, and the siege commenced. A change in the line was made on November 19, and the serious work of the siege began. The day previous a sharp fight occurred on the left at an earthwork, where the enemy were repulsed, with a loss to the Union side of General Sanders, a most gallant and efficient officer. The earthwork was strengthened, and named in honor of him. The Eleventh occupied the left of the Second Brigade on a little elevation directly in the rear of the depot and car-houses of the railroad centring there. Trenches were dug, fortifications thrown up, trees felled, forts built, dams erected on the small creek separating the city proper from North Knoxville, where were some one hundred houses, some of them the most elegant in the city; and beyond these a line of pickets was established nearly as strong as the main line in town. Captain Woodward, of Company F, with forty men of the Eleventh, was stationed in the round-house at the depot, and Lieutenant Shepard, of Company A, with ten men, was stationed in the engine-house, both having orders to hold them "to the last moment." The walls were pierced for defence, the locomotives and cars all made as secure as possible, and all prepared with combustible matter so they could be fired if likely to fall into the hands of the enemy. The most important parts of the locomotives were taken out and concealed, thus rendering them useless if captured.

One half of the regiment was detailed on picket duty, the balance on fatigue duty in town; and every fourth day its commanding officer was detailed as division officer of the day. A fire brigade was formed of the men of the division, whose duty it was to see that in case of an attack the buildings on the north side of the creek which had been prepared for firing were burned. But little sleep was to be had. And thus the siege wore on, varied by the attempts of the enemy to drive in our pickets, which resulted in burning every building across the creek before the siege ended. The Eleventh shared the hardships with all the regiments, securing only quarter rations, these consisting of corn meal (corn and cobs ground together), a small piece of fresh pork, a little sugar, a very little coffee, and a small allowance of tobacco once a week. Every day, and especially every night. an attack from the enemy was expected. Firing along the picket line was incessant both day and night. But the army had unlimited confidence in their commander, and amid all the perils and privations of their situation there was not a faint heart among them. All seemed inspired by their heroic general, who daily rode along the line to give the boys good cheer.

On Monday evening, November 23, the enemy made a desperate attack upon our picket line, but were driven back. About twenty buildings were burned during the fighting, among them an arsenal in which were stored a large number of condemned shells; and for a couple of hours there was music in the air in every direction. Thus matters stood, the prospect for the deliverance of the beleaguered garrison growing very dim and cheerless, until Saturday, November 28, when the heavens were hung in black and a heavy rain-storm set in. Lights were required in buildings by the middle of the afternoon. Shortly after noon, Colonel McKibben, of the staff of

General Potter, came to Captain Cogswell, who was division officer of the day and in command of the picket line, and said,—"General Burnside directs that a double vigilance be exercised on the picket line. Several rebel deserters have come in, and, from their story and from many other things that have been learned, the general is confident that an attack is about to be made upon our works, which probably will commence at midnight." The caution was not a needless one, for about 10:30 that evening firing commenced in front of the First Division, and the skirmishing gradually became general. A few of the pickets of the Second Division fell back, but the ground was quickly retaken, and the firing continued during the night. At 5 a. m. Longstreet hurled several thousand picked troops against our lines, the main point being the capture of Fort Sanders on the west side of the town. Lieutenants Benjamin and Buckley with their batteries mowed them down like grass before the scythe, and Ferrero, in command of the fort, with his men defended it bravely. Again and again the enemy charged, to be as often repulsed, and at 7 o'clock the battle was over, the enemy being foiled at every point.

The whole history of the war cannot show more heroism than was displayed by the Ninth Corps in its brilliant defence of Knoxville that night. The morning following, under a flag of truce, Longstreet buried his dead and carried away his wounded, and while this was being done the pickets met midway between the lines and spent several hours together. The officers and men of the enemy's line expressed themselves as being sick of the war. The pickets in front of the Eleventh Regiment were the Palmetto Sharpshooters from South Carolina, and they complimented the men of the Eleventh for the accuracy with which their fire was delivered. The time for the flag of truce had expired: the pickets of each line ran to

their posts, and were quickly firing at the very men with whom they had been in social conversation so recently.

The enemy's loss in this fight was about 1,400 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, two hundred of whom were captured by one company each from the Twentieth Michigan and the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts, who made an advance into the ditch at the left of the fort. Two flags were also taken. Longstreet had promised his men that they should dine in Knoxville on that day; but he found that Knoxville could not be taken, and he felt his defeat very keenly. The Union loss in this assault was eight killed, five wounded, and thirty captured.

One regiment of the enemy was nearly annihilated, and its flag was captured. It proved to be the Seventeenth Mississippi, one of the regiments that did such execution upon the Union men who first attempted to lay the pontoons at Fredericksburg. Pollard, in his history of the war, says of the enemy's loss, "In this terrible ditch the dead were piled eight or ten feet deep. In comparatively an instant of time we lost 700 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Never, excepting at Gettysburg, was there in the history of the war a disaster adorned with the glory of such devoted courage as Longstreet's repulse at Knoxville."

December 2 there was heavy firing, and another attack was anticipated. The enemy had been signalling for hours. "Keep a sharp lookout on the picket line!" was the order, but no attack was made. The next day the same firing continued, and occasionally heavy trains and some troops could be seen moving to the eastward. This continued through the 4th, and on the morning of December 5 the first sound heard was this order, "The enemy's retreating! Fall in, and give chase!" Troops were sent in all directions, the Eleventh with the rest, and a large number of prisoners were taken. By mid-

day all had returned, and before night an order was received to dispense with interior guards and to lie down and get some sleep. This was a most welcome command, and for the first time in three weeks a good night's rest was taken by the exhausted army.

The men of the Eleventh never knew the real hardship of a soldier's life before this siege. They experienced what no other New Hampshire troops ever did, and have but little idea of. Every man did his duty bravely and promptly, both officers and men getting what little sleep they could with one eye open, though for eight days at one time during the siege the officers of the Eleventh did not remove their sword belts. A large number of prisoners were taken the morning the siege was raised, and, as they came in, some of the men of the Twenty-third Corps began to tantalize them, but were answered very handsomely by some of them saying, "You needn't say anything: no credit belongs to you. If the Ninth Corps had n't been here, we could have come in any time we pleased." General Burnside issued the following congratulation:

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
IN THE FIELD, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

The commanding general congratulates the troops on the raising of the siege. With unsurpassed fortitude and patient watchfulness they have sustained the wearing duties of the defence, and with unyielding courage they have repulsed the most desperate assaults. The Army of the Ohio has nobly guarded the loyal region it redeemed from its oppressors, and has rendered the heroic defence of Knoxville memorable in the annals of the war. Strengthened by the experiences and successes of the past, they now, with the powerful support of the gallant army which has come to their relief, and with undoubted faith in the Divine protection, enter with the brightest prospects upon the closing scenes of a most brilliant campaign.

During the siege there were but three captains in the brigade who were placed in charge of the picket line:

Captain Woodward of Company F, of the Eleventh, was one of them. Only four commanders of all the regiments in the division were detailed as division officers of the day, of whom Captain Cogswell of the Eleventh was one. Lieutenants Shepard and Johnson of Company A, Morrison of Company B, Clark and Lyford of Company C, Modica of Company D, Dillenback and Frost of Company E, Little and Sanborn of Company H, Bell of Company G, Dimick of Company H, Currrier of Company I, Everett of Company K, Adjutant Morrison, and Sergeant-Major Paige were constantly on the alert, and did everything in their power to assist the brave, devoted, heroic men of the regiment in everything they were called upon to do; and upon all sides the old Eleventh received words of commendation for its valiant service during those trying times.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CAPT. CHARLES E. FROST.

Charles E. Frost was born in Belgrade, Me., in 1841. He was residing in Hampstead, N. H., at the outbreak of the war, where he enlisted, August 12, 1862, as a private in Company E, of which company he was commissioned second lieutenant, September 4, 1862. He was promoted to first lieutenant, July 25, 1864, and assigned to Company A, of which company he was promoted to captain, receiving his commission, dated February 17, 1865, and was mustered out of the service with the regiment, June 4, 1865. During the last campaign Lieutenant Frost was for some time acting adjutant of the regiment. He was severely wounded at the siege of Knoxville. Lieutenant Dillenback says, "The first mishap to the

company [E] was the night we left Orleans, on the way to Fredericksburg, when Lieutenant Frost was taken sick and we had to leave him at a farm-house, where he was taken prisoner; also two men left to care for him, C. J. Hoyt and Frank S. Eastman. All of these were paroled, went to camp at Annapolis, Md., were exchanged and returned to the company in June, 1863, at Stamford, Ky." At the assault at the Shand House, June 17, 1864, Lieutenant Frost was one of the first to enter the fort, showing bravery of a high order.

LIEUT. CHARLES E. BARTLETT.

Charles E. Bartlett was born in Nottingham, November 25, 1839; resided in Epping until his enlistment in Company A, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, and was mustered into the service of the United States with his regiment July 25, 1864. He was promoted to second lieutenant of Company A, but for lack of men in his company he was not mustered. February 27, 1865, he received a commission as first lieutenant, and was mustered as such at Hancock station, Va., February 28, 1865, and was discharged from the service with the regiment June 4, 1865.

Upon the return of the regiment to Kentucky from the Mississippi campaign, Lieutenant Bartlett, being in ill health, was ordered to report for detached service at Concord, together with several others of the Eleventh and Ninth New Hampshire Volunteers, and while on the way was quite ill for a portion of the time. At Concord he was assigned quarters at Camp Gilmore, where were congregated substitutes, conscripts, and bounty-jumpers, whom the state was then assigning to the old regiments in the field. His first duty was to assist in

taking a large number to Long Island, Boston harbor. There the guard of which he had command was placed on board a vessel with 700 of these desperadoes, bound for Point Lookout, Md., with two days' rations on board. A severe storm of seven days' duration was encountered, and for several days the ration for all was one pint of condensed water. Of course there was great rejoicing when port was reached. He afterwards went in charge of hundreds of these men to Morris Island and the adjacent islands. The most extreme measures had to be resorted to with such fellows, from the worst class of the population of the cities.

Lieutenant Bartlett rejoined the regiment at Annapolis on its return from the East Tennessee campaign, and with a detail of twenty men reported to the brigade commissary for duty. He was immediately placed in charge of the herd of cattle belonging to the brigade. This was a perilous task, but was most faithfully performed. Often outside of the lines, several times bushwhacked and the herd stampeded, yet so faithful were the guards that the herd had gained ten in number when Petersburg was reached, notwithstanding twenty were lost the first night out. One night, returning from an unsuccessful search for some of his cattle in a piece of woods, he spied a rebel lying near an oak tree, apparently dead. Pricking him with his bayonet, and ordering him to get up, had no effect, and he left him. He soon returned, to find him gone, and he himself joined his guards without delay. Lieutenant Bartlett had charge of the guards for one purpose and another until the war closed.

He was adjutant and commander of Post 80, G. A. R., at Epping, and was assistant inspector-general under General Alger, national commander G. A. R., and was assigned to New Hampshire. He is a shoe-cutter, and resides at Derry Depot.

Lieutenant Bartlett gives these interesting incidents:

James M. Sleeper came out for roll-call one morning, just before the battle of Fredericksburg, feeling pretty low-spirited, and when asked what was the matter with him, replied, "During the night I had a presentiment that I should be killed in my first battle. While some of his comrades were sympathizing with him, he (Bartlett) said, "I shall go through the whole war, and come out without a scratch." And, strange as it may seem, both were right.

At Jackson, Miss., Lieutenant (then Sergeant) Bartlett and Charles F. Stickney volunteered to dislodge a rebel picket, who was doing deadly execution with his rifle. Stickney took his position in the woods close to an oak tree, with Bartlett a few rods to the left. They had hardly taken their places before Stickney was fired upon, the bullet striking the tree near him. He at once retaliated by firing, and was in the act of reloading when a second shot from the rebel picket struck him, passing through his body. Bartlett ran to him, and was in season to hear his last words, which were "Too late!" In two minutes Stickney was dead. Bartlett was immediately recalled.

LIEUT. MERRILL JOHNSON.

Merrill Johnson was born in Alexandria, N. H., in 1827. He received a common-school education, and was a farmer most of the time previous to the war and since. From 1849 to 1857 he was connected with newspaper work in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. He joined the Eleventh Regiment at its formation, as a member of Company B, of which company he was second sergeant. Company B was assigned as right centre of

the regiment in line, which brought him with the colors as left guide of the company; and he says of the color-bearers and guard,—"A brave set of fellows they were, facing the dangers at Fredericksburg with undaunted courage—our first baptism in blood." He says still further,—"There were several daring deeds done by the members of Company B that day. One of them was this: When Colonel Harriman was ordered to take his regiment to the front, we moved forward until we reached the railroad. Uncertain which way he was ordered to take his regiment, the colonel called for a volunteer to go back to General Ferrero and get instructions. Sergeant George M. Harvey, bringing his gun to a salute, said, 'Colonel, I will go back and find out.' He marched back, got the instructions, and returned. The ground he marched over must have been covered every foot of space by canister or Minié balls in the time he was gone, as all who were there can testify to the storm of death-dealing missiles the rebels greeted us with on our advance."

Sergeant Johnson was with the regiment in its Mississippi campaign, and at the battle before Jackson, after the lines were formed, it was soon discovered that there were some of the enemy's sharpshooters in the trees between the lines. Sergeant Johnson and Corporal George E. Johnson moved up a ravine under cover of the underbrush, and, getting a good position, soon made it so warm for them that they left. Upon the return of the regiment to Kentucky he was detailed to go to Concord to assist in taking recruits to the different New Hampshire regiments. He rejoined his regiment in East Tennessee, just as it was leaving for Annapolis. At the commencement of the last campaign he was promoted to first sergeant. He participated in the Battle of the Wilderness, where he captured a rebel, who said to

him, "Give me a gun and I'll fight on your side," but he was taken to the rear.

Sergeant Johnson was wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, by a gunshot through the right thigh, but rejoined his regiment before Petersburg, September 9, 1864, and was in the battles of Pegram Farm and Hatcher's Run. He was at this time senior officer of the company, and, December 7, 1864, was promoted to first lieutenant, and assigned to his own company. He participated in all the hardships of the siege of Petersburg the winter following, was in the grand charge when Petersburg was evacuated, and was with the regiment until it was mustered out. He is now a resident of Candia, N. H.

LIEUT. R. BAXTER BROWN.

R. Baxter Brown was born in Candia. He enlisted as a member of Company I, August 15, 1862, was mustered into the service September 2 following, and was immediately appointed first sergeant of his company. At the battle of Fredericksburg he was wounded in the right breast, and also had his right shoulder injured. He lay on the field from one o'clock until after dark, when he was brought off and carried to Mount Pleasant hospital, Washington, D. C.; thence to McClellan hospital, at Philadelphia, Penn. There he remained until August 10 following, when he was taken to Brattleborough, Vt., where he was informed that he was disabled for any further field duty; but he rejoined his regiment at Knoxville. At the Battle of the Wilderness he became the ranking officer of his company after Captain Currier was wounded. He had command of Co. I on the skirmish line, which was under command of Lieutenant Morrison, at Spottsylvania, where he was wounded through the left

hand and went to the rear, assisting in taking Major Chandler, of the Ninth New Hampshire, also to the rear. He was taken to St. John's hospital, at Annapolis, Md.

He was commissioned second lieutenant July 25 following, and rejoined his regiment again September 11, near the Weldon Railroad. At the battle of Pegram Farm, September 30, he was slightly wounded in the back of the neck, and seriously wounded in his left thigh. He was sent to the hospital at City Point, Va. He rejoined his regiment again November 14 following, but was unable to perform any severe duty for some time, his wounds not having healed, small pieces of bone continuing to come out from the wound in his hand. December 5 following, he was commissioned first lieutenant, and was mustered as such in his own company, I. March 9, 1865, he was detailed acting adjutant, which position he continued to fill until mustered out of service with the regiment. Since the war he has been engaged in the manufacture of shoes, and his present residence is Haverhill, Mass. And he is still proud of the fact that he, too, was a member of a regiment full of determined, fighting men, the Eleventh New Hampshire.

LIEUT. JEREMIAH D. LYFORD.

Jeremiah D. Lyford was born in Pittsfield, June 4, 1825, the son of Dudley and Anna Lyford. He received his education in the common schools, and in the academies at Pittsfield and Strafford Ridge. For many years previous to the war he was connected with the insurance business at Manchester. Upon the formation of Company C he became its first sergeant, and upon the promotion of Lieutenant Joseph B. Clark to be captain, Sergeant Lyford was promoted to a first-lieuten-

ancy, receiving his commission May 1, 1863. He was soon after taken ill, sent home on sick furlough, and was never able to return to his regiment. He died at Manchester, December 9, 1864, leaving a wife who died soon after, and one daughter, who became hopelessly insane, and died at the asylum at eight years of age.

The members of Company C presented Lieutenant Lyford with a sword, belt, and sash, which are now in the possession of his brother, Rev. F. H. Lyford, of Contoocook, who prizes them highly as mementos "of a dearly loved brother, an honorable man, a true and loyal citizen, a perfect gentleman, and a valiant soldier." Lieutenant Lyford participated in the battle of Fredericksburg.

LIEUT. JOSEPH A. MODICA.

Joseph A. Modica was the son of Joseph and Achsa Modica, and was born in Boston, May 6, 1840. His father removed to Henniker soon after, and in the academy there Joseph received his education. He was engaged in mercantile business in Boston at the breaking out of the war. On August 13, 1862, he enlisted in Henniker as a private in Company D, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers; was promoted to first lieutenant July 1, 1863, and followed the fortunes of his regiment, brigade, and division until the close of the war. He was mustered out of the service June 4, 1865. At the siege of Knoxville, Lieutenant Modica had charge of a body of workmen in strengthening the water defences of the city by the erection of several dams between the main and picket line. During the last campaign he served many months upon the staff of Major-General Potter, commanding Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, and was appointed captain of United States Volunteers, by brevet,

for gallant and meritorious conduct before Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. Since the war he has been a resident of Chicago and Peoria, Ill., and of St. Louis, Mo., and is now of Kansas City, Mo. The larger portion of the time he has been engaged in railroad service, holding responsible and influential positions.

LIEUT. CHARLES DAVIS, JR.

Charles Davis, Jr., was the son of Charles Davis, and was born in Warner in 1838. He enlisted as a private of Company D, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, August 16, 1862; was promoted to orderly sergeant of Company D, September 2, 1862; promoted to second lieutenant February 27, 1863; promoted to first lieutenant July 25, 1864, and assigned to Company B; afterward transferred to Company A, promoted to captain of Company D, September 20, 1864, but not mustered for lack of men in the company; was severely wounded at Poplar Spring church September 30, 1864; and was honorably discharged from the service January 20, 1865.

After the war he became a resident of Chicago, Ill., where he was for many years engaged in the express business. Lieutenant Davis died in Chicago in 1888.

LIEUT. WILLIAM C. WOOD.

William Converse Wood, son of Moses, Jr., and Mary Porter (Converse) Wood, was born in Boston, January 24, 1839; fitted for college in the schools of Boston, and was graduated at Harvard college, A. M., in 1860. Engaged as a private tutor at Four Mile Branch, S. C.,

October 31, 1860. On his way he was arrested by a vigilance committee at Blackville, S. C., but was released. At Barnwell he was again arrested, and advised to leave the state, which he did. He enlisted as a private in Company H, in the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, from Lyme, that being his mother's native place, and was made sergeant August 12, 1862. He was promoted to second lieutenant July 25, 1864, and on January 8, 1865, to first lieutenant, and assigned to Company C, and was mustered out with the regiment June 4, 1865. He participated in all the campaigns of the regiment, was in some fifteen engagements, was wounded in the right shoulder in the charge at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864, and was sent to the hospital at Annapolis, Md., where he received a furlough and visited his home. Returning to Annapolis, he rejoined his regiment September 5 following, and remained with it until the close of the war, ever ready to respond to the call of duty.

He entered Andover Theological Seminary in September, 1865, and was graduated from it in 1868; was ordained October 15, 1868, at Lanesville, Mass., where he was settled until April, 1870. He was then settled at Wenham, Mass., six years, until October 13, 1876, and at Assonet in 1877; was then two years at East Marshfield, four and a half years at Scituate, and then at Stanstead, Canada, and Derby, Vt. for the year 1884, and was three months at Washington, N. H. In 1889 he was appointed Instructor in Homiletics and Chapel Minister in Crescent Bay lay college. Most of his time for several years past has been devoted to literary work. In 1885 he received the second prize, two hundred and fifty dollars, out of 240 competitors, from Edinburgh, Scotland, for a Sabbath essay, "Heaven once a week." Some others of his works are "Jesus in the Talmud," "The

Day of Heaven," "Five Problems of State and Religion," "Hymns and Hymn Singing," etc.

He has been chaplain in the G. A. R., of which he is a valued member, and also chaplain of the Massachusetts Association of New Hampshire Volunteers in Boston, and is an honorary member of the American Sabbath Union.

LIEUT. FRANK S. BEAN.

Frank S. Bean was born in Kirby, Vt., in 1843. He enlisted from Enfield, August 12, 1862, as a private in Company H. Upon the organization of the company he was commissioned third sergeant. June 30, 1864, he was promoted to second lieutenant, and promoted to first lieutenant July 25, 1864; was assigned to Company I, September 23, 1864. He participated in very many of the battles of the war; and at Poplar Spring church, September 30, 1864, he was severely wounded, conveyed to the general hospital, and thence to his home in Enfield, where he died of his wounds November 25, 1864, deeply lamented by the entire regiment.

LIEUT. SOLOMON DODGE.

Solomon Dodge was born in New Boston, May 28, 1836, where he resided, following the occupation of a farmer, until his enlistment into the service of the United States as a member of Company C. He followed the fortunes of the regiment, able for duty most of the time, until June, 1864, when he was for some months in the Division and City Point hospitals. He was promoted to first sergeant of his company, and on March 25, 1865, was commissioned first lieutenant and assigned to Com-

pany E, being mustered out with the regiment June 4, 1865. He participated in all the campaigns, sieges, and battles in which his regiment bore a part, save the battles of the Crater and Pegram Farm. Lieutenant Dodge was one of three who succeeded in capturing a large number of rebels at the Shand House on the morning of June 17, 1864.

After the war he became a resident of Vineland, N. J., where he remained seven years, engaged in fruit raising. He then removed to Andover, where he has since resided, following the business of farming and lumbering.

LIEUT. WILLIAM A. NASON.

William A. Nason was born in Monmouth, Me. In early childhood he removed to New London, where he attended school until eighteen years of age. For several years he worked at farming, teaching school in the winter. In 1856 he went to western New York, where he remained three years. He went from there down the Alleghany and Ohio rivers on a raft of lumber to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he engaged in the lumber business as salesman on the river between Cincinnati and Carrollton, Ky., remaining winters in Cincinnati. In April, 1861, he enlisted in the Sixth Ohio for three months, but saw no service because the regiment was reorganized for three years. He remained with his old employers until autumn. He then returned to New Hampshire, where, in August, 1862, he enlisted in the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, from New London, and was mustered into the service on the 29th day of that month. He received a warrant as third sergeant in October, 1862; as first sergeant, May, 1863; was commissioned first lieutenant November 22, 1864; and was promoted

to adjutant of the regiment December 1, 1864, in accordance with the following recommendation:

HEAD-QUARTERS 11TH N. H. VOLS.,
PEGRAM FARM, VA., Nov. 23, 1864.

To His Excellency the Governor and the Hon. Council, State of N. H.:

I would respectfully and earnestly recommend Sergeant William A. Nason, of my regiment, to be appointed as adjutant of the same. There are now papers on file in your chamber in his behalf.

There is no vacancy in any company officers, and not only myself, but the officers and men of the regiment, desire that he be appointed as above. Sergeant Nason has for some time performed the duties of adjutant of the regiment, and has done them to the entire satisfaction of all. I hope you will take up his case immediately, and give it a favorable consideration.

I have the honor to be
Your ob't serv't,
WALTER HARRIMAN,
Col. 11th N. H. Vols.

On April 2, 1865, he was detailed acting aide-de-camp on brigade staff, and was mustered out of the service June 4, 1865. Lieutenant Nason died at East Cambridge, Mass., August 18, 1890. He rendered much valuable service in the compilation of this history of the regiment. The following beautiful tribute is from his comrades, the surviving members of Company F:

The death of Comrade Lieutenant William Augustus Nason occurred August 18, 1890, a few days after his patriotic effort to attend the national encampment of the G. A. R. in Boston. The surviving members of Co. F, 11th N. H. Vols., through their committee appointed Nov. 4, 1890, prepared and published the following

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

As comrades, we gratefully record our appreciation of his patriotic devotion to country while serving in extended campaigns and in posts of danger; his soldierly and gentlemanly bearing; his alertness and capacity in duty; his genial nature; his brotherly kindness; his ser-

vices in preserving and publishing important military records; and his patience and fortitude while bearing sufferings which hastened a premature death.

We also kindly offer to the members of his afflicted family circle our hearty sympathy, and this tribute of our fraternal regard.

DURA P. MORGAN,
CHARLES WOODWARD,
RANSOM F. SARGENT,
Committee.

New London, N. H., Nov. 4, 1890.

SERGEANT FRANCIS H. GOODALL.

Francis H. Goodall was born at Bath in 1838. He entered Dartmouth college in 1853, from which he graduated in 1857; commenced reading law with his brother-in-law, Hon. A. P. Carpenter; was admitted to the bar, and began its practice at Beloit, Wis., with Judge Mills. At the breaking out of the war, he enlisted in the Second Wisconsin as a three months man, and was honorably discharged at the expiration of his term of enlistment. In August, 1862, he returned to his home in New Hampshire, and enlisted as a private in Company G, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, of which company he was commissioned first sergeant. He participated in the battle of Fredericksburg. His health failing, he received, on May 10, 1863, a furlough, and returned to his home. He did not rejoin the regiment, but was honorably discharged from the service May 23, 1864, because of chronic diarrhœa. He has been in the government service at Washington, D. C., since September, 1864, and for many years has been chief of a division in the Second Auditor's office, treasury department, fulfilling his duties in a very able and faithful manner.

In January, 1863, Sergeant Goodall was recommended

by Lieutenant-Colonel Collins for promotion, and the following recommendation was filed in his behalf:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This may certify that while the undersigned was in command of Co. G, 11th N. H. Vols., Francis H. Goodall was First Sergeant of the company, and, from the knowledge then gained of his character and attainments, I most cordially recommend him as honest, industrious, discreet, and absolutely reliable. As a soldier he was always ready to act, prompt to obey, attentive to duty, and gallant in action.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, both of my lieutenants being absent from sickness, I directed Sergt. Goodall to act as lieutenant, and in that position he fought through that terrible struggle with conspicuous coolness, ability, and bravery. As a soldier he always won my warmest approval, and was a prominent example of sober, intelligent, courteous manhood. Always, under all circumstances, he was a perfect gentleman.

[Signed] GEO. E. PINGREE.
Captain Co. G, 11th N. H. Vols.

SERGEANT JAMES H. McALLISTER.

Sergeant James H. McAllister was an original member of Company F, and was with the regiment until the battle at the Pegram Farm, September 30, 1864, when he was taken prisoner. The following from his pen will be read with much interest:

"I remember foraging at one time in Virginia with Henry Nelson and Abraham Richards. We went to a farm-house, and were catching chickens in the yard when the woman of the house and her two daughters came to the door. They were all chewing snuff, and commenced calling us nasty blue-bellied Yankees, and said we had no regard for 'nothin' and nobody.' Nelson said 'Yes, we have: I have a particular regard for that old hen, and I am bound to have her;'—and we and our chickens went into camp very happy. I was in every battle with the

regiment from Fredericksburg to Pegram Farm, where I was captured. At the blowing up of the fort in front of Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864, Captain Locke was in command of the regiment after Captain Tilton was wounded, and, it being very warm and we suffering for water, I went to Captain Locke and told him I wanted to go for water. He said several had gone, but none had come back, and thought I had better not go. I replied that I wanted water very badly, and he said I might go. So I started with six or seven canteens. I took one from General Griffin and one from General Hartranft, and ran the gauntlet down to our old lines, got the water, and started back. The bullets were whizzing pretty lively. I had got about half way to the Crater, when some kind of a missile hit one of my canteens and knocked me down, but did not hurt me.

"So I reached the Crater all right with the water, and General Griffin said, 'Sergeant, you ought to have a commission!' but on the 30th of September following I was captured, and was a prisoner five months. We were driving the rebels in front of us, but they came in on our flank and captured us near a house there, some from Companies K and G, and perhaps others of our regiment. There were about 800 captured that day from different regiments. We were taken to the rear about two miles, and guarded for the night. The next morning a rebel officer came riding out to us on horseback, half drunk. As he rode up he said, 'You are all foreigners; I would like to see a genuine Yankee!' I said, 'I am right from hum' [home]; and he said, 'Yes, you are a Yankee,' and he added that he could see the blue stripe under my chin.

"We were taken to Petersburg, and were counted as we crossed a small stream upon a plank, one behind the other, and were placed in an old stone building. I was

placed up-stairs with a number of others. A window was up, and I tapped upon it, when a piece of glass from a broken pane fell down and struck the guard under the window. He immediately raised his gun and shot up through the window, but no harm was done. We remained in Petersburg a few days, then were taken by rail to Richmond and placed in Libby prison. After we had been there a short time, one hundred of us at a time were marched into a room where there were three rebel officers at a desk. We fell in in two ranks, and one of the officers called 'Attention!' and said 'All you men having money come forward and hand it over to me, with your name, company, and regiment, and when you are paroled or exchanged it will be given back to you.' A few of the men had given up their money when he said, 'You had all better come forward and hand over your money, for you will all be searched, and if any money is found on you you will be bucked and gagged and punished.' He again called 'Attention!' and said, 'Prepare to open ranks to the rear: Open order—march!' and then said, 'Every one of you take off your clothes and lay them in front of you!' Then two men commenced at our right and searched our clothes, and took what money they could find. When about half through, an orderly came running up-stairs and handed a paper to one of the officers, and we were ordered to put on our clothes as soon as possible, and were then hurried out of the building, put on the train very quickly, and started for that *hell on earth*, Salisbury, where we were turned into a stockade in which were about ten thousand men.

"There were several brick buildings in the enclosure, but they were occupied by citizen prisoners from Kentucky and East Tennessee. We had one Sibley tent for 100 men. A great many of us dug holes in the ground for shelter: I was one of that number. One comrade

from Company K and one from Company G, and myself, dug, with half of a canteen, a round hole about four feet deep, then ran off two drifts about six feet in length; and these were our quarters for the winter of 1864–'65. We had no blankets at all. The soil was a red clay. There we slept, breathing that damp air all winter. When we had been there a few days we were divided into squads of 100 each, and one man of the number was appointed to draw rations for the squad. I had charge of one squad. The clerks would come into the garrison about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and make us fall in in two ranks; then they would count us, and give me a ticket with the number of men in the squad. I would go to the cook-house the next morning and draw our rations. We drew meat just five times in the five months I had charge of the squad.

"Our rations were a small loaf of corn bread, the corn ground up cob and all, one loaf for every two men. At the start I used to divide the loaf between them, and if I happened to give one the least bit more than the other, I got a terrible cursing for it. But I soon fixed that. I called out the names of two men, and gave them a loaf to divide themselves. I lived on half a loaf of bread a day for about one week. I would take my oath that very many of the men were starved to death. The men soon began to get sick and die; and when the clerks came in to count the men for rations, I would have every man in the ranks if they had to be carried there; then I would lie to the clerks, and tell them so many men were gone to the rear, and so many were sick in their tents and holes, thus drawing from six to twenty extra rations daily after the first two weeks; and these rations I divided among the three men who were in the hole with me, so the most of the time we had from three to five rations each per day. We were allowed but four sticks of cord-

wood to each 100 men per day for fire;—and to show how hunger will bring out the brute part of men, I must say that I have seen a poor fellow, sick and hungry, starved nearly to death on one ration per day, hovering over the fire, and have seen a fellow who was getting two or three rations come up and push the sick man over, and say, 'Get out of the way, and give a live man a chance to warm: you will croak [die] in a day or two anyway.' Over one half of the men put in there when I was, died in the five months of our stay.

"About 400 of the men in the garrison enlisted into the rebel army while I was there, hoping to get something to eat and perhaps get back into our lines. The rebels would take them out when too weak to stand it, and on putting them back again into the stockade, our own men would beat and kick them, and say, 'Enlist in the rebel army, will you, you dirty dogs!' When we were exchanged, only about 2,000 of us were able to march the forty miles to Goldsborough; the rest were sent around via Richmond. We came through the lines at Wilmingon, N. C."

CHAPTER VI.

FROM DECEMBER 7, 1863, TO APRIL 7, 1864—KNOXVILLE TO ANNAPOLIS—A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S COMMENDATION OF THE NINTH CORPS—EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF LIEUT. PAIGE AND COL. HARRIMAN—BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES OF COMPANY OFFICERS.

Monday, December 7, the Eleventh, in light marching order, together with the brigade, marched for Rutledge, thirty-four miles distant. On the 9th it arrived there, and remained ready for an advance or retreat until the 15th, when a retreat of twelve miles was made. The Eleventh skirmished its way into a gap near Lee's Springs, with orders to hold it at all events. The rebels made a sharp attack the next morning, but were repulsed. The weather here was bitter cold. Water froze in the canteens by the side of the men, and the men lived on cob meal, raw corn, and cabbage-stalks. At Rutledge, Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, Captain Locke, and Lieutenant Davis rejoined the regiment. Colonel Collins was immediately placed in command of the brigade. The regiment remained at Lee's Springs until January 16, 1864. The weather continued cold during all of this time, and the men suffered severely on picket: they were hungry, ragged, and some of them shoeless, but they bore it all bravely, and even talked of joining in the movement for reënlisting at this time. Captain Tilton joined the regiment again on December 25, and assumed command of it, relieving Captain Cogswell who had been in command nearly three months.

On the 16th of January, 1863, the regiment broke camp at Lee's Springs and marched to Strawberry Plains, where a brisk engagement occurred on the 21st.

About midnight of this day General Ferrero, commanding the brigade, notified his men that the Fourth Corps, in their haste to get out of the enemy's reach, had left two twelve-pound howitzers, and, thinking it would be a disgrace to abandon them, asked his men if they would haul them to McMillan's station, a distance of four miles. The boys readily assented, the Eleventh having one and the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts and the Second Maryland the other. It was a heavy task, the travelling being very muddy and the night exceedingly cold. Seventy-five men were required to man the ropes by which each was drawn. The bridge across the creek just before reaching the station had been burned, and the guns were drawn down a steep bank and across the creek, the men wading through the cold, icy water. As soon as the deed was done, General Ferrero at his own expense had 100 pairs of shoes and six dozen overcoats distributed, as a reward for hauling the guns, to those of his men who needed them most. At the station the guns were loaded upon a car, and it was drawn three miles by hand. They were taken thence to Knoxville by horses.

But the rebels were close at hand. Several hundred of their cavalry were behind us, and on the right. The Eleventh brought up the rear. Some sharp skirmishing was had, and the troops fell back in fine style. It was the first time the men had seen a retreat in perfect order. They retreated in echelon, and for several hours held the enemy at bay until reinforcements were met. This was the hardest day's work the Eleventh had yet seen. It had been several days without much rest, and its severe night's work hauling guns, and an almost continuous marching and skirmishing all day long, told heavily upon them. For two days previous their entire rations had been four ounces of flour per man, and nothing whatever for the last twenty-four hours.

On the Sunday morning following, the brigade marched through Knoxville with colors flying, bands playing, fifes screaming, and drums rolling. It went into camp about the middle of the afternoon near Erin's station, six miles below. Monday, February 1, the regiment was ordered out in light marching order; it went through Knoxville again, bivouacked for the night one mile beyond, and the next day marched back to camp again. While it was lying at this point, all the horses that could possibly be spared were sent to Kingston, forty miles, to be kept. But little forage could be had in camp. No commander lower than a brigadier was allowed a horse. There were only three teams to a brigade, and no ambulances.

There occurred here one of those sad incidents which only a civil war can well produce. A resident, a notorious rebel and a man who had taken particular pains to point out the Union men to the rebel army when last here, was shot by some Union men. His neighbors, Federal soldiers, had warned this man that they would "settle with him some time." The man was hewing a piece of wood in his dooryard, when he was shot by some unknown person. He left a wife and ten children. None of the neighbors dared assist in caring for the body, and two men of the Eleventh, belonging to the provost-guard, protected the body until buried. His mother, a very old lady, tauntingly said, "They [the Union troops] have killed my husband and stole my chickens. Now they have shot my son, but, thank God! they ha'n't got a tear out of me yet."

A terrible state of things existed throughout East Tennessee. Neighbor was watching neighbor; the father, his sons; and they, in turn, watching their father. The women had the same spirit as the men. Ignorance prevailed. Men and women chewed tobacco, and the latter

"dipped snuff" in large quantities. Often and again were the men of the Eleventh, and of other regiments, accosted with "Gi' me er chaw o' terbacker?" not only from the men, but from young, good-looking girls, who were as cool and unconcerned in their request as though asking for the best thing in the world.

But the rebels were making a demonstration near Strawberry Plains; and on February 15 the Eleventh broke camp in a pouring rain, and marched to near Knoxville, and camped for the night. Troops were falling back upon Knoxville, and another siege began to be talked about. Every man was supplied with 140 rounds of ammunition. All was confusion, and the air filled, as usual, with all manner of conflicting reports. The next day the camp was moved north-west, to within two miles of Knoxville. On the day following, the Second Brigade, consisting of the Eleventh New Hampshire, the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, and the Second Maryland, was hastily inspected by an inspecting officer of General Grant's staff. The number of the three regiments reported for duty was 668 officers and men. There were at this time only ten regiments belonging to the Ninth Corps left in Tennessee. Every axe in the brigade was set to work cutting wood, and a large amount was hauled into town to be used in case of another siege. One hundred and fifty men were detailed to throw up fortifications. The next morning opened bright and pleasant. In honor of the birthday of the "Father of his Country" the bands played Washington's March, Hail Columbia, Star Spangled Banner, and Yankee Doodle. The boys were in the best of spirits, and were made all the more so by the reports that Longstreet had crossed the river again, and that our front was rid of rebels.

At midnight of the 24th an order was received to be ready to move at daylight in light marching order.

Everything that could not be carried was to be placed under guard within the defences of the town. This was done, and at daylight the army took up its line of march, the Second Brigade having the advance, and the Eleventh leading it. After a march of twenty miles we went into camp. Generals Schofield, Parke, Stoneman, Willcox, Potter, Ferrero, and others were in the advance with the Eleventh through the day. The day before the advance was made, nine days' rations were issued to the men, and officers as well. These were the rations: four pounds of beef, half a pound of hard bread, three pints of corn meal, and a very little coffee and sugar. On the 27th we broke camp, and, crossing the river, went into camp near Mossy creek. During that night Colonel Harriman rejoined the regiment, and was welcomed with all manner of joyful demonstrations. The next morning the march was resumed, the Eleventh having the advance, and Company C being thrown out as an advance guard. The men really had to feel their way, and at night the regiment camped at Morristown, forty miles away, northeast of Knoxville. Everything looked dubious: the rain poured in torrents, the day was dark and dreary, the enemy was reported to be all about us; and at midnight, with nothing to eat and no shelter from the pitiless storm that was raging, an order was received to have the men under arms an hour before daybreak, to prevent a surprise. On the second day the regiment, being the first to enter Morristown and the last to leave, marched back to Mossy creek and camped.

At this place there was a low, one-story brick church, of the Baptist faith, and upon the desk there lay a large, old-fashioned, covered Bible, upon the flyleaf of which was written "The property of the Mossy Creek Baptist Church." Although the building had been deprived of everything combustible, yet within its walls were that desk

and that Bible. The doors and windows were gone, but that Bible remained unmolested by both the armies which had passed through the little village. It was kept in a little box with a cover to it.

At this point, a little past noon of March 5, a sharp skirmish took place between the Second Brigade, assisted by a small force of the Third Tennessee Cavalry, and a force of 300 rebel cavalry. Sabres were crossed and clubbed muskets were used, but the rebels were beaten off, leaving several dead and wounded in our hands, besides quite a number of prisoners. In this skirmish the following incident occurred: One man of the Tennessee cavalry was severely wounded in his left arm by the officer in command of the rebel cavalry. They proved to be own cousins, and as they came near each other the Union man said, "Don't you know me?" "Yes," said the rebel, "and damn you, I will kill you." Just then a bullet went through the rebel's heart, and he was fairly lifted from his saddle by Union bayonets.

March 13 the regiment broke camp and went back to Morristown again, where it remained until the morning of Thursday the 17th. The night previous an order was received to "send the Ninth Corps north at once," and a most welcome order it was to the men of the corps. The march was taken up early Thursday morning, and we camped at Newmarket, twenty miles away, that night. By the next night as many more miles had been covered, and the regiment went into camp one mile north of Knoxville. On Monday morning, March 21, having sent the sick and disabled north via Chattanooga, the Ninth Corps commenced its famous march over the mountains into Kentucky. At Jacksboro', forty miles' march from Knoxville, four days' rations were put into the haversacks of the men. The teams all returned to Knoxville, and the mountains were before us.

Mountain after mountain was climbed, and for fifty miles the march was, the most of the time, made through woods, and upon its whole distance only ten houses were seen. When the line was crossed into Kentucky, the band, inspired by the same spirit as the men, played in fine style "A'n't you glad you've got out of the wilderness?" and cheer after cheer echoed out through the crisp, frosty air of the morning.

Point Isabel was reached on the Sunday morning following, where some more rations were secured, several sutlers being the losers thereby. At Hall's Gap, on the 29th, some shoes and hose were issued to the men, the first time for several months.

In fifteen days from Morristown, Nicholasville, Ky., distant 230 miles, was reached, with a rest of only one day. Four days of the time there were snow-storms; there were as many more of frozen rain; and most truly glad were the men of the brigade when they got on board the cars, or things called such: anything was an improvement over the long, weary march. Sunday afternoon following, the regiment and the brigade, having marched through the streets of Cincinnati with flags flying and bands playing, left at 5:30 for Annapolis, Maryland, via Pittsburgh and Baltimore. At Pittsburgh, on the Tuesday morning following, the men were provided with a most excellent breakfast by the kind-hearted Christian men and women of that city, who vied with each other in doing everything possible for the soldiers passing through their busy, hospitable city.

Thursday, April 7, the regiment went into camp at Annapolis, and became once more a portion of the Army of the Potomac.

Thus ended the campaign of East Tennessee, which was in all respects the most remarkable of the campaigns in which the Eleventh bore a part. From the time the

regiment left London, Ky., until its return again into that state, it was continually on the move. Besides the siege of Knoxville, it had very many sharp skirmishes with the enemy. No bivouac was had, or camp made, without the expectation of being ordered to move before daylight. Rivers and creeks were forded, mountains were climbed, narrow gaps were fortified, picket and guard duty was constant, while on many occasions double duty was required. The men marched, bivouacked, and camped in the snow, mud, and rain, without shelter of any kind at night during a large portion of the time. The weather was freezing cold at times, with much snow upon the ground. Meanwhile the men lived upon the smallest kind of a quarter ration daily. Many days they had nothing but one ear of raw corn, dealt to them in the same manner as it was to the mules, the men even picking from the ground the stray kernels as they fell from the mules' mouths. This corn was parched by some, by others pounded or ground as fine as it well could be, and then made into a hoe-cake and baked before the camp-fire.

No clothing of any kind was received for over four months. The men were ragged, almost hatless, a good many of them without stockings, and when called out were often tracked by the blood oozing from their feet. When an animal was by any means secured and slaughtered, the hide was taken in charge by the commanding officer of the regiment, and moccasins were made of it for those most destitute. This was the manner of their making: a piece was cut from the hide, brought up around the foot, and fastened together with wooden thongs. The moccasin became dry after a time, but was never removed from the foot until worn out. Many a time six spoonfuls of flour was a week's ration with one ear of corn per day, and often only one table-

spoonful of coffee was given for three or four days at a time.

The people of East Tennessee as a whole were loyal, but they were exceedingly poor. Both armies had subsisted upon the country until nothing was left for man or beast. The younger Union men were in the Union army, and the disloyal were in the rebel army, and many a time when the men asked at a house for a little something to eat, they received for an answer, "I would be glad to give you something, but we are plumb out, and have n't got a dust of meal in the house. We tried to make a little corn last year, but the rebels stole it all for their horses when they passed through here."

Woodbury, in his "Ninth Army Corps," has these good words for the men of the Tennessee campaign:

> Such were the circumstances amid which the movement for the redemption of the loyal people of Tennessee was consummated. The soldiers of the Ninth Corps exhibited as heroic a spirit in the endurance of hardships as in the achievement of victories. As no foes could appall them, so no privations could subdue. With cheerful and ever eager alacrity, they were willing to take up new duties and bear new pains in behalf of the country for which they fought and suffered. They proved to the enemy that they could not be conquered, and he was forced to be content with the loss of the important section which they had wrested from his grasp.
>
> The Ninth Corps was soon to return to the East, and participate in movements of a more startling and conspicuous character. But it may safely be recorded, that, of the important operations of 1863, the DELIVERANCE OF EAST TENNESSEE deserves to hold an equal rank with the victory which turned the tide of invasion from Pennsylvania, and is not far behind the magnificent triumph which gave the Mississippi once more to the Republic.

The East Tennessee campaign was most truly the "Valley Forge" of the Civil War.

On the 11th of December, 1863, General John G. Foster assumed command of the Department of the Ohio,

relieving General Burnside, who left Knoxville on the 14th, and reached his home in Providence, R. I., on the 23d. On his way home he was received in Cincinnati with a great ovation, and in the course of his remarks he disclaimed the honors which were given him, declaring that they "belonged to his under officers and the men in the ranks." On the 28th of January, 1864, the president approved the following resolution, which had passed both houses of congress:

Resolved, That the thanks of congress be, and they hereby are, presented to Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, and through him to the officers and men who have fought under his command, for their gallantry, good conduct, and soldier-like endurance.

After the enemy had retreated from Knoxville, President Lincoln, on the 7th of December, issued a proclamation, congratulatory in its character, in which he recommended that "all loyal people do, on receipt of this information, assemble at their places of worship, and render special homage and gratitude to Almighty God for this great advancement of the National Cause." General Foster was soon relieved by Major-General Schofield, and on January 7, 1864, General Burnside was again assigned to duty as commander of the Ninth Army Corps.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S COMMENDATION.

The following from a war correspondent of the Army of the Ohio will be read with much interest:

"A few words of parting to the little remnant of the Ninth Corps. These iron men, who now march few and sparse as the travellers on the distant end of the Bridge of Mirrah, have driven home their good bayonets

on some battle-field in every principal department of the Union but one—the Gulf. When they were not fighting, they marched—marched that they might fight again. Their reputation for both is spread throughout the entire army. To give in detail an account of the battles and marches innumerable they have made, would be to compose a respectable history, which would be premature; but no one, certainly, will fail to have heard of some field where the Ninth Corps performed a specimen of its superb work. Since its entry into this department last fall, the singular uniformity of the services required of it is somewhat remarkable. Whenever an advance was to be made 'up the country,' through regions which might be a little perilous, the Ninth Corps has the advance, sometimes four or five miles out, and quite alone. When the regular time came to fall back, and the rebel cavalry were hurrying the rear, there the Ninth Corps must march and protect the column. Still it was but natural that this should be so, since the corps was very small, perfectly cemented into unity, wieldy, and every man a veteran. Of late, though, the rule seems to have been varied from in consequence of their extreme paucity.

"The Ninth Corps has never yet received its full meed of honor for the magnificent part it bore in the defence of this place last fall. It was stationed directly in Fort Sanders, and for some distance on either side. They received almost alone the whole head and front of the fierce assault, when four hundred rebels perished under the devouring sheet of fire which issued from the muskets of these men. The other corps did their parts well where they happened to be stationed, but no formal and organized assault was made upon them. The rebels, as was learned afterwards from some of those who were captured, suspected the Ninth Corps was in Fort Sanders, and refused to attack them. They were only induced to

do so by lying speeches of their officers, in which they declared the fort was manned by raw recruits. When they had discovered by their ruinous trial that they were deceived, their curses, of course, were infinite, and they protested with bitterness that they never would have attacked the fort, knowing it to be manned by the men they found there.

"These few words in justice to brave men. The corps leaves the department with the regrets and best wishes of their comrades in arms. They are going East to be recruited to something near the just proportion of a corps. Permeated by the traditions and *esprit de corps* of the several regiments they join, and inspired by the example of the veterans beside them, the new recruits to the gallant corps will do as valiant service elsewhere as their military foster fathers have here."

THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.

(FROM DIARY OF LIEUTENANT C. C. PAIGE.)

On Monday morning, November 16, the Eleventh Regiment was called up by the long roll before daybreak, and moved from camp towards the city. They formed in line of battle facing their camp, since a report said that a raid was expected from that direction. Just after dark we were ordered to change our position to the left and throw out pickets, which was done. There we remained until near night, when an order was received to join the brigade in the city. It really seemed curious when we marched into the city, so crowded with teams and troops, and the camp all aglow with camp-fires. It brought forcibly to mind the counter we played at Vicksburg, driving in and surrounding the rebels. We now

are in and surrounded by them, though it is not a matter of necessity for Burnside to stop and be besieged, for he still has a way open.

"He has taken and held this place so far, and he is bound to still hold it, or be destroyed in the struggle. He tells us that he shall be taken with us and the city, if that is accomplished by the rebels. We have rifle-pits and fortifications thrown up, and have a very strong position. The first day we were ordered to detail for picket duty one captain, six sergeants, ten corporals, and one hundred and sixteen men, and the remainder went into the rifle-pits. The rebels are on our front and left, and seem to be making around to the right. There has been a charge on our left, but it was repulsed in good shape. General Hartranft is building a dam across a stream near our pits so as to overflow the valley in front of the pits and thus prevent a successful charge from the enemy.

"Thursday, 19th. We are really in a besieged city, and each day we expect an assault by the enemy, but it will be a bad thing for them, and it will cost them many men, whether they are successful or repulsed. I cannot see that they can take us by assault. They must cut off our supplies and starve us out first, I think; but, as their forces are larger than ours by one half, they can injure us very much, and possibly take us by fighting. I hope and pray we may get out of this all right and save our army.

"Friday, 20th. We changed our position across Gay street on the heights beyond and occupied some pits. To-day we worked improving and strengthening them, and really have a very formidable position. Were the whole line as strong and as hard of access as that we occupy, one man in the pit could hold it against five to eight men. It is with difficulty that a man can climb the hill in our front without any one to oppose him. Then add to this

difficulty a pond of water from two to six feet in depth at its base, and we surely have a strong position, but we may be dislodged yet. The will and spirits of the men of the Eleventh are good and determined, and I know that the rest of our brigade is the same. We are expecting some hard fighting.

"Sunday, 22. All seems very quiet. A little while before dark the enemy threw a few shells into one of our forts, but they were bad shots. The day has been fine, and it does not seem, sometimes, that a revengeful enemy is lying so near waiting for his prey; but so it is. Time is the great revelator to man, and I wait patiently, and without fear, the result.

"Monday, 23. The Second Maryland and the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania were driven in this evening, and made a bad thing of it, as the rebels gained a good position and we lost one man in Company B, and two others in our brigade. A number of buildings were burned to prevent the rebels from occupying them. The sight from our position was really splendid. A beautiful moon looked down upon us, and the burning buildings lighted up the country finely, and added to this and the picket firing was the burning of a building in which were a large number of rebel shells, which exploded and made the scene grand.

"Tuesday, November 24. The Eleventh New Hampshire, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, and the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania regiments went out, soon after light this morning, and charged on the rebel pickets, and drove them back to their old position. Three men were killed in our brigade—one of them was in Company B, our regiment; and one of our men was wounded—Corporal Whipple of Company C. The morning was foggy, so quite favorable for our movements. The enemy seem to have a camp not more than one mile from our front. We

cannot anticipate their movements, but are constantly on the lookout for an attack.

Wednesday, 25. Sent on picket this morning ninety-six men, one lieutenant, one captain—a very heavy detail. There were then left in camp in the pits only one acting lieutenant and the acting adjutant.

"Thursday, 26. Thanksgiving Day in New Hampshire, and also in the states generally, on account of the proclamation of the president. It has been rather quiet to-day here in this besieged city, and we soldiers are in good spirits, hardly thinking that we are bound for Richmond under guard.

"Friday, 27. The enemy have been very still for two or three days past, and have not fired a cannon for that length of time—ominous of some impending danger or evil.

"Saturday, 28. Quiet nearly all day, and until nearly midnight; then the rebels commenced to be bold, and advanced in skirmish line, advancing their position a good distance.

"Sunday, 29. Our regiment, with the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania and the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, went to the front and drove back the rebel lines, and occupied the old ground in front of our brigade. While we were out, the rebels made an assault on Fort Sanders to the left of our division, and were handsomely repulsed, losing 1,000 men in prisoners, wounded, and killed. The cannonading was fierce and heavy. Benjamin's battery killed and wounded them terribly as they advanced upon the fort. I went up to the fort to-day, and it was a terrible sight. Some hundreds were lying in front of it dead, wounded, and dying. There is an armistice to-day until 5 p. m. I talked with some of the rebel soldiers. They treat us with respect, and appear well. They are Georgia troops. They must feel exasperated towards

us for the fearful slaughter this morning, but it is their fault.

"Monday, 30. Last day of autumn, and with the Ninth and the Twenty-third corps we are still in this besieged city, not knowing whither our destination; but wherever it may be, we are in the best of spirits, and ready to fight, or not just as the rebels shall say. Very quiet to-day after the armistice of yesterday.

"Tuesday, December 1. But very little firing on either side to-day. We have very cheering news. A circular was furnished from head-quarters to our regiment stating the following facts: 'Information has been received at these head-quarters that General Grant has driven the enemy, Bragg, from Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge; and that they are in full retreat for Dalton, Ga. Grant attacked Bragg, and whipped him severely, though General Sherman was repulsed on the left, with a loss of 300 killed and 2,500 wounded. But Grant took 6,000 prisoners and 50 pieces of artillery. Bragg is effectually broken up, and our army is following.' Also that reinforcements are within forty miles of us. This is all very cheering, and each regiment in our lines gave nine hearty cheers for the great success of our arms. We are expecting another attack, perhaps to-night. The generals are very particular to have all keep a good watch. We are constantly under excitement and getting but little sleep,—'sleeping with one eye open.' The rebels are up to something, we don't know what.

"Wednesday, December 2. We are in the besieged city still, but it does not seem that we are in such a place though. It is very quiet in the day-time, but some nights we have considerable excitement. The rebels will attempt a charge to advance their lines, and our troops are routed at once. The sight would be ludicrous, could

it be portrayed by some artist for the Northern public. The sentinels arouse the men in the pits, and the officers, who are mostly together. In a moment they are awake. Almost every night we are aroused once or more, and there is a general scrabbling after boots, sword-belts, coats, and hats, and I never wish to be in such a place again. Our food is getting scarce, and not of a very palatable character. We have pretty good rations of meat,—beef and fresh pork,—with the poorest kind of Indian meal made into mush, and generally no molasses or sugar to eat with it;—this is the extent of our rations nowadays. Were it not that the boys forage cattle and hogs, and even some flour and bread, near the picket line, they would be very short indeed. But somehow Providence provides thus far, and I think will, so that we shall escape falling into the hands of the rebels. The rebels are up to something more, but I cannot tell what it is. They are either leaving, or massing their forces on some apparently weak point of our line for another attack.

"Thursday, December 3. A comparatively quiet day, and not much picket firing; but towards night our guns opened on a train, or troops moving as we supposed, and fired quite briskly. The fort in the centre of our regiment is nearly completed, and is a formidable work. There are five embrasures, but only three guns yet. I think the enemy cannot take it. The Eleventh are all ready for a brush, but fear we shall not get it in our works,—shall have to go abroad for sport. General Sherman is reported across the river with 6,000 cavalry, and his infantry are fifteen miles away. I only hope he will get here in time to cut off the enemy, and replay the game on him that he has been trying so unscrupulously on us.

"Friday, December 4. We sent the usual number of

men on picket to-day, and we have the good and very pleasing feeling that the rebels are about leaving. They have concluded that the Yankees cannot go along to Richmond with them, so they have decided to leave us with the compliment they paid us at Fort Sanders. To all appearances the rebels have commenced a retreat toward Richmond, though they are keeping up a bold front. They fired their last gun just before evening, and it seemed like a parting salute. Our batteries opened on their moving column and trains, and we kept our usual watch in camp and on the picket line. Report says that Sherman has arrived with 1,600 cavalry and 2,000 infantry.

"Saturday, December 5. We wake and find the 'Johnnie rebs' nearly all gone. Our pickets had orders to advance and ascertain if the rebel pickets still occupied the pits, and found them deserted; they immediately followed through the woods where their camp was, and picked up a large number of rebel soldiers. It is estimated that 1,000 were taken to-day. Our brigade and the First Brigade were sent out to reconnoitre and scour the woods and country. We went five miles—to the Gap, so called—without finding one rebel soldier. The cavalry were in advance of us. We returned to camp about 2 p. m. We have now passed through one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the sieges the Union army has endured, one in which the besieged party has maintained itself in the most gallant and worthy manner. Our army of not more than 12,000 men has stretched itself out some six miles, as a line of defence against an army of 30,000 of the most effective of the whole rebel army—Longstreet's. That army has surrounded us twenty days, and has not at any time cut off our communication wholly, but has kept us from foraging much. In this time the enemy have made a number

of charges on our skirmish line, which is out from our defences from two thirds to three fourths of a mile, and have driven back our pickets a few times, but they have been driven back in turn. In all, their loss must have been some 3,000 men, while we have not lost one tenth part of that number—a glorious affair for us! It has been very wearing and tedious for the men. Out of 280 men of our regiment who carry guns, we have sent from 80 to 100 on picket daily, besides 40 who have been stationed in buildings as sharpshooters. This number of men generally went on picket every other day (and sometimes oftener), having twenty-four hours for sleep and rest; and even when in camp they were obliged to work on the fortifications all day or all night, and then lie down in the damp pits to sleep, to be waked often by the sentinels placed each night to arouse the men in case of an attack or a charge upon the picket line. Seldom have we lain the whole night. It has been the most wearing time this army has ever been exposed to."

A CONCISE DESCRIPTION.

The following extract from Colonel Harriman's diary gives one a good idea of the country and its inhabitants on the march from Kentucky to Tennessee, and *vice versa:*

"Saturday, February 27. Arrived here [Knoxville] to-day worn and jaded. We have passed through the most ungodly country on earth, and the *roads* that we have travelled are unfit to lead a dog through—rocks, ledges, logs, bogs, sloughs, stumps, and mountains that would shame the Alps. Through this vast extent of country, in both Kentucky and Tennessee, there are but very few settlements. The few people found there are very poor

and very ignorant. They live mostly in log huts without a pane of glass, and with no means of admitting light except through the door. They have no books and take no papers. Large numbers of them are ignorant even of the alphabet. They enjoy no advantages. Their land is poor, and they live mainly on corn and bacon. They dress very poorly, men and women both wearing coarse clothes of home manufacture and butternut color, having been dyed with oil-nut tree bark. The women wear hoods on their heads all the time in the winter season, even in the house."

THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

(FROM DIARY OF LIEUT. C. C. PAIGE.)

"Jan. 18, 1864. Our fall and winter campaign in some respects is more severe than any we have before experienced: exposures have been great, and rations the smallest we ever had. On the march to Rutledge after the siege of Knoxville, we had from one half to one pint of meal per day, and a little pork. Such rations as these we lived upon for some weeks, and many days we got nothing. One Sabbath, after waiting all day for a pint of flour, we drew two ears of corn per man, and a few days later, on the return march to Knoxville, all the bread-stuff we drew was half a pint of flour for five days. Rutledge is thirty-eight miles from Knoxville and near the Holston river. From there we fell back some twelve miles, and camped near Lee's Springs, where we remained four weeks; then marched to Strawberry Plains, and camped three fourths of a mile from the river, which supplied us with water. The mud was very deep. We remained there six days, then broke camp and marched two miles toward Knoxville; then our

brigade drew two guns more than three miles, they having been left behind by the battery of the Fourth Corps because their horses had given out. At daybreak we resumed our retreat, skirmishing as we fell back, and forming one line of battle after another. The manœuvring of the Ninth Corps was said to have been very nice, by those in our rear who witnessed it. We fell back within three miles of Knoxville and formed a line of battle, but the rebels did not seem disposed to advance any farther.

"Sabbath morning we broke camp and marched through Knoxville, and camped six miles beyond, at a station on the railroad. We feel that our old Granite State has reason to be proud of her sons who have enlisted under the colors of the Eleventh, and who have shown themselves so manly and noble in front of the enemy. We know that we have many good, friendly hearts there, who would at any time say, 'Welcome! thrice welcome to our homes of peace and union.'

"February 1. We lay in camp until 4:30 o'clock this morning, when we received orders to march, and went on through Knoxville, crossed the Holston on the pontoon bridge, and went into camp several miles beyond. The last two miles was very muddy, rough, and slippery.

"February 2. Marched back to our old camp again, much vexed to think we had taken all of our luggage with us when the intention was to return as soon as the enemy were dispersed; but we submit, and call it all right for the military.

"February 24. Broke camp, and started for the rebels. We went to and beyond Strawberry Plains, making a march of twenty miles. It was very hard for all. The first ten miles we did not have ten minutes' rest. Our knapsacks were large and heavy, but we travelled very fast. I have very little faith in running

after the rebels, and then in a few days running back again. I think it does not pay, especially when the army is on as short rations as it has been for a few months, and when a retreat is made in a few days and a large amount of stores and wagons destroyed. Major-General Schofield is with the expedition. This is the first time he has been with us, as he has but recently taken command of this Department. Major-General Parke is also with us commanding our corps. The Twenty-third Corps is on the road also, with Major-General Stoneman in command of it. The rebels have not done much damage to the railroad from Knoxville to the Plains, but they destroyed their pontoon bridge before we could get here.

"February 25. Preparations are being made to put the troops across the river, and to get up rations from Knoxville. We have stored our knapsacks at the Plains, with everything in them except blankets and tent-pins. By some, coats have been retained in place of blankets. We are going in light marching order.

"February 27. Crossed the river this morning, and camped to-night.

"February 28. Came to Mossy creek, thirteen miles, and camped.

"February 29. Marched fourteen miles in the mud and rain to-day to Morristown.

"March 1. A very rainy day. The rebels had a large force here, and have left some good winter quarters. We are under orders to march in the morning.

"March 2. Marched back to Mossy creek to-day, and pitched tents. Just as we had turned in, orders came to fall in and stack arms. The night was cold and frosty.

"March 4. In camp at Mossy creek. The rebels made a dash upon a Tennessee regiment, and drove them in three miles, and but for our pickets they would have been captured.

"Monday, 7th. Colonel Harriman returned to the regiment with 100 recruits. He was received with great enthusiasm, as we were all glad to see him.

"March 12. Broke camp, and marched towards Morristown again.

"March 13. Reached Morristown, where we had squad, company, and battalion drill, and dress-parade.

"March, 16. Broke camp at 6 a. m. Most gladly do we leave these scenes of toil and suffering, for we are told that we are going North again. We hail the order with hilarious shouts expressive of our feelings. Marched twenty miles to Newmarket.

"March 19th we reached Knoxville, and camped just beyond, and on the 21st started for the North over the mountains. On the 22d, we moved all day. Marched at daylight, crossed the Clinch river, and camped within four miles of Jacksboro'. On the 23d, we drew four days' rations at Jacksboro', and marched eighteen miles, and as many miles for each of the following two days. On Sunday, 27th, we marched at daylight, and passed through Burnside Point, where we halted four hours. Here the boys 'cleaned out' a number of sutlers. Crossed the Cumberland river, passed through Somerset, and camped, having made eighteen miles."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MAJOR JOHN K. CILLEY.

John Kelly Cilley was the son of Joseph L. and Lavina B. (Kelly) Cilley, a grandson of General Joseph Cilley, who commanded the First New Hampshire Infantry in the Continental Army. He was born in Nottingham, April 13, 1840, was educated at Phillips academy, Exeter, and on September 4, 1862, was commissioned first

lieutenant of Company I, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, to act as regimental commissary. He served in this capacity and as acting regimental quartermaster until the fall of 1863, when, near Knoxville, Tenn., he was promoted to acting brigade quartermaster Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps. On April 7, 1864, he was commissioned captain and assistant quartermaster of volunteers by President Lincoln, and was assigned to First Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, on the staff of General Robert B. Potter. Upon the consolidation of the batteries of the Ninth Corps, forming an artillery brigade, he organized its quartermaster department. Upon the formation of the Third Division, Ninth Army Corps, in the fall of 1864, Major-General Hartranft commanding, he was assigned as its chief quartermaster, receiving, under act of July 4, 1864, temporary rank and pay of major and quartermaster.

He served in this capacity until the war closed, when, by order of the war department, he was assigned to the rendezvous at Rochester, N. Y., in July, 1865; thence to Camp Reynolds, near Pittsburgh, Pa., where he remained under Colonel Cross, department quartermaster-general, until January, 1866, when he was mustered out of the service. He was brevetted major U. S. volunteers, with rank from March 13, 1865, and was specially mentioned in the report of the quartermaster-general for that year. His term of service was three and a half years, during which time he received but two furloughs, one of thirty and one of twenty days. From the crossing of the Rapidan to the crossing of the James and the establishment of the Union lines in front of Petersburg, he had charge of all the transportation of the Ninth Army Corps at the front, acting under orders of the camp commander.

Wm. R. Patten

He commenced business in New York city in March, 1867, where he still resides. In 1868 he married Helen Louise Hutchins, sister of Lieutenant Arthur E. Hutchins, killed at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

CAPT. WILLIAM R. PATTEN.

William R. Patten, son of Deacon Francis and Rebecca (Wright) Patten, was born in Candia, August 30, 1837. He fitted for college at Pembroke and Thetford (Vt.) academies, graduated at Dartmouth in 1861, and taught the Chester academy one year. In the raising of the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers he bore a conspicuous part, and September 4, 1862, was commissioned captain of Company I. He followed the fortunes of the regiment, sharing its dangers and hardships the larger portion of the time until April 20, 1864, when by reason of a serious illness he was honorably discharged from the service. He returned to his home, and, partially regaining his health, read law in the office of Judge Cross, at Manchester. He was admitted to the bar in 1867, and commenced its practice in that city. In 1866–'67 he was assistant clerk in the New Hampshire house of representatives, and its clerk in 1868–'69, and was a member of the same body as one of the representatives from Manchester in 1878–'79, at which time he was on the judiciary committee—one of the most influential men in the house.

His biographer says of him as a legislator, "He was a ready debater and well posted parliamentarian, and ranked as a leader of the house." He was also solicitor for the city of Manchester for some time, and assistant adjutant-general with the rank of lieutenant-colonel on the staff of Colonel Patterson, and judge-advocate on the

staff of General Clough, commander of the entire state militia. He was also a member of the city council of Manchester, and presided over its deliberations. He was commander of the G. A. R. department in New Hampshire in 1868, and took an active part in placing that order upon a permanent foundation in this state. From his position in so many public offices he had a very extensive acquaintance throughout the state, and made many warm friends by his genial, social bearing; and all deeply sympathized with him and his immediate family in the lingering, wasting disease which came upon him in the prime of life, causing his death in the insane asylum at Concord.

He was buried with appropriate honors.

CAPT. NATHANIEL LOW, JR.

Nathaniel Low, Jr., was born in Dover, August 29, 1838; received his education in the schools of that city, and in 1861 was appointed post-master there, which position he resigned to enter the service. Through his efforts largely Company K was raised, of which he was commissioned captain September 4, 1862. He resigned his commission October 11, 1862, in just one month after the regiment left the state, and returned to Dover; but in a short time was re-commissioned as captain of Company K, and returned to the regiment. He participated in the Mississippi campaign, and during the winter of 1863–'64 was on duty in Kentucky, as detailed somewhat in Comrade Wilkinson's paper. While the regiment was at Annapolis, Captain Low was promoted to captain and assistant quartermaster, United States volunteers, and received his commission June 16, 1864. He was assigned to the Naval Brigade as chief quarter-

master; then to Fortress Monroe in charge of water transportation; and, after Lee's surrender, to Norfolk, Va., where he was engaged in breaking up the depot of supplies and selling the government property. From there he went to City Point, broke up that depot, and furnished transportation for the army homeward bound.

Captain Low was married while the Eleventh Regiment lay in camp at Concord; and, bringing his bride to the city, they were tendered a serenade. After the war he was for ten years a member of the firm of Low Brothers (a brother having for many years been a resident of Memphis) at Memphis, Tenn., cotton brokers and commission merchants. His health breaking down, he returned to Dover, and for many years he was a resident of New Hampton, where he died May 1, 1890.

LIEUT. BENJAMIN F. RACKLEY.

Benj. F. Rackley was born in Greene, Me., in 1834; resided in Dover before the war; was commissioned first lieutenant of Company K, September 4, 1862; resigned December 22, 1862; was commissioned captain of Troop E, First New Hampshire Cavalry, July 7, 1864; mustered out as such July 15, 1865, and returned to Dover. There he resided until his death, April 26, 1890.

He was a prominent merchant in Dover, and distinguished in military, civil, and Masonic circles. He was commissary-general on Governor Head's staff, and was a member of the legislature from Dover in 1879–'80. He was at one time eminent commander of St. Paul Commandery, of Dover, under whose direction he was buried. He was also prominent in Grand Army of the Republic circles.

CAPT. J. CHARLES CURRIER.

J. Charles Currier was born in Auburn, in 1842. He entered Pinkerton academy at the age of ten years, from which he graduated at the age of seventeen. He then took up his residence in Iowa until 1861, when he returned to his home in this state. He enlisted in Chester as a member of the company raised by Captain Patten, and known as Company I. September 4, 1862, he was commissioned second lieutenant of that company. He followed its fortunes until May 6, 1864, when he was severely wounded in the face. He was taken to the field hospital, thence to Washington, and home. He was promoted to first lieutenant May 11, 1864, and to the rank of captain June 28, 1864. He returned to the regiment September 6 following, and was assigned to the command of Company A. In the battle at Poplar Spring church, Va., on September 30, 1864, while in the act of picking up a gun that had just been dropped by some comrade who was disabled, he was again wounded in the face, and his jaw completely shattered. He had crawled half a mile when he was met by some comrades with a stretcher, and carried to the field hospital, from there to Washington, and home again. He was honorably discharged from the service January 18, 1865.

Captain Currier says,—"On the 6th [at the Wilderness] a little after noon, Dick Hutchins rode up to where we were lying and dismounted, remaining a short time. We parted,—and soon after he was killed. After we had parted he came back, embraced me, and said, 'Currier, I feel very blue. Good-bye, old boy.' Was it a premonition of death, do you think? I never saw him again."

Captain Currier was a clerk in the treasury depart-

ment at Washington after his discharge, and in 1867 was appointed second lieutenant in the Twenty-first Infantry, United States Army. Went to California with his regiment in 1869, where he has since resided. He resigned his commission in 1870, and in 1874 moved upon a ranch in San Luis, Obispo county, which he still owns. It contains 900 acres, and on it he raises cattle and horses.

In May, 1890, he received the appointment of pension agent for the Pacific coast with head-quarters at San Francisco, where he is now residing, fulfilling his duties with promptness and fidelity, and having the respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL CARR.

Samuel Carr was a resident of New London when the Eleventh Regiment was recruited, in which he was commissioned captain of Company F., September 4, 1862. He was with the regiment at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, and was discharged from the service for disability, January 29, 1863. He had been a resident of New London many years, and was an officer in the state militia. He now resides in San Francisco, and is prominent in G. A. R. matters upon the Pacific coast.

LIEUTENANT HENRY W. TWOMBLY.

Henry W. Twombly was born in Dover, December 8, 1835, and received his education in the schools of that city, after which he became proficient as a carriage painter. When Company K was formed, he was selected as second lieutenant, and received his commission as such Sept. 4, 1862. He participated in the battle of

Fredericksburg, went over to Kentucky with the regiment in the spring of 1863, but by reason of ill health he was unable to continue in the service. He resigned his commission July 19, 1863, and was honorably discharged from the service. He has been a resident of Dover since he left the service, and is a dealer in musical goods.

CAPTAIN IRA G. WILKINS.

Ira G. Wilkins was born at Mont Vernon, May 26, 1838, and was educated in the common schools and academy of his native place.

The breaking out of the war found him employed as a clerk and book-keeper in Manchester. August 9, 1862, he enlisted in the quota of Manchester, and, September 10 following, was mustered into the United States service in Company C, Eleventh Regiment. He followed the fortunes of the regiment, participating in its marches, battles, and sieges, until January 15, 1864. In East Tennessee he was detailed as clerk at brigade head-quarters by order of Lieutenant-Colonel Moses N. Collins, commanding the brigade, and was also detailed for the same position at Annapolis, Md., on April 22, 1864, by Colonel S. G. Griffin, commanding the brigade. On the 11th of May, 1864, he was commissioned second lieutenant by the governor of New Hampshire, and on May 31 following he was mustered as second lieutenant of Company C, and on the same day was detailed for temporary duty at brigade head-quarters as acting assistant adjutant-general. On the 5th of December, 1864, he was again promoted, and on the 10th of the same month he was mustered as first lieutenant and assigned to Company G. Lieutenant Wilkins continued on detatched service at head-quarters of the brigade until the close of

the war, and was then commissioned by the president as captain by brevet, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the assault before Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865, at which time he received a slight flesh wound in the left leg, which disabled him for several weeks. He was mustered out of the service with the regiment June 4, 1865.

Since the war he has been engaged principally as a clerk and bookkeeper, and since 1873 he has been employed as such by the firm of Messrs. Parker & Co., manufacturers of furniture, in Fitchburg, Mass., where he now resides. Lieutenant Wilkins's duties at headquarters were to promulgate and keep a record of the orders issued by the commanding officer of the brigade for its guidance and information, all of which, as written out by him, were models of brevity and neatness.

CAPTAIN L. NEWELL SAWYER.

L. Newell Sawyer was born in Dover, February 25, 1842, and received his education at Friends college, Providence, R. I. At the breaking out of the war he was connected with the American Screw Co., at Providence. He enlisted as a private in Company K, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, from Dover, August 9, 1862; was mustered into the service September 2, 1862; was appointed sergeant, and promoted to second lieutenant September 2, 1863; promoted to first lieutenant July 25, 1864, and was assigned to Company G; and was promoted and commissioned captain of Company K, September 1, 1864. He was mustered out with the regiment June 4, 1865. In August, 1864, he was detailed on the staff of General Griffin as aide-de-camp, and, on receiving his commission as captain of Company K, was

appointed brigade inspector, Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, which position he held until mustered out with the regiment. April 2, 1865, he was commissioned by the president major of volunteers by brevet "for gallant and meritorious services before Petersburg, Va.," and immediately after the close of the war was on duty in the provost-marshal's office at Providence, R. I., under Colonel Daniel Hall.

In January, 1866, he took up his residence in Chicago, Ill., where he has since resided. From 1869 to 1873 he was assistant auditor for the Pullman Palace Car Co.; then resigned his position, entering upon the real estate business, and in 1877 he was appointed contracting freight agent for the Northern Pacific Railroad at Chicago, which position he still retains.

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. EVERETT.

Charles E. Everett was born in Dover, June 17, 1828, and received his education in the schools of that city. He was a first-class carriage painter up to the time the Eleventh Regiment was formed, but on August 7, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company K. December 24, he was promoted to second lieutenant, and September 1, 1863, he was commissioned first lieutenant. On May 15, 1865, he was promoted to captain of Company D, but was not mustered. He was mustered out with the regiment June 4, 1865. Captain Everett participated in all the campaigns of the regiment, and escaped the shells and bullets in a wonderful manner. Since the war he has resided in Dover, following the same occupation as before the war.

CHAPTER VII.

SERVICE IN KENTUCKY AND EAST TENNESSEE—A MEETING WITH "PARSON BROWNLOW"—AT CUMBERLAND GAP AND KNOXVILLE —BESIEGED—THE SIEGE RAISED—VARIED EXPERIENCES—BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHAPLAINS AND COMPANY OFFICERS.

(BY LIEUTENANT-ADJUTANT W. A. NASON,[1] COMPANY F.)

On the 6th of August, 1863, after participating in the campaign which culminated in the surrender of Vicksburg and the capture of the city of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, the regiment which I had the honor of serving with, the Eleventh New Hampshire, Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, was finally furnished with transportation from the malarial swamps adjacent to the Yazoo river northerly to our old place in the Department of the Ohio. Proceeding slowly on account of low water, we finally arrived at Cincinnati on the 14th, our numbers sadly depleted by exposure and the trying duties attending the campaign. We remained at Covington, Ky., until the latter part of August, and went thence by rail to Nicholasville, marching out from there to "Camp Park," a few miles away. On the 9th of September we were on the road again, and, after a few easy marches, reached London, Ky., on the 16th of September, under orders to await the making up of a train of wagons containing quartermasters' supplies, and to escort it to Knoxville *via* Cumberland

[1] This chapter, from the pen of Lieutenant W. A. Nason, of Company F, was read before a Veterans' Association, in Providence, during the winter of 1889-'90, and was kindly furnished by him for the history of the regiment of which he was such an honored member. It is a most valuable contribution to the men of the Eleventh Regiment.

Gap. The balance of our army corps had already preceded us, and gone to East Tennessee, crossing the mountains through gaps farther north.

Our duties at London were not arduous, merely consisting of light details for guard and picket duty. Our rations, for the first time in months, were very good and quite abundant, and the farmers near us were ready and willing to sell any of their products at a fair price. Game of some kinds was quite plenty, especially gray squirrels, which the boys brought in in large numbers. Besides, there was almost every day some new incident transpiring, and this relieved the monotony of camp-life, and kept the boys in good spirits. All had improved much in health, and began to appear like themselves again. Some, however, still suffered from the effects of the Vicksburg campaign.

Most noteworthy of all was the pleasure we had in meeting two staunch Unionists of East Tennessee, like the Hon. Horace Maynard, and William G. Brownlow better known as "Parson," editor of the Knoxville *Whig and Rebel Ventilator*. These men had suffered every indignity which the rebels could shower upon them, and probably would have forfeited their lives had not the Union troops taken possession of and held that part of the state. The name of "Parson" Brownlow's paper was no misnomer, but thoroughly indicative of its character. In looking over an old copy printed during the fall of this year ('63), I find that he closes one of his editorials as follows: "They have delighted in expressions of contempt for the Great Ruler of the Universe from the opening of this struggle. But their blasphemy has been in keeping with their treason, and with their perjury in starting the ball. These lines are appropriate in the rebel parts, and in their Sabbath and family worships:

'Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let the repenting rebels live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the rebels trust in thee?
Should sudden vengeance seize our breath,
We must pronounce thee just in death,
And, if our souls were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.'"

These two men passed the night at a small hotel near our camp, and in the morning, as they were about starting on their journey towards Knoxville, some of us called around to see them off. As they were taking their departure, the "Parson" advised us not to go far from camp unless in small bodies of three or four, because rebel bush-whackers were quite plenty, and would not hesitate to waylay any of us if opportunity presented; and, should we by chance come in contact with and secure one of these miscreants, that we had better not attempt to take him into camp, but dispose of him on the way, saving all further trouble.

This incident is also related: During our stay here, some of our men discovered a small distillery located on a branch or creek among the hills, where they could obtain all the whiskey they desired. The proprietor told some of the men that he wanted to obtain another horse, and, if they could help him to one, he would remunerate them in whiskey. Some of our men would not stop to inquire about the ownership of a chicken, or anything of that kind, but we had no first-class horse-thieves among our number. Nevertheless they were ready to put up a little job on the moonshiner, and teach him a lesson. They at first hesitated on account of the danger attending, and the punishment sure to follow if detected, but finally seemed to agree to the proposition, and at once made plans to carry it into execution. A few of

them called upon him and found where his own horse was stabled, but they also found that he kept a vicious looking dog about the place. They told him that, to prevent any noise if they succeeded in getting a horse from the corral, which would get all into trouble if discovered, the dog must be removed until the affair was over. To this he assented, and he was accordingly soon after waited upon and notified that the new horse would be delivered on that night. Early in the evening a little detachment visited his house, and kept him busy while two or three men made their way to the shed where his own horse was kept. Leading him into the woods a short distance, they gave his mane and tail a regular army cut, and also clipped the hair on his left fore shoulder, making quite a respectable looking "U. S." Then, covering the old nag with an old army blanket, they led it to the house very quietly, and delivered it according to agreement. After a slight examination in the dark the animal was taken away to be secreted, and the whiskey received in payment was stored in canteens and camp-pails—the boys at once returning to their quarters. No more visits were made by those men to the distillery, but in a day or two the distiller came around, looking, not for his own horse, but for pay for the whiskey he had given in payment therefor. This was not forthcoming, but no complaint was made concerning the trade, as he was afraid of trouble on his own part.

The train was to start on the 16th of October, and our little regiment, now recruited to about 300 men, was ordered forward under command of Captain L. W. Cogswell. We were ready at the hour designated, and started on a long and tiresome march in the midst of a heavy rain. The country through which we passed was much broken, and very thinly settled. Spurs of high hills, or mountains, seemed always in our path, while

the very rough and narrow roads made our progress exceedingly slow.

On the 18th we passed through the little town of Barboursville, and on the 19th hurried forward towards Cumberland ford. Just before we arrived at the ford an alarm was given by a messenger who had overtaken us, and who said that a body of rebels had appeared on our left flank and was about to attack the train. The left wing of the regiment was ordered back to repel any attack that might be made, but, after a march to the rear of a few miles, we were happy to find that the alarm was false. We continued on our way unmolested, and, crossing the river, went into camp to await the arrival of the train.

While resting here, a citizen visited us who pointed out a spot where were buried some Union men who had been captured by some gang, probably of Kirby Smith's command, that had been raiding in Kentucky the year before. While the rebel troops were resting on nearly the same ground we occupied, a drum-head court-martial was held, and those men had been held as spies and hung for their loyalty. They were hastily buried, for bleaching bones could be seen protruding through their scant covering of earth.

We broke camp early on the morning of the 21st, and made an attempt to reach Cumberland Gap, but a furious mountain storm having set in, the road was worse than ever, and nearly impassable; some were obliged to halt four or five miles from our objective point. The road up the mountain-side apparently had been blocked by immense boulders and logs, for the purpose of obstructing the passage of any troops from Kentucky. These had been only partially removed, and it was still nearly impossible for the animals of the train to pull their wagons through. It was only accomplished by

doubling teams, and by the troops lifting the wagons in some places.

On the 22d we reached the Gap, and reported to the commandant at that post. This place naturally was one of the strongest positions the rebels ever held, was well fortified and well armed, and garrisoned by 2,000 Georgia troops. But as soon as Burnside got into Knoxville he sent out a force that covered their only means of escape, so the commander very prudently surrendered. We made only a short stay there, for orders were received to leave the train, which was now safe, and march for Knoxville as fast as possible. On the 25th we were at Clinch river, and ferried ourselves, without accident, across the stream—then very high from recent rains—in a leaky old flat-boat. On the 28th we arrived at Knoxville, having been on the march about twelve days, more than half of the time having been stormy, and the roads, therefore, almost impassable. We had very little transportation of our own, had lived on short rations, had performed regular guard and picket duty, had assisted the train through the Gap, and had left only two or three men out of the regiment behind us. We were at once ordered into camp a little out of the city, at North Knoxville, and were told to fix up our quarters and make them as comfortable as possible. We did so, and in a few days had everything well arranged, considering our limited means. The principal part of our corps was at, or near, Loudon, about 30 miles below on the Holston river, watching Longstreet; and Burnside, with less than one half the available force of the rebel leader, had a very long and rough line of communication to keep open. Our camp at North Knoxville was less than a mile from the city. This little settlement was composed principally of Northern mechanics, who had been called there to work in the railroad-shops, and in an iron foundry or

furnace, built and owned by Northern men who had invested money there, and were doing much towards developing the mines in the immediate vicinity.

We remained in this camp until the morning of the 16th of November, when, before daylight, the long roll called us out, and we were ordered to pack up and march at once. We promptly formed line, and a few minutes later were on the road to the south of our old camp, and a line of battle was formed to hold that approach to the city against the possible advance of the enemy. With a strong skirmish line in advance we remained at this point until late in the afternoon, when we moved forward to a gap which we took possession of as more defendable in case of an attack than the former position.

All day brisk firing had been heard, and reports of Longstreet's attack on our forces in the vicinity of Lenoir's were brought us by a messenger from the city. We remained in this position during that night and the day following, where we could hear the cannonading going on more distinctly. We judged from the heavy firing that a brisk engagement was in progress, and extending nearer to us. Early in the day we were told that the corps trains had begun to arrive in Knoxville, followed in the afternoon by the troops, and with Longstreet not far in the rear. We were called in from our position on the night of the 17th, and, retiring to the city, resumed our place in the brigade.

The trains were packed, camps for troops designated, lines of defence established in all directions, our communications with the outer world cut off, and preparations for a siege begun.

The lines were quite irregular, but well chosen. The First Division of our corps held that part beginning on the Holston river to the south-west of the city, and extending around on the northerly side a short distance east of Fort

Sanders. The Second Division reached thence to the east of, and beyond, the railroad buildings, while the remainder of the line, returning to the river again, was held by the Twenty-third Army Corps. Our position as a regiment was on the left of the Second Brigade, on an eminence which overlooked North Knoxville and the railroad buildings, and also our lines on the left. Our regimental right rested near Fort Comstock. The location was well adapted for defence. It was on the estate of a Mr. Richardson, a native of a town that many of my company enlisted from (Springfield), some of them being his former school-mates. The beautiful yard in front of his house was totally ruined to give place to Fort Comstock, and the noble shade-trees, on the slope running down to the creek, were slashed, the trimmed tops forming an abattis for our protection that would be nearly impassable to any body of troops. The abutments of the little bridge that spanned the creek at the foot of the slope also served as abutments for some very respectable dams which we built, thus holding back the water, and flooding quite a large territory which the enemy would be obliged to cross if they should make an attack on our front. From fort to fort, or from battery to battery, we had also thrown out excellent lines of rifle-pits for the infantry. It was somewhat surprising to see how soon they were completed, for although half of the men were constantly on the picket line, or in some of the buildings we used to try and save, and though the men who came off duty at night were suffered to get some rest, yet there were constant details from those just relieved, and I have known all, except a thin line in the trenches, to be obliged to get their night's rest while using spade or pick in strengthening some line of works. Crossing the street, a short distance to the right of Fort Comstock, was Battery Wiltson, occupied, I think, by the Fifteenth Indiana battery

of rifled guns. The ground, for some distance to the rear of this work and to the creek below, was less obstructed by trees than at Fort Comstock, and nearly all the work of its construction was performed after dark,—as the sharp-shooters could reach a working party, and did so frequently, occasionally taking off a man. We used a plenty of sand-bags in the construction of this battery, especially about the embrasures, and these, covered with the green hides taken from our beef-creatures, gave it an appearance of greater solidity and stability than an ordinary earthwork.

The rebels, as soon as they had corralled us in the city, were as busy as ourselves in erecting batteries and forts, and day and night, while on picket, we could hear their axe men, in the woods that covered the hills to the north-east of us, cutting trees to give their guns a chance when the proper time came. We had taken possession of the flour-mill and railroad buildings, and had prepared them for defence by barricading the windows and opening loop-holes through the walls. The locomotives were in the round-house partially disconnected, and some of the important parts had been concealed, rendering them useless if captured; and the few cars remaining were drawn as closely together as possible, and prepared with light fuel ready to be fired should the enemy succeed in taking the place.

The long and weary days and nights were passing with no change in our duties to relieve the dull monotony, save an occasional skirmish or sharp picket firing, or an attempt on the part of one side or the other to change its lines, until the night of the 20th, when the little hamlet of North Knoxville, between our picket line and fortifications, was burned to the ground. The dwellings had been taken possession of by a detail of the Seventeenth Michigan with orders to destroy them in case of an

advance on our line, thus preventing their being occupied by the enemy's forces. The walls in each house had been opened, and the spaces filled with the most combustible material obtainable.

On that night, as the enemy threatened an advance, and even succeeded in forcing back a portion of our pickets, the whole settlement was started in a blaze at once, and in less than an hour not a timber was left standing. The large railroad repair-shop that had been occupied by the rebels as an armory, and in which had been stored a quantity of small arms and ammunition of various kinds, was also destroyed accidentally; and, when the fire had at last made its way to the boxes of ammunition, there was a grand fusilade by the bursting of shells, etc., sounding like an engagement near at hand.

On the night of the 23d another advance was made on our division picket line, and after a sharp skirmish two regiments were compelled to retire for a short distance, whereby the left of our regimental line was turned; but we held our position until morning, when an order to advance was given, and soon our lines were established on the same ground we had previously held. The pickets directly opposed to us were said to be very tricky and treacherous, frequently using cow-bells at night in their movements to avoid suspicion. The first man we had killed outright during the siege was a vidette, who was clubbed to death near his post by the rebels, who were using such means in order to avoid detection. I think it was on the 24th, near noon, that a detachment from my regiment was ordered to the right to support the Fifteenth Indiana Light Artillery located in Battery Wiltson. We were not aware that anything unusual was transpiring when we left our breastworks, but soon we learned that there was a little commotion on the other side very near our regimental head-quarters, where we

had camped a few days before at North Knoxville. While waiting for matters to mature, our Company F had a reinforcement of one recruit, who was not a regularly enlisted man, but a resident of Knoxville. He came of his own accord to the right of the company near the centre of the battery, and gave a partial story of his life, and told of the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the rebels, and how they had cruelly taken the life of his brother. After hearing all, we concluded that they were a hard set, and needed correction. But he had come prepared, if occasion offered, terribly to avenge that brother's death, and assist us in repelling any attack that might be made on our lives; for he had brought with him a whole little arsenal, consisting of a long range rifle, a double-barrel shot-gun, and a navy revolver, all loaded and ready for immediate use, and talked as though he was good for eight or nine rebels sure. This had been one of the finest days since the siege began, and we had not waited long before we learned why we had been ordered into the battery, for soon the enemy unmasked a gun which they had placed in a redoubt near our old camp-ground. They seemed to want to get the range on Battery Wiltson or find out what was there, for a puff of smoke was followed by a screaming shell, which passed in nearly a direct line over our heads to the rear, and apparently fell near General Burnside's head-quarters. In a very short time the general appeared alone, without a coat, and with field-glass in hand. He jumped into one of the embrasures, and looked for a moment, when another shell followed nearly as high as the first. The general said a few words to the lieutenant in command, and that officer soon gave an order to return the fire. This was at once done, a couple of splendid shots being sent in, which silenced the enemy's single gun, and this ended the duel. But

where was our recruit at this time—our hero who was so sure of eight or nine rebels on his own account? At the front, ready to assist in repelling an attack? Oh, no! but on looking out on the street that led to the centre of the town we saw the last of him, with his little armory in his hands, making for home, or some other place of safety, as fast as his long, thin legs would carry him.

I have already spoken of the rebel pickets using foxy methods of getting in their work, and later we learned more concerning their ways. It was while on duty at the flour-mill, a two- or three-story brick building with flat roof and walls extending above. The windows were barricaded in the lower story, and loop-holes were opened through the walls for observation or defence. Their videttes, or sharpshooters, were well advanced in small rifle-pits, constructed usually with accommodations for two men. On the top of the earth thrown up, a head-log was placed, with loop-holes beneath, through which they constantly watched, ready at any time to give us a shot as opportunity presented. These little pits were changed frequently at night, and, though we could see their occupants sending in a shot occasionally to pick off any of our men who chanced to be exposed, we were not allowed to do anything by way of retaliation: we were simply to watch and wait, and defend and hold our position, if possible, in case of an attack. November 26 was Thanksgiving Day at home, and while on picket duty, with Captain Woodward in command of our part of the line, some of our reserve had the good fortune to capture a fat pig that had been left by its owner at North Knoxville. We had a very good dinner from the same, though without a great variety of relishes and other food. Our orders were nearly the same each day, and Captain Cogswell, who was still in command of the regiment and

every fourth day in command of the Second Division picket line, was constantly urging us to be always ready, for an attack was now expected at any time. But this extra duty, the continued exposure to the changeable weather, and the scant rations of very poor quality, told on the men very perceptibly. The 27th and 28th were cold and disagreeable days, and especially the latter. The clouds had an unusually dark and heavy appearance, and lights were required at an earlier hour than usual. There was less rest that night than was usually attainable on picket or in the trenches, on account of the spiteful firing which was indulged in at times, occasionally forcing back a portion of our brigade pickets.

On the morning of the 29th the enemy made a furious assault on Fort Sanders, located at our left, and, though the morning was quite dark, we could see something and hear much of what was going on. Fort Sanders was armed with ten guns, consisting of a part of three batteries, and was well fitted for defence. In its front, where the trees had been cut down, telegraph wires were stretched from stump to stump. Small pits, or holes, had also been dug, the earth from them being left in little mounds in their front, and everything possible had been done to obstruct the passage of troops. Having driven in our pickets, their assaulting column appeared, but the little garrison in the fort was ready to receive it. The brave defenders consisted of a portion of two regiments of infantry and the men of the batteries. The Confederates charged bravely in column by divisions, filling the ditch, and a few succeeded in mounting the parapet—but only to meet a sudden death—and already many of their number had been killed or wounded. With undaunted courage the survivors pushed steadily on, never stopping for the murderous fire of artillery and infantry. Every step in advance was marked by death, until the assault-

ing column was well-nigh annihilated. The battle once opened, there were no intervals of quiet, but furious volleys followed one another, and each shot from the artillery went through their lines with awful effect. Large gaps were made, which were soon closed. The brave men still pressed on, eager to reach the steep, sloping glacis, intent on destroying the equally determined and disciplined garrison.

The obstructions proved to be of great service, but the enemy seemed insensible to fear, or infuriated by the resistance they were meeting. Soon another column like the first came up, and the attack was renewed more savagely and more desperately than before, if such a thing were possible. Again they filled the ditch. Again a few mounted the parapet, only to surrender or be shot. The second assault terminated as quickly as the first. Greater courage and valor have never been shown, than were displayed that morning in front of that little fort. It is impossible for men to endure for more than a short time such an avalanche of lead and iron as was hurled upon them. Entirely and hopelessly broken up, the survivors retired in confusion, leaving about two hundred of their number in and near the ditch. These were obliged to surrender. The Confederate loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was nearly one thousand, though they do not admit so large a number. On that ground, which permitted them to outnumber our forces more than five to one, they had made a good fight, but had paid dearly for the assault on Fort Sanders. Our own officers were always on the alert, and their daring and almost reckless bravery was shown by their gallant and successful defence against these most stubborn attacks: their good judgment and skill were shown by the perfect order and systematic disposition of their brave men, which insured a final victory, with a loss of not

more than thirty men, including some of the pickets captured.

A little later in the morning I visited the field, and the broken muskets, torn equipments, parts of garments stained with blood, as well as the terrible mortality, bore witness to the fearful nature of the assault. As might be expected from the nature of such a conflict, a large portion of our adversaries had been killed, or severely wounded. Our first duty after the repulse was to reëstablish our lines; and, soon after, a flag of truce was sent to the enemy, giving them an opportunity to remove their dead and wounded, which was accepted. A few prisoners were exchanged, the wounded removed, and the dead buried. At night, when this had been accomplished, and the signal gun was fired announcing that the truce was over, both armies were in position for another trial. The prisoners captured are said to have represented ten or eleven different regiments, from Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina. Some of them we had faced at the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg one year before, when we were the assaulting column.

Notwithstanding this repulse, we expected that Longstreet would soon make another attack on some other positions, and, as they had tried their batteries once on the batteries near us, we rather concluded that it would be at some point near by. Our success had given us courage, and we felt able to repulse any assault which he might make, but watched with greater vigilance than before. From November 30 to December 3 there was greater quiet on the picket lines than usual, which caused the rumor of an immediate attack. On the 4th we could see the enemy in our front march across the Clinton road and up the valley, as though they were preparing for an attack on our extreme right, which was held by the Twenty-third Army Corps. Had they done this, their reception

would have been a cordial one, for the position, naturally strong, was well fortified, and the loyal men from Kentucky and East Tennessee, who constituted a large portion of that command, were able and ready to defend themselves.

December 5 was cloudy and cold, but at an early hour we discover that the rebel pickets are all gone. More than this: we have the welcome news of the arrival of General Sherman with a portion of two army corps of veterans for our relief. The siege is now raised, we are well reënforced, and there is no longer any fear for the safety of the Department of the Ohio.

At eight o'clock we were ordered out to make a reconnoissance. Following the retreating column a few miles, we picked up a few prisoners, but did not find the enemy in any force. Returning to Knoxville, pickets were posted; but all interior guards were relieved, and we had our first night of quiet rest in three weeks. We remained in our old quarters the next day and night, and on the morning of the 7th the corps was ordered forward by the road towards Tazewell, which was the one taken by Longstreet and his army. After a march of thirteen miles we halted for the night, the weather being freezing cold. The morning of the 8th opened cloudy, but the temperature began to moderate, and we were on the road again. Before night there were indications of a storm, and we halted early, and our regiment took possession of a heavily wooded ridge on the left of the road, one half of the regiment being posted for picket duty until midnight, then to be relieved by the other half, who established a resting-place in a valley a little to the rear.

We had only started some little fires near each picket post, when a storm of rain broke upon us. It not only rained, but at times it poured. After a lull in the storm, snow and sleet began to fall, and so severe was the down-

fall, that our little fires, in many cases, were completely extinguished. The night was one of the dreariest for outpost duty I had ever seen.

But midnight came at last; we were relieved, and retired to the bivouac of the regiment. There we found the few officers that constituted the field and staff in but little better condition than our own had been. After a good warming by the huge fire that had been kept burning, we began to look for a place to get a little rest and sleep. I met with a real accident here, or at least with quite a loss. I had chosen what seemed to be a good location, where I should be partially sheltered from wind and storm, and, pulling my cape over my head, laid down under my rude cover and finally went to sleep. I was soon disturbed, however, by feeling as though I was too near the fire, and discovered that a falling cinder had lighted on the back of my overcoat, burning a hole, and that it had also discolored my blouse. This to me was the worst thing that had happened during the campaign, for there was no chance to draw another coat, and patches of the requisite size were not attainable. I was therefore obliged to wear it as it was for a short time, until, when in camp a few days later near the house of a loyal family, the ladies transformed the cape with a new back, and once more I had a respectable garment. The next morning we were on the road again in good season, but did n't make much headway. We halted for dinner at 2 p. m., but many of us found our haversacks entirely empty, the small supply of rations we had when we left Knoxville having been entirely consumed.

Later in the day I was fortunate in securing two ears of corn, which I shelled, and, after grinding the kernels in our coffee-mill, boiled the meal for supper. We were now near Rutledge, and remained in this vicinity for a few days. On the 11th a ration of beef was ordered.

The poor animals were slaughtered, and two of them designated for our regiment. Our quartermaster had received the dressed meat, and it was laid out on some rails to be cut up and issued, but, as the work was going on and the butcher was cutting one of the loins from the round, he struck an immense abscess on the hip nearly ready to open of its own accord. They concluded not to issue any of this kind of meat, but had it condemned, and ordered it buried, which was done without military honors. A tablet, however, was erected with the following epitaph: "Hic jacit duo boves. Damnati ad tumulum per Captain Allebaugh, generalissimum inspecturum. Requiescat in pace." (The old letter that this is copied from was written to my friends at home, and dated at Rutledge, December 11. In it I had mentioned the matter of short and poor rations, which I may refer to again.) Our beef and pork were all driven from Kentucky over the mountains, and that now issued had been with us since our first arrival, early in November. No forage had been provided, except what the beeves could gather in the frost-bitten fields, and in many cases these were cut up by the passage of the two armies; hence, generally the animals had about as much fat on their ribs as on their horns, and but little more. The pork was but little better in quality, being of the "razor back" kind. When it arrived, it was driven direct to Knoxville and slaughtered.

After a small amount had been issued to the troops the balance was salted, and allowed to accumulate in readiness for an emergency. We remained at Rutledge until the 15th, when an alarm was sounded. We hastily struck tents, and formed in line of battle. Longstreet was reported to be reënforced, and to be advancing again. Quite a force of our cavalry, however, met him and made a good fight, holding him in check until 8 p. m., when we began to retire towards Knoxville. The mud was so

deep that we had made only six miles by midnight: some bivouacked by the road-side and waited for daylight. We were then happy to learn that the enemy had also retired, and was marching east. We were ordered to advance again, and, bearing to the left, halted and went into camp at Lee's Springs, near Blaine's cross-roads, where we remained three or four weeks, suffering much from extreme cold, ice forming at times two or three inches in thickness. Snow-storms also were of occasional occurrence. On the 15th, when we expected to be obliged to fight before we could reach Knoxville, some of us placed our extra blankets, etc., on the wagons, and, as they did not rejoin us for several days, the want of these added to our discomfort. On the 23d, our last ration for the year 1863, excepting our meat, was issued. It consisted of eight hardtack, one spoonful each of sugar and coffee, with a small piece of tobacco—rather a short allowance for men who were expected to do duty when at times the thermometer, had there been one in camp, would have registered the zero point. At no time during the campaign, or during our stay in East Tennessee, did we draw the usual small rations of rice, beans, etc., but, in place of them, once in five days a small piece of tobacco, some of which had been captured by Burnside when he first arrived at Knoxville. Neither were there any clothing, boots, or shoes obtainable to replace our worn-out articles. Our details for pickets were large, and we frequently were away from our regiment three days or more at a time.

When on these details we could occasionally get a little meal, corn, or bacon, but the residents were generally as poorly off as ourselves. For this reason the small foraging parties that were permitted were profitless expeditions.

On the second day of January, I was one of a detail composed of nearly all the men fit for duty from Com-

panies F, H, and K. Lieutenant Dimick was in command of the detail, and, on our arrival at the place designated, pickets were at once posted and videttes thrown out. I remained with the lieutenant, who chose for his headquarters what had evidently been a cavalry outpost in a fence corner, with a few extra rails and some brush for protection from wind and storm. We started a fire and made our rude camp as comfortable as possible, considering that we were fixed for a three days tour unless sooner driven in or relieved. The night was cold and windy, and we found it almost impossible to keep comfortable, but put in the time taking turns in keeping our fires, visiting pickets, and getting an occasional short nap. Near us was a log or timber house of the regular style in this section, and before daylight we had resolved to visit the family and try to obtain something for breakfast, for, as usual, our haversacks were nearly bare of rations of any kind except the very poor meat that was issued the day before we started. Day came at last, but the sky was overcast with cold, gray clouds, and the air was keen and frosty. As soon as we saw the small spiral of blue smoke curling up from that chimney we made preparations to give the people an early call, though the prospect was not encouraging from any outward signs. There were no stacks of hay or grain visible, and no appearance of any live-stock of any kind except a poor little black and white calf six or eight months old, which an old gentleman led out and tied in the field near the house, leaving the poor animal to fill its frame with frozen rowen or starve. We proceeded to the house, and in the yard met the owner and his wife, to whom we made known our errand. They listened to our story, but we received the usual answer,—that their smoke-house was empty, and that there was not a measure of meal in the house. Again we appealed to them,

offering to pay well for anything they could furnish us that would appease our hunger. Soon a young lady appeared, and, having heard a part of our conversation, seemed more kindly disposed, and ready to accede to our wishes. After a short consultation with the mother, they decided to do the best they could for us. We were invited to enter the house, which we did, and took seats near the briskly blazing fire, the warmth of which seemed to add new vigor to our shivering bodies. Soon the balance of the family, consisting of three more light-haired girls, all dressed in the colorless homespun, made their appearance by coming down a ladder from the loft above us, and immediately retired to the wash-bench outside to complete their toilets. In the mean-time the lady, aided by the eldest daughter, was engaged in preparing the breakfast. They had drawn forth from some unknown recess a fine piece of bacon and a bag of meal, and in a short time generous slices of bacon and a large "Dutch oven" of pones were cooking. While this was going on we entered into conversation with our host, and among other matters asked concerning school privileges (and, by the way, I will say that church and school edifices were seldom seen). We were informed that only a few years since they had very good schools and plenty of scholars, but some contagious disease had made its appearance, and the "young uns had most all on 'em died up in that part of the kentry." Our breakfast was at last placed upon the table, a huge frying-pan containing the bacon occupying the centre, which was flanked by a large wooden tray of johnny-cakes or pones, which, with coffee made from parched wheat, constituted the bill of fare. We took seats assigned us, and were soon enjoying the edibles which had been prepared. Apologies were offered for the quality and lack of variety, and the proprietor

said that the "durned rebs had tuck everything they had that they could find, had rode off every hoss critter and druv off every cow critter there was on the place, except the poor little calf tied in the meadder." The loss of the cows had cut off the supply of butter, and as for molasses they did not make "but few" (which were then all gone), as they did n't raise a full crap of sorghum anywhere, but in place of these we could, if we wished, dip our pones in the bacon fat.

Our breakfast being over, the lieutenant paid the bills, and bidding the family, which had so kindly entertained us with the best they had, Good-morning, we made our way to our post, much pleased with our reception and with what we had observed while we were the guests of this poor but loyal family. So much amused was the lieutenant, that soon after our arrival he sang his favorite song, the first verse of which was about as follows:

"Oh! I 've got a wife and I 've got a baby
Way up North in old Canaday:
Won't dey laugh when dey see old Shady
A coming, coming? Hail de mighty day!"

We did not visit this family again, for some of the men had done a little foraging, and were thus fairly provisioned for a short time.

We were relieved on the night of the 4th by the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, and returned to our camp at Lee's Springs, where we remained until the 16th, answering the usual details, having meantime another good snow-storm, which occurred on January 8. My finances at this time must have been in a very shaky condition, or else there were no postage stamps to be obtained in camp, for the envelope of a letter I am about to copy from, written home on the 14th of January, bears the following endorsement: "Soldier's Letter, E. T. Lyford,

Chaplain 11th N. H. Vols." From this letter I learn that another one of our company had died at Knoxville the day before; that we were drawing half rations of meal or flour and fresh beef, and that the latter was growing poorer in quality every day for want of forage; that when we could not get the meal or flour, two ears of corn per man were issued instead; that the smaller rations of coffee and sugar were to us luxuries that we could not always indulge in, and that beans and rice were known only by name; that our men during this time were in very poor quarters, and the clothing they had drawn while in Kentucky was much the worse for wear, and afforded little protection; that their shoes were, in many cases, completely worn out, and they were making moccasins of raw hide to keep their feet from frost and snow; and, further on, that as destitute as the soldiers of the old Ninth Corps were, yet many of Longstreet's men were in a worse condition, if such a thing was possible,—and we were led to think so from the wretched condition some of their deserters were in, for they were giving themselves up occasionally, coming in with feet or hands badly frost-bitten.

The letter closes by repeating the camp rumor that we were to go to Strawberry Plains in a day or two. On the 16th we did leave Lee's Springs, and marched to Strawberry Plains, about twelve miles distant, arriving there early in the afternoon. The march was very tiresome on account of the deep mud caused by a sudden thaw which had melted the snow and top of the ground, rendering our progress exceedingly slow.

On the 18th, Company F, Captain Woodward in command, was detailed for guard on picket duty at McMillan's ford, about two or three miles below the plains, and on the west side of the Holston river. This ford takes its name from the owner of the property we were

to hold and occupy. He was an old resident and a loyal man, the family at this time consisting of himself and wife, one son—who was a refugee in the mountains or in the Union army—his son's wife, and an infant child. He had a very good set of farm buildings, but he, like the rest of the loyal men in Knox county, had been entirely cleaned out of all kinds of stock and forage. Besides the house which he occupied—a comfortable two-story farm-house—there was the original log house, that had been their home in their younger days, now used as a weave-room, and containing the old loom, spinning-wheel, etc., so frequently found among the people in that region. This log house we took possession of for our head-quarters, as it was quite handy to the river bank, and the road to the ford passed directly by the door.

A detachment of our men had secured the few small boats used by the people near by on both sides of the river, and drawn them up high on the bank where they would be secure. All this having been attended to, our little company was divided into reliefs, and the men posted in the most advantageous positions for their observations, defence, and their own protection in case of an advance of the enemy in the vicinity of the ford. The farm was a level meadow extending from the bank of the river, which was partially sheltered by trees, quite a distance to the rear; it also included a ridge or bluff a little north-west of the house, extending to a heavy growth of timber.

Nothing occurred to alarm or disturb us for three days. We enjoyed ourselves well. The only discovery of importance made was, that at a farm-house on the opposite side of the river, and a very little above us, there appeared to be a resident who had not been disturbed by any foraging parties of friend or foe, as the stacks of hay or grain near the buildings, the herd of

cattle and fine flock of sheep in the adjoining fields clearly indicated. We considered ourselves very fortunate when we could obtain half rations of poor meat with our meal, or two ears of corn, but we wanted a change of diet. We had been eating poor beef for a long time, and now we wanted mutton. Chicken we had no desire for, as we had had all we wanted while in Kentucky four or five months since, and nothing but some good fat mutton would satisfy us, especially when we could see plenty of it near by, and could probably get it by taking it. On the night of the 20th a few of the men were given permission to cross the river and do a little foraging, if they found they could do so with safety.

Launching one of the boats, and taking along an army blanket, they started, and not long afterward returned, bringing with them a good supply of nice mutton and a blanket full of ears of corn. Without waste of time the mutton was dressed and divided, and before we slept we had brought our little frying-pans into use, and greatly enjoyed an excellent supper. The corn we shelled that night, and early the next morning one of the boys secured an abandoned mule, and started for an old mill a mile or two in our rear, and had it ground.

Quite early in the forenoon of the 21st a few mounted refugees began to appear on the other shore, and they were permitted to ford the river and come into our lines. The first that arrived told us of the falling back of our troops on that side of the river, who had been doing duty in the vicinity of Dandridge, and that they had already crossed the Holston at Strawberry Plains. These refugees continued to arrive in small numbers until perhaps ten o'clock, the late comers confirming the reports of those earlier over, and adding also that Longstreet was close after them. The last person who appeared at the ford and wanted to come into our lines was a woman,

who came to the water's edge and begged of us for humanity's sake to send a boat and take her over the river. Fearing there might be something behind we knew nothing about, or that some ruse was intended, no boat was launched for that purpose. But she was so intent on coming over that she made the attempt to wade across. She entered the cold, icy stream, but, after advancing a short distance, found the water too deep and the current too strong, and returned. It was hard indeed to listen to her pleadings for help and be obliged to refuse, but our duties would not now permit us to run any risks and grant the aid she asked.

Very shortly after this, the enemy's cavalry appeared in quite strong force near the farm-house on the opposite side. They very evidently knew that the ford was guarded, for they placed their men in position about the hay or grain stacks, in fence corners, and behind anything that would protect them. Very soon we were engaged in a brief skirmish, all of our men taking a hand in it. At the same time we could hear the artillery briskly engaged above us, and supposed, what was afterward shown to be the fact, that it was at the bridge at the Plains which our force wished to destroy, and which the "rebs" wished to preserve. When the enemy first appeared in our front, Captain W. ordered one man to be stationed in the edge of the woods on the ridge already spoken of, for from that point a better view could be had, and their movements could be clearly seen. One of our most trusty young soldiers was posted there, and instructed to report the result of his observations. He was at first well pleased with the position assigned him, but, wanting to see more, he advanced to the more open field for that purpose. The result was that he was discovered, and drew upon himself a volley from the other side. The serving as a target for so many made the

place, in his mind, altogether too attractive, and he asked to be relieved. Permission was given him to retire, and an old sergeant was assigned to the place, who located himself where he could see all that was transpiring, and where he could also get in a shot when necessary.

Orders had been given us, when we came to McMillan's, that in case the enemy appeared in our front we should at once notify General Ferrero, whose head-quarters had just been changed from near the ford, and were now located a mile or two in our rear. There were no mounted men in our vicinity, and one of our men had to be sent on foot to give a report of our situation. Corporal F. M. Richards was the man detailed for this duty. He had come off picket early in the forenoon, and proceeded to do a little washing, which was completed and nearly dried, when, without any delay, he donned his damp clothing, and, slinging on his harness, started. He found the place without much trouble, and made his report, when a staff officer was at once dispatched to look the situation over. He was accompanied by several others, including two or three orderlies, and the first person they came in contact with was the old sergeant at his post on the ridge, who, in answer to the staff officer's questions, pointed out the location of the rebel troops. As all firing had now ceased, and no troops opposed to us were in sight, the officer seemed to doubt the report, or that there was any force at the place indicated. Finally, the sergeant told him if he would ride to a certain point out on the ridge he would probably see or hear from them. He put spurs to his horse, and, followed by the others, galloped off, and when they had covered about half the distance across the ridge, received a smart volley from the other side, the bullets falling a little short, but causing a hasty retreat. The

lieutenant was obliged to give it up on his return, and said he guessed there were some of them out there. He thought best that a mounted man should be left to carry any reports that might be necessary, and left one of his orderlies for that purpose, who, having tied his horse well in the rear, remained with the sergeant. The spot selected by the sergeant for defence and observation was at the edge of the timber, behind an immense oak tree, large enough to shelter two men if neighborly. By the side of this tree, and close to it, a sapling pine had grown up eight or nine feet high. This was cut off at a proper height, and made an excellent rest for a long range shot, and, though it afforded no protection, helped to hide them from view. Our men were using their ammunition on points where the enemy seemed the most numerous, or where they exposed themselves,—they returning our fire, but without loss to us.

Thus the little battle continued at intervals until nearly three o'clock, when an officer, clad in a dark blue U. S. A. overcoat that perhaps had been worn by one of our own men, was observed by these two comrades to leave the rebel lines, and with long and rapid strides find a good shelter in a little ravine considerably nearer our men. He seemed intent on discerning the location and number of his opponents. The little hollow he occupied covered him from view about to his waist. The chance was too good to be lost, and a few shots were sent him. At each discharge he would drop out of sight, rising as soon as the bullets had passed. It seemed as though they must have gone very near him, and a job was put up for his benefit. Both were to carefully load their pieces, and take good aim,—the sergeant with half an extra charge of powder behind the Minié ball, the sight elevated for five hundred yards, and his trusty rifle at a rest over the little pine; the cav-

alry man, with his carbine at arm's-length, was to compel him to retire or get hurt. When all was ready, and he was intently watching to gain the desired information, the sergeant gave the order, "Aim: Fire!" The carbine sent its message; the officer dropped as usual, and, when time for him to rise, the sergeant blazed away. He was seen to rise and gain nearly an erect position after the cavalryman had discharged his carbine, but he evidently caught the bullet from the other rifle, as he went down at once, and did not rise again. Two of his comrades immediately left their lines and ran to his relief: after a short stop they ran back, leaving the officer where he fell. There was at once a sharp fire opened on the big oak, and the sergeant and his comrade were obliged to stick close to their cover until the storm was over. It seemed to be a cruel thing—this hurting a man in this way—but it was really only retaliatory, and the old sergeant felt justified in what he had done, as he had been a target for their sharpshooters all through the siege of Knoxville, and at times when he had not been allowed to return a shot.

Soon after this, the Confederates changed the position of some of their forces by extending their left along a ridge of land running nearly parallel with the river, and it looked as though they meant to clean up that little reserve force by getting on to their right flank. All their movements could be seen, but they failed to discover the tree that sheltered the two "Yanks," whose position had become so warm that for a time they withheld their fire and remained in their retreat. A little later they joined their comrades in firing at will at any of the opposing pickets who exposed themselves. We held our position, getting in what work we could, until after four o'clock, when Company F, which had fought for and held McMillan's ford against a much

larger force than its own, was relieved by the Second Michigan (with another regiment to support them), and was ordered to join its own regiment. This it was ready to do, and finally found the remainder of the Eleventh in line near Strawberry Plains, with arms stacked, ready to take any place when called upon.

It was then about sunset. Soon after dark we were ordered to fall in, and were marched nearer to the bridge which spanned the river at Strawberry Plains. It had been partially destroyed by our forces during the day, in order to prevent Longstreet from following us at once in force. The pickets were exchanging occasional shots, and seemed determined to annoy each other as much as possible. The troops that had been in our front, or out in the vicinity of Dandridge, consisting of the Fourth and the Twenty-third army corps, had evidently fallen back in some disorder, and the enemy had pressed them so hard that because of the enfeebled condition of the horses they had been obliged to abandon two pieces of artillery. These were now near the river bank, and covered by the enemy's fire. Our commander, not wishing to leave them, called upon the Second Brigade to save them if possible. There was no hesitation. Drag ropes were secured, the men slung their muskets, our own regiment took one piece, and two smaller regiments the other, so we soon had them out of all danger. I think it was nearly midnight, and this fragment of the old Ninth Corps, which was to have the honor of taking the left of the line and covering a retreat before an army much superior to its own in point of numbers, also had the presumption to try and save, by dragging for miles, the two guns.

Soon we were on the march, but made little progress, as the wagon-trains and artillery that preceded us had left the roads in a fearful condition. The deep ruts which they had made in the soft mud, nearly axle deep,

were now freezing stiff, but we toiled on, pulling with the ropes, lifting on the wheels, up hill and down, with only an occasional halt for rest, until nearly daylight, when we came to a ravine with quite steep banks, the bottom being the bed of a river of considerable size. Horses had been secured, and left here, I think, to relieve us of the burden of the two pieces of artillery, and we also found that the troops in advance had been compelled to abandon a portion of their train, containing among other goods a small lot of overcoats and shoes, which were to be destroyed. The same general who asked his men to save the abandoned guns now ordered these cases opened, and the contents divided among those who were most in need of them. I was not quite coatless, but my old overcoat was capeless, and when a new one was given me by a friend on special duty, I was quite ready to take it, though when I put it on it was very evident that it was not made expressly for me, but for some fellow about twice my size.

We had halted here but a short time when we were ordered forward, as our rear guard had come up; and, more than this, we wanted to get within supporting distance of our advance. They had three or four hours' start of us, but were hindered by having a small train of wagons and artillery along with them, while we were without anything to impede our progress.

We continued our march as fast as our weary limbs could carry us until some time after sunrise, when we filed into a field and halted for breakfast, which we soon had in course of preparation. We were not allowed time to complete the cooking of our slim allowance, however, but were again ordered forward, as the enemy's cavalry was close upon us. Gathering up and donning our little possessions, we formed our lines and threw out skirmishers and flankers.

The First Brigade, marching to our rear and taking a position on another ridge, formed another line and constituted our support. From this time until quite late in the afternoon we were falling back, skirmishing with the advancing enemy, alternating positions with the First Brigade, passing defiles, removing any small obstructions, or levelling fences that we came in contact with, and then we came to a halt. Our corps being very small in numbers, say, 2,500 men bearing arms, the troops were very easily handled, and were well manœuvred, the different brigades retiring and forming new lines without confusion. At 5 o'clock we were within three miles of Knoxville, where a good line of defence was chosen. At one time, after taking a new position in the rear of the First Brigade and while we were waiting for them to return, Sergeant McAllister, who was standing near and was evidently partaking of a lunch, called upon me to join him and take something, which I proceeded at once to do. Coming to him as he stood, one hand grasping his canteen and the other in his haversack, he said that I was perfectly welcome to a part of his lunch; and he drew forth a handful of meal. He remarked, as he passed it, that it was very healthful, and that where he lived meal and water was the best diet for fattening beef, pork, or poultry that could be obtained. I appreciated his kindness as well as his joke, but, being provided with some of the same, did not partake at that time. Our company generally looked like the hardest lot of tramps to be found in the corps. Our last thirty-six hours' duty had been almost incessant, and few if any of us had cared for our toilets. Smoke-begrimed lines on our faces showed how the perspiration had started while wrestling with the two abandoned guns during the night, and our trousers, frayed around the bottom, the once beautiful blue changed to a dirty yellow by mud and frequent close contact with

our open fires, would have made us excellent subjects for an artist of a comic paper: he would not have been obliged to study long to obtain a perfect caricature; and I know that my own personal appearance, with my new overcoat many sizes too large, was comical and ridiculous in the extreme.

My own regiment, the largest in the division and perhaps in the corps, numbering about 225 men, lost but two men on the retreat. What the loss of the corps was I am not able to state. The enemy made no further demonstration, but soon retired; and we lighted our camp-fires and enjoyed the season of rest which we all needed, especially my own company, as it had been on continual duty since the morning of the 18th. We remained on this line until the 25th, when we marched through Knoxville to Lyons's mill, about five miles to the south-west, and went into camp for a week, with only light picket duty to perform.

On the 1st day of February, late in the afternoon, we marched to Knoxville again, crossed the river, and, after advancing a mile or two, went into bivouac in the woods, rain and snow falling fast. After a most uncomfortable night we returned to our old camp at Lyons's mill, and a large amount of fault-finding was indulged in, our boys being heartily tired of this kind of rebellion crushing. That very day, after a brief rest, Company F was detailed for picket at Johnson's ford, about four miles farther down the river. After posting pickets we arranged our little camp a few rods from the river's bank, in the woods; but with all our labor the place was cold, dreary, and comfortless. Mr. Johnson, the proprietor of the lands about the ford, called upon us frequently during our stay, and appeared to be a loyal man of the same class that we had frequently fallen in with. He had been relieved of everything that the "rebs"

could use, and seemed to be as needy as any of his neighbors.

We were on duty at this place a week, and on the afternoon of the 8th were relieved by Company D of our regiment. During this time we had not seen any of the enemy. On the 4th, Lieutenant S. and myself had been compelled to give up and remain in our quarters, suffering from a severe attack of intermittent fever; and when Company D arrived to take our place, we were not able to return to our regiment. Mr. Johnson kindly offered the hospitalities of his humble home, which we were glad to accept. The house, built of logs or timber, comprised two rooms, separated by a large chimney. One room was the spacious kitchen, one corner of which was taken up by the usual hand-loom and spinning-wheel, the other room being used as a sitting- and sleeping-room. On our arrival at the house, Mrs. Johnson and daughter, assisted by a lady visitor, began to make us as comfortable as possible by preparing hot gruel, and steeping a tea from a mountain herb which they were in the habit of using for similar attacks. The effect of these warm potations, which were liberally furnished, was soon felt, and we began to recover from the effects of this day's raging fever. After the family had partaken of their supper, the ladies retired to the other part of the house, leaving us to enjoy the comfortable fire, which we did until quite late, listening to and greatly enjoying the stories and incidents related by our host. When the time for retiring came, Mr. Johnson announced that our bed was ready for us at any time. Feeling the need of sleep we did not wait for a second bidding, but followed to the room opposite, which contained three beds, two of them already occupied. A good fire was burning in the ample fireplace, and in front of it was a low bed, that had been rolled out and assigned to our use.

This manner of living, or, at least, sleeping, was something quite novel to us; but, as we had been so kindly received and they had so freely divided their accommodations, we had no desire to refuse the little couch. I have known many times, before and since, when a good night's rest was a great reviver, but it seemed to me that never in my life did a night's rest do me so much good as this, for when I awoke in the morning I was very much improved.

As that was not the day for a regular shake, we prepared to start for our regiment. A good breakfast was furnished us, and, thanking our kind entertainers and wishing them many blessings, we started for camp, arriving there a few hours later, nearly broken up. I did not leave my quarters to do any duty until the 15th, when we packed up and started again for Knoxville, in a severe rain-storm. After going about three miles we camped, remaining until the 20th, when we passed through Knoxville, going into camp on the Clinton road a short distance from the city. There we stopped until the 24th, when we marched again to Strawberry Plains, accompanied by our new department commander, General Schofield, and other generals and staff officers, who managed to tire us out, as the roads were in a very heavy condition and we were not so well able to endure the fatigue as their well fed and well groomed horses. Halting until the 27th, we crossed the river in flat or pontoon boats, reaching Mossy creek on the 28th. Late in the afternoon, while the front of our column was filing into a field where we were to camp for the night, our portion of the line had halted for a short time in the road in front of a farm-house, and near us, watching the passing troops, was the proprietor, with whom we entered into conversation. He was a Unionist, very dignified, and social in manner

and speech. We also soon espied a small flock of geese in the enclosure, that had either by some good management or streak of fortune escaped the various foraging parties that had passed that way. An offer to purchase a portion of the flock was at first refused on the ground that there were only enough left to raise another flock from, for the use of the owner's family; and he did not consent to part with any until he was convinced that with so many hungry soldiers in camp near by he would be liable to lose them all eventually, and have nothing to show for them. Captain Woodward, by paying a very liberal price, bought two for our little mess, and engaged one of the men to dress and prepare them for our next day's rations. We anticipated a feast such as we had not enjoyed for months, though our facilities for stuffing and roasting the web-footed birds were of the poorest kind. To get over this part of our trouble it was decided to cut them up and partially cook by boiling, after which we could broil or fry, as circumstances would allow. When I retired for the night everything was lovely and the geese were hanging high in a camp kettle, faithfully guarded to prevent any "coffee-coolers' who should come in later from snatching them for their own use.

Early the next morning all were astir preparing to take the road again. Our new rations were divided, each of us having a very generous quantity, a portion of which was carefully placed in our haversacks, ready for future use, saving out only enough for breakfast. I was feeling rather "tony" and high-priced myself, and decided that a nice piece of parboiled goose, broiled, would give my stomach a perfect surprise. Running my ramrod through a nice piece of the breast, and holding it over a bright bed of coals, I carefully watched and turned it until it was a beautiful brown, and I was sure it was done

just right, and good enough for a musketeer, anyway. The rest of our breakfast consisted of a little poor bread and a cup of weak coffee, and we were ready to taste the tempting morsel. My teeth were in good condition, and I could tear off the end of a cartridge without any trouble, and as quickly as any one else; but they were not equal to this, which was really a test case, for I failed in making any impression on what I thought was to be a great luxury. I said nothing, but watched the others, and noticed that they were meeting with no better success, and we had found our match at last. The captain was sure they were brought here by the earliest settlers of the country, and the rest of us concluded that some of their ancestors, not very far removed, had some centuries ago, by their cackling, saved the Eternal City. The piece I had hinged my expectations on for that morning I carefully placed in my haversack, to try other experiments on later.

Colonel Harriman had been recommissioned as colonel of the Eleventh Regiment, and joined us here, having marched from Kentucky in command of a large detachment of recruits, about four hundred of whom were assigned to our regiment. Of this number only a little more than thirty per cent. joined us, the remainder, which had cost the towns and state many thousands of dollars, having deserted en route; and many even of those who came and joined the regiment in Tennessee left us soon after, or before the corps arrived at Annapolis. These were a disgrace to the state, an insult to the tried veterans who survived, and to the fallen dead whose vacant places they were to fill. Among those who did remain were many who later made excellent soldiers and proved their worthiness on many fields of battle, and before our term of service expired were numbered among the killed and wounded.

On the 29th we came to Morristown, about forty-two miles from Knoxville, the rain falling fast. March 1st being equally stormy we halted in the woods a little east of Morristown, making ourselves as comfortable as possible. At night we received orders to be ready to march again the next morning at four o'clock. We were ready at the time designated, the storm having passed by and the air now being crisp and cold. We returned through Morristown at an early hour, and arrived again at Mossy creek at three o'clock in the afternoon. We remained here about four days, everything appearing to be quiet in our vicinity until the 5th, when the enemy and some of our cavalry had a smart skirmish near our picket lines, but we were not called upon to participate. On the 7th we made a reconnoissance in force, going eighteen miles towards the Nolachucky river, and not finding any enemy, after changing camp once or twice, marched fourteen miles on the 12th to Shoddyville, where we remained two days. We reached Morristown again on the morning of the 14th, our pickets having had, in the meantime, a brush with a small force of rebel cavalry, who were forced to retire, the loss to our regiment being one man. We had been over a portion of this section so many times that we were well posted concerning roads and streams, but had not learned the names of quite all the people, a very large majority of whom we had found to be truly loyal and very liberal, even in their reduced circumstances.

On the 16th we were ordered to be ready to march the next morning, at six o'clock, for Knoxville, and we hailed the order with great pleasure, for there was what we thought a well founded rumor that we were at once to be removed from the Department of the Ohio. We arrived at Knoxville on the 21st, and made immediate preparations for leaving for Annapolis, Md., at which

place we were ordered to report. A paymaster had also arrived, and those who had been without any money for a long time were anticipating much in having some to use, in the event of our being transferred to some other department. But in this matter of getting our pay we were doomed to disappointment. It is said that the officer who was to command during the transfer objected to the rank and file being paid off, fearing that these brave men, who for months had faced the bullets of a strong and determined enemy, suffered from hunger and cold until nearly famished, who had exhibited a heroic spirit in the face of all these dangers and hardships, would be guilty of some excess while on the march if they were allowed the money long since due them. What little extra baggage we had, with our sick and disabled, was sent east *via* Chattanooga and Nashville by railroad, while the remainder of the troops, only a small remnant of the old Ninth Army Corps, on the morning of the 22d, started on another long and weary march, financially bankrupt, but covered with rags and glory.

Very little transportation was allowed us—a few wagons and a few pack mules—the men taking five days' rations in their haversacks. The wagons went with us two days, or until our arrival at Jacksboro', on the 23d, when the trains were sent back, and men and mules were loaded with five days' rations and a small amount of camp equipage. Thus we started on the march over the mountains, and as we toiled under our weary burdens we were quite willing to say good-bye to the valley of the Holston, which had been to our troops the Valley Forge of the War for the Union. We followed some of the worst roads imaginable, they being at times little more than a trail across the mountain wilds. Through storms of rain, hail, and snow we came to Chetwoods on the 25th, and to Sloane's valley, near Point Isabel, on the

following day. We were at Point Isabel on the morning of the 27th, where a halt was made. There our corps commander realized the effects of causing the pay of the troops to be withheld. A number of sutlers had come to that place expecting to reap a harvest from our men, who were supposed to have their pockets lined with money. Their goods were temptingly displayed for sale, but there was no cash, and hence such a raid as I have never elsewhere witnessed was made. From point to point, by scores and hundreds, the men ran, paying no heed whatever to orders or appeals from their officers, until at last, having done no small amount of damage, they were finally called into line and moved on again, and after eleven days arrived near Camp Nelson, having covered nearly or quite one hundred and seventy-five miles under the most unfavorable circumstances.

There was very little straggling by the men, and at last we found ourselves in the land of plenty, though in rather poor condition. Our loss in battle or skirmish during our stay in East Tennessee had been very small indeed, considering the amount of exposure to the enemy's fire; but exposure otherwise had ruined the constitutions of many of our brave comrades, who were left in the general hospitals as we journeyed through the cities to our destination, and who, while the spring flowers were yet blooming, were quietly resting in their soldier graves.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CHAPLAINS.

One of the most useful men in the service was the regimental chaplain. Chaplains who performed duty in both the regiment and hospital rendered much service,

for which in reality they received but few thanks; and yet how much they did towards making the army effective! Faithful, as they had opportunity, to the men of the regiment to which they were assigned, filling the position of postmaster, aid-de-camp, commissary, or quartermaster, present upon the field of battle to assist in caring for the wounded, laboring in the hospitals by night and by day, writing messages from the dying soldier to the loved ones at home who would never clasp his warm hand again, assisting in burying the dead, remaining often upon the field of battle, after the carnage had ceased, to assist the wounded and dying, and often taken prisoner while doing such duty and languishing for months in a rebel prison,—doing all this as an officer with no rank, his status in the army never yet defined, with no authority save that which arises from a personal respect for them: yet how much good they accomplished in a quiet, unostentatious manner, reaping their reward largely in the consciousness of having been faithful to all the trusts committed to them. The chaplains of the Eleventh were conspicuous examples.

Rev. FRANK K. STRATTON was born in Albion, Me., educated at Tilton Seminary and Boston University. At the time of his appointment as chaplain of the Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment he was residing in Hampton. He began to lose his health on the march from Pleasant Valley to Fredericksburg. After the battle of Fredericksburg he obtained a furlough for thirty days, which was extended, and he returned to the regiment as it was on the eve of departure from Newport News, Va., for Kentucky. Being unable to do much duty with the regiment, because of continued illness, he resigned May 5, 1863, and was honorably discharged from the ser-

vice for disability, returning to his home at Kittery, Me. Since leaving the service he has been assigned as a preacher at Great Falls and Rochester, N. H., Melrose, Boston, Springfield, and Chelsea, Mass., and Norwich, Ct.; and was, at last information, in Saugus, Mass.

Rev. EDWARD T. LYFORD was born in St. Albans, Somerset county, Me., May 6, 1837. His parents both being dead, he was left at fifteen years of age to take care of himself. At the age of seventeen he commenced learning the trade of a carpenter in Lowell, Mass., and at twenty began a course of study preparatory to entering the ministry. He attended school at New London academy, and completed his studies at Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y. He was ordained pastor of the Baptist church in Deerfield, May 6, 1862, where he remained until he was commissioned chaplain of the Eleventh Regiment, August 30, 1863. He joined the regiment at Crab Orchard, Ky., September 14, 1863, remained with it until the close of the war, and was discharged June 5, 1865. After his discharge from the service he again engaged in the work of the ministry, and August 1, 1865, he became pastor of the Baptist church in Seabrook, where he remained two years and a half. He then became pastor of the church in Rowley, Mass., where he preached two years, when, from ill health, he became unable to labor. In 1870 he was elected a member of the legislature from Rowley, and in May, 1874, having in a measure regained his health, he assumed the pastorate of the Baptist church at Georgetown, Mass. Here he remained four years. In May, 1879, he became pastor of the church in Billerica, Mass. He preached there until 1883, when he became pastor of the church at Goffstown Centre, where he still resides, though able to preach but very little since 1886. At

that time he was elected a representative to the legislature from Goffstown, a position which he filled with much honor to himself and credit to his constituents. I quote his words:

"My first experience in the army was in the East Tennessee campaign, and all the scenes we there passed through made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. It was at Knoxville that I first saw a man killed, and I can recall very distinctly the feelings I had as I looked upon his lifeless form. When we first commenced intrenching at Knoxville I did not feel satisfied to stand by and look on, so I took a pick and worked with the boys throwing up breastworks, and thus gained a little experience in the life of a soldier. I was never entrusted with a command but once while in the service. It was during the siege of Knoxville. Every officer in the regiment had been on duty night and day for several days, and was quite worn out, and to give them an opportunity to get a little of the much needed sleep, I volunteered to go on duty two reliefs, from six o'clock at night until twelve,—so that for six hours I had command at the breastworks in front of the regiment; and it was just after I was relieved that the movement commenced that ended in the assault upon Fort Sanders.

"In my experience as army chaplain I met with many sad scenes and some amusing incidents. While engaged in active campaign it was seldom that I found an opportunity to have any religious service with the regiment; hence, when an opportunity occurred, I tried to improve it promptly. On our march toward the Wilderness we reached Bristoe Station, I think, on Saturday night. On Sunday morning I thought it a good opportunity to have a service with the regiment, and accordingly the church call was beat, and a goodly number came together for worship. I had read the Scriptures and

offered prayer, when, without any premonition, there was a volley, and a shower of bullets came over our heads: my audience immediately vanished, and my service was thus abruptly terminated. A new regiment had been relieved from picket duty, and were ordered to discharge their pieces into a certain hill, but instead of firing into the hill they fired over it into our camp.

"The saddest part of my experience was while on duty at the field hospital, where I was compelled to witness the intense sufferings of the wounded, and where I had to minister to the dying. At Spottsylvania, on the 12th of May, 1864, our division hospital and that of the Third Division were located at the same place and near together. At the close of the engagement that night we had 1,300 wounded men to care for, and the scene was beyond description. The dead and dying were on every hand, and work as diligently as we could, it was impossible to care for all as they deserved."

Until the end of the war Chaplain Lyford was ever found at his post of duty, faithful, true, and brave, doing all in his power to promote the efficiency of the regiment, and caring for the needs of the men, all of whom held him in high esteem.

The mail service of the regiment was most faithfully performed while under his care.

CAPT. GEORGE N. SHEPARD.[1]

George N. Shepard was born in Epping, August 14, 1824, upon a farm still owned, but not occupied, by him, having been in the family for four successive generations, it having formerly been owned by Asa Harriman, from

[1] This sketch was received too late for insertion in regular line, so is placed here.

whom Colonel Walter Harriman, of the Eleventh Regiment, was the fifth generation in the line of descent. Captain Shepard received his education in the schools of Epping, and in Franklin academy at Dover and Hampton academy at Hampton. Was a teacher several years in his native town, in Manchester, and in Wisconsin; then resumed farming, in connection with land surveying.

In August, 1862, he assisted in raising a company for the Eleventh Regiment, of which company he was commissioned first lieutenant September 4, 1862. Captain Bacon having been detailed June 8, 1863, as judge-advocate upon the staff of General Sturgis, division commander, Lieutenant Shepard remained in command of Company A until May 30, 1864, when he was mustered as captain of Company I, which company he commanded until the war closed, when he was mustered out with the regiment June 4, 1865.

At the battle of Pegram farm, September 30, 1864, all of the officers of the regiment outranking him being disabled, he assumed command of the regiment, and by order of General Griffin, commanding the brigade, was in command most of the time until relieved by Colonel Harriman, November 29, 1864. Captain Shepard was wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, on the left side, by a spent musket ball, but was able to take command of his company (A), Captain Bacon being wounded. He was again wounded at Cold Harbor by a Minié bullet below the left hip, while in the act of making a charge with his regiment on the open field to silence a battery supported by riflemen behind breastworks. He then was in command of Company I. Sergeant C. C. Paige, of the same company, marching by his side, had his right arm shattered. He remained in command of his company during the day and night following, and then was compelled to receive hospital

treatment, rejoining his company again August 20, 1864. With the exception of the battles at the Shand House, June 17, 1864, and at the Crater, July 30, 1864, he was with the regiment in its entire campaigns and battles, performing every duty assigned him in the most faithful manner.

Shortly after the war he engaged in trade at West Epping, where he still resides. Captain Shepard represented the town of Epping in the legislature in 1860 and 1862, serving one session on the Committee on Education, (General) S. G. Griffin, chairman. In 1874 he was appointed postmaster at West Epping, which office he still holds. He has been a member of the school board of Epping several years, a portion of the time as chairman. He is justice of the peace, and does much business in settling estates, writing wills and conveyances, and assisting the men of the regiment in securing pensions, no veteran leaving him unbefriended when in his power to give assistance.

LIEUT. GEORGE P. DEMERITT.

George P. Demeritt was born in Durham, September 15, 1842, his father dying the same year. One who knows him intimately says of him,—"The boy lived on the old farm with his mother till the war broke out. In stature and build he offered a strong contrast to his brawny associates, but the cool head, quick strength, and unquailing nerve gave him place with the best."

He enlisted in August, 1862, as a member of Company K, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers. He was with the regiment at Fredericksburg, Va., thence in the Mississippi campaign, and July 25, 1863, he was commissioned a second lieutenant of Company K. He bore a

prominent part in the siege of Knoxville, and at its close he was detailed on duty at General Willcox's head-quarters, Ninth Army Corps, serving with him three months, when General Potter assumed command, and he remained under General Potter at Second Division head-quarters until the war closed, and was mustered out of the service in July, 1865. The following speaks for itself:

HEAD-QUARTERS, 2D DIV., 9TH A. C.,
OFFICE PROVOST MARSHAL, Jan. 30, 1864.

To His Excellency Joseph A. Gilmore, Governor of New Hampshire:

SIR: I have the honor to commend to your favorable notice Sergeant George P. Demeritt, Company K, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers. He has been in charge of the provost guard at these head-quarters since April last; has always been faithful in the discharge of his duties, and otherwise exhibited the qualifications requisite for a good officer. While being on duty at these head-quarters in obedience to orders from the general commanding shows the high appreciation of his capacity, faithfulness, and worth, his absence would naturally diminish his chance for promotion with his regiment.

I feel constrained to make this recommendation in view of the fact that he has already been commissioned as second lieutenant in his regiment, but cannot be mustered because the companies are below the minimum.

I cannot but feel that promotion in his case would be a just reward for valuable services. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,
Your ob't serv't,
J. B. SMITH,
Major and Provost Marshal, 2d Div., 9th A. C.

At the close of the war Lieutenant Demeritt returned to his home, and then became a resident of Dover, where he has since resided, being a merchant until 1882. He has served two years in the city council, three years as overseer of the poor for the city, six years as collector of taxes, and has been twice elected a county commissioner for a term of three years each. He has also held high

positions in the Masonic fraternity, of which he is an honored member, fulfilling his duties with great acceptance to all; and all of these positions show the high esteem in which he is held by those who know him.

LIEUT. JOHN E. CRAM.

John E. Cram was born in Raymond, April 11, 1842. He lived for a short time in Epping, and then returned to Raymond, where he has since resided, being a farmer by occupation. He received his education in the schools of Raymond and Epping. He enlisted August 13, 1862, as a member of Company B, Eleventh Regiment; was mustered into the service August 28, 1862, and was appointed first sergeant of the company at its organization. March 2, 1864, he was commissioned second lieutenant, and later was commissioned first lieutenant and assigned to Company B. Lieutenant Cram was with his regiment at Fredericksburg on the march through Kentucky, and in the Mississippi and the East Tennessee campaigns, fufilling his many duties with great acceptance to the officers and men of both his company and regiment.

At Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, amid the roar and crash of that terrific battle, Color-bearer Daniel S. West being shot, Lieutenant Cram seized the colors before they touched the ground. Immediately after he took the colors, the officer in command of the Eleventh Regiment ordered it to fall back to a place of protection, which order was reluctantly obeyed. Lieutenant Cram, with his colors, remained half way between the regiment at its halting-place and the line from whence it came, and at once the regiment advanced to its colors and then to the line of attack. This act of Lieutenant Cram was a

Fraternally Yours

Geo. E. Pingree

Capt. Co. "G." 11th N. H.

most gallant one; he inspired the heroic men of the Eleventh Regiment with his undaunted courage, and they fought desperately through the day.

About twenty minutes after taking the colors, Lieutenant Cram was most severely wounded, and was tenderly borne from the field. He was the fourth color-bearer shot in the regiment up to the time of that battle, six being the entire number shot during that terrible day. Lieutenant Cram was taken to a hospital in the field, and thence to Lincoln hospital in Washington, D. C. From there he obtained a leave of absence to go to his home, upon a surgeon's certificate to report to his hospital when able for duty. His wound proved a very serious matter, and, being unfit for duty in the field, he was ordered to New Haven, Conn., for recruiting duty, from which place he was discharged from the service, October 19, 1864. He returned to his home in Raymond, where, as stated, he still resides. For his gallant deeds at Spottsylvania, Lieutenant Cram was commissioned first lieutenant July 25, 1864, but, being unfitted for duty in the field, was not mustered.

CAPT. GEORGE E. PINGREE.

George E. Pingree, son of Joseph and Polly Pingree, was born in Littleton, April 29, 1839, and received his schooling at Littleton and Lisbon, N. H., and Reading, Mass. He worked at farming in his boyhood, then four years in a general store at Reading, Mass., one year in an organ factory, and one year driving an ice-wagon in New York city. He enlisted as a private in Company G, Second Regiment, New Hampshire Infantry, from which he was discharged August 9, 1862, on account of wounds received in the battle of Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862.

He was with the Second Regiment, when, with loaded muskets, it marched through Baltimore on its way to Washington, where it was attached to a brigade commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) A. E. Burnside. He was in the battle of Bull Run, fighting from 10 o'clock a. m. until 4:30 p. m., and then marched forty miles to Washington, reaching there during the next forenoon, with absolutely nothing to eat or drink.

He then accompanied his regiment to Bladensburgh, where it was brigaded under General Hooker; after which he went down the Potomac, and worked in the trenches and on the forts at Yorktown under McClellan, thence to Williamsburg, fighting from daylight until dark, much of the time hand to hand. He was there wounded by a volley from the Fourteenth Louisiana, the ball passing through his right arm between the wrist and elbow. He was taken from the field to Fortress Monroe, thence to Hampton Roads hospital, and from there to his home in New Hampshire. He was commissioned captain of Company G, Eleventh Regiment, New Hampshire Infantry, September 4, 1862.

He was still suffering severely from his wound, but his patriotism and great love for his country overcame all obstacles, and he went marching on with the mighty hosts whose tread was heard throughout all the loyal North, and which carried great dismay to the Confederates. At the battle of Fredericksburg he was knocked senseless by a piece of shell, but soon rallied. A piece of the same shell instantly killed George W. King of Company G. He was with the regiment in Kentucky, and in the Mississippi campaign. On the return to Kentucky his wounded arm began to assume a serious change, and, being advised that it would require amputation if he remained in the field, he was ordered to Cincinnati, where he was detailed on court-martial for a

couple of months. He was afterwards transferred to the command of Company I in the Fifth Regiment, Veterans' Reserve Corps, and ordered on duty at the prison camp at Indianapolis, where the regiment was disbanded in the fall of 1865. He then reported for duty to General R. K. Scott, at Charleston, S. C., May 1, 1866, where he was placed in charge of several counties in the interest of the Freedmen's Bureau. His duties were to endorse all contracts between whites and blacks, issue provisions to poor whites and blacks and to planters, taking a lien upon their crops, to assist in establishing schools, settling disputes, etc. He was honorably mustered out of the United States service, January 1, 1868; remained in South Carolina until the fall of 1869, when he went to Indianapolis; thence to Rock Island, Ill., where he became night editor of a journal, and then entered the employ of the Moline Wagon Company; then a travelling salesman; then in the newspaper business again; then book-keeper for the Moline Malleable Iron Works for several years; then a salesman again through Minnesota and the Dakotas until January 8, 1891, when he removed to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he still resides as president and manager of a large manufacturing interest. As in the field, so in all of these varying positions, he has been most faithful in the discharge of every duty. His engraving, so generously contributed, is a valuable addition to the history of the regiment in which he bore a conspicuous part.

CAPT. CONVERSE G. MORGAN.

Converse G. Morgan was born in Canaan, January 6, 1827. He was for many years a merchant, and the town-clerk of Hanover. He removed to Enfield in 1856,

where he resided until his death, following the business of a merchant, and, a portion of the time, of a hotel keeper, and for many years was post-master. In August, 1862, he felt it his duty to enter the army, as many of the young men of Enfield said to him, "If you will be our captain, we will go with you." In one week his company was full, and on September 4, following, he was commissioned its captain. He participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, and was a brave and faithful officer.

In April, 1863, while the Eleventh was in camp for a few days at Mount Sterling, Ky., Captain Morgan was detailed one day as captain of the pickets, doing duty on the turnpike above the main village of the town. During the afternoon he, with two or three comrades, made a call at a house near by the picket post for the purpose of procuring something else to eat than pork and hard-tack. No orders against this had been issued to the troops. At the house visited, he found the general (Ferrero) commanding the Second Brigade, with some members of his staff, in conversation with the ladies of the house. General Ferrero reported Captain Morgan as deserting his duty as an officer in charge of the picket, and recommended his dismissal, not only to punish him, but, as was thought by many, to gratify his enmity to the Eleventh Regiment, which he had shown upon several occasions.

The following is the order by which Captain Morgan was dismissed from the service:

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO.

CINCINNATI, O., April 18, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 45.

Captain Converse G. Morgan, Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, is, for renewed neglect of duty while on picket, after having

been previously reprimanded for the same offence, dismissed from the service, to date, April 10, 1863, subject to the approval of the President of the United States.

By command of Major-General Burnside,

LEWIS RICHMOND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official:
W. T. ANDERSON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, February 18, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 78. [EXTRACT.]

34. So much of General Orders, No. 45, series of 1863, from Head-quarters Department of Ohio, as dismissed Captain Converse G. Morgan, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, to date, April 10, 1863, for renewed neglect of duty while on picket, after having been previously reprimanded for the same offence, is hereby confirmed.

By order of the Secretary of War,
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official:
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Captain Morgan had the sympathy of the entire regiment in the persecution that followed him, and it was considered an outrage upon the regiment. He applied to have the order of dismission revoked, which was finally done by the following order:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.
WASHINGTON, May 10, 1867.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 240. [EXTRACT.]

2. By direction of the President, so much of General Orders, No. 45, April 18, 1863, from Head-quarters Department of the Ohio, as dismissed Captain Converse G. Morgan, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, "for renewed neglect of duty while on picket, after having

been previously reprimanded for the same offence" (confirmed by Special Orders, No. 78, paragraph 34, February 17, 1864, from this office), is revoked, and he is hereby honorably discharged from the service of the United States, to date from April 10, 1863, the date fixed in the said order of dismissal. He will receive no final payments until he shall have satisfied the Pay Department that he is not indebted to the government.

By order of the Secretary of War,

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

After his dismissal, Captain Morgan was appointed a clerk in the Paymaster-General's Office, Washington, D. C., which position he held four years, until his reinstatement; then he returned to Enfield, and resumed in a measure his former business. He remained here, a large part of the time in feeble health, until his death, which occurred at Enfield, November 1, 1880.

CAPT. ORLANDO W. DIMICK.

Orlando W. Dimick was born in South Braintree, Mass., September 3, 1839, and at two years of age removed with his parents to Lyme, where he passed most of his life before entering the army.

His education was chiefly obtained in the district schools of Lyme, and in Kimball Union Academy at Meriden where he prepared for college. He entered Dartmouth college in 1861, leaving it at the close of the first year to enter the army. He was commissioned first lieutenant of Company H, Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, September 4, 1862; was promoted to captain, received his commission July 22, 1864, and was assigned to the command of Company F, being mustered out of the service June 4, 1865.

Hiram K. Little

At the assault upon the rebel works at the Shand House in front of Petersburg, June 17, 1864, he was taken prisoner, conveyed south, and held a prisoner some months, when he escaped, and after much suffering succeeded in reaching the Union lines. After the war he taught school in the South a short time; then returned North, and for many years has been master of one of the schools in Boston. He resides in Watertown, Mass.

LIEUT. HIRAM K. LITTLE.

Hiram K. Little was born in Newbury, May 27, 1830. He was a descendant in the eighth generation of George Little, who was in Newbury, Mass., in 1640. His great-grandfather, Bond Little, served under Captain John Hazen in the expedition against Crown Point in 1758. When the boy was ten years of age, his father died, and the family moved to Manchester, where he attended school. In 1850 he returned to Sutton, and in 1856 married.

For some years before the war he was engaged in the manufacture of clothes-pins, was one of the selectmen of the town, and a popular and highly respected citizen. September 4, 1862, he was commissioned second lieutenant of Company F, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers. He was promoted to first lieutenant January 30, 1863. He was a participant in the battle of Fredericksburg, in the Mississippi and East Tennessee campaigns, and in all the battles from the Wilderness to Petersburg. He was mortally wounded in the trenches in front of Petersburg, June 20, 1864. His wound was in the neck, rendering him speechless. He was carried on board the United States floating hospital, *New World*, then lying

at Point of Rocks on the Appomattox river, and taken to the government hospital at David's Island, New York harbor, where he died July 4, 1864. While upon the transport, he was recognized by a brother of the Masonic fraternity, Captain J. M. Durgin, Company G, Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, of Laconia. Captain Durgin, at his request, took charge of some effects that happened to be upon his person, including a beautiful silken sash. September 1, 1882—more than eighteen years afterwards—Captain Durgin was present at a veterans' encampment at Blodgett's Landing, Sunapee lake, where the camp bore the name of "Lieut. Little." On beholding the name of the camp, memory quickly carried him back to the scene on board the transport. He says,—"I at once inquired concerning the family of the loyal, patriotic dead, and learned that he had a son, the only survivor of the family, Cyrus H. Little, now arrived at early manhood, and in all respects worthy of so noble a sire, and that on the next day he would be at the camp where I could make his acquaintance—an event fondly cherished by me while life and reason remain, for I now have the honor and pleasure of presenting to this son the long-kept sash, the beautiful badge of a noble father's military honor and fidelity, which he sealed with his life-blood. And now to this much respected and dutiful son, I need not say, Accept this sash with the respect and reverence due to so honored a father, and cherish it among your sacred things: may you preserve it as a sacred emblem, not only of the honored dead, but of the noblest country on earth rescued from impending ruin."

Lieutenant Little was a brave soldier, and his death was deeply lamented by his comrades of the entire regiment. After his death his body was carried to his home in Sutton, and buried with Masonic honors.

For the wonderful and almost miraculous manner in which Lieut. Little was discovered, see the thrilling sketch by Lieut. Nason of the same Company F.

LIEUTENANT AUSTIN W. MESSER.

Austin Waters Messer was the son of Richard H. and Sally S. Messer. He was born in New London, September 22, 1836, and was busy with his father in the manufacture of scythes, until Company F, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, was formed, of which company he was commissioned first lieutenant September 4, 1862. His health was very poor at the time of his entering the service, and, being unable to withstand the hardships that would be required of him, he was obliged to ask a discharge from the service, very much to the regret of his company and of the regiment. He was honorably discharged from the service September 29, 1862, after twenty-five days' service, and returned to his home, where he died November 14, 1880.

LIEUTENANT R. FREEMAN SANBORN.

R. Freeman Sanborn was born in Springfield, June 21, 1824. There he resided until his enlistment into the United States service, farming in summer and teaching school during the winter. He served as orderly sergeant of Company F—into which company he enlisted August 13, 1862—until January 29, 1863, when he was commissioned second lieutenant of his company. He was promoted to first lieutenant July 25, 1864, but was not mustered.

On the march from Milldale to Jackson, Miss., Lieu-

tenant Sanborn sustained a severe sun-stroke, accompanied by chills and fever.

He participated in the East Tennessee campaign and in the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court-House, when he became too ill for duty, and was sent to the Naval School hospital, where he remained until he was honorably discharged from the service for physical disability August 9, 1864. Since the war he has followed the occupation of a miller, residing respectively at Grafton, Meredith, and Ashland, which latter place is now his home.

CAPT. J. LEROY BELL.

J. LeRoy Bell was born in Haverhill, November 29, 1839, and still resides upon the same place where he was born, and which has always been his home. He followed the occupation of a farmer before the war, and since the war he has been engaged in farming and the grocery business.

He assisted in raising Company G, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, of which he was commissioned second lieutenant September 4, 1862. He was promoted to captain of his company July 22, 1864. Captain Bell was the only commissioned officer left with his company October 1, 1863, and was placed in command of it, continuing in command until September 30, 1864. He was mustered as captain August 13, 1864. He was wounded slightly in the left leg at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864; received a scalp wound by a bullet near Poplar Spring church June 3, 1864; a slight wound in the head by a bullet at the Mine explosion in front of Petersburg, July 30, 1864; and very severely wounded in the right thigh September 30, 1864, at Pegram Farm, by a

Minié ball. With his first and third wounds he remained on duty with his company; the second wound caused him to be taken to the field hospital, where it was dressed, and he returned to duty the day following; with his last wound he was taken to the general hospital at City Point, Va., where he remained several days, then returned to his home upon a furlough, where he remained two months. He was then placed on light duty at Concord, remaining until he was honorably discharged with the regiment June 4, 1865.

Captain Bell participated in all the campaigns and battles in which his regiment bore a part until he was wounded September 30, 1864, caring for his company faithfully and ably. Being a fine singer, he, with others, assisted in whiling away many a pleasant hour when in camp, as the men of the regiment well remember. Upon the retirement of Captain Bell from active service, Company G was commanded for a time by Lieutenant R. Baxter Brown, and afterwards, and until the close of the war, by Lieutenant Solomon Dodge.

LIEUT. ARTHUR E. HUTCHINS.

Arthur Edwin Hutchins, son of Chester and Jane (Swan) Hutchins, was born in Bath, September 2, 1838. At twelve years of age he was fitted for college, and at the age of thirteen years he entered Dartmouth, from which he was graduated in the class of 1857. He read law in the office of Judge Carpenter, of Bath, and afterward entered the law school connected with Harvard University. He was admitted to the Grafton County bar in August, 1862, and September 4, 1862, he was commissioned first lieutenant of Company G, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers.

Lebanon Savings Bank, a director of the First National Bank of Lebanon, president of the Business Men's Association, and president of the Lebanon Electric Light and Power Company. He was auditor of the state treasurer's accounts in 1890-'91, and is high in the councils of the G. A. R., of which he is a valued member. He represented his district in the state senate in 1891, being chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and a member of the committees on Judiciary, and Banks, and Manufactures. He has taken high degrees in Masonry.

He was president of the Eleventh New Hampshire Regimental Association several years.

He married, August 23, 1867, Dora, daughter of Oren and Mary A. (Robins) Bugbee, of Lebanon.

LIEUT. CHARLES C. PAIGE.

Charles C. Paige, son of Osgood and Martha W. (Blaisdell) Paige, was born in North Weare, June 28, 1838. He received his education in the schools of Manchester, whither his parents moved when he was three years of age, and also at New Hampton; was a carpenter and pattern-maker in Lawrence, Mass., and afterwards a farmer in Candia, whither his parents removed. He was the first man to enlist from Candia in Company I, which company he assisted in organizing and drilling.

Lieutenant Paige was with the regiment at Fredericksburg, in Kentucky, then in the Mississippi and East Tennessee campaigns, and in all its battles during the last great campaign until the morning of June 3, 1864, when he was severely wounded in his left arm from the the same volley that wounded Sergeant A. J. Bennett in his right fore-arm. Both were treated in the same hospitals, and were discharged from the service August 23,

Lele Paige

1865. (See Sergeant A. J. Bennett.) At the siege of Knoxville, Lieutenant Paige was acting sergeant-major, and at times acting adjutant of the regiment, performing his various duties in the most vigilant and faithful manner.

Lieutenant Paige was commissioned both as second and again as first lieutenant, and assigned to Company C, but was unable to be mustered on account of wounds. He has contributed valuable material for this history, giving his own record in graphic language. At the close of the war he returned to his home in Candia, where he resided one year; then removed to Franklin Falls, where he still resides. He engaged in the millinery and fancy goods business several years; then in door, sash, and blind manufacture; and later became a dealer in furniture and an undertaker, in which business he is still engaged, having places of business in Franklin Falls and in Tilton. He has been a member of the local school board, and is an earnest advocate of all reformatory movements, political, religious, and philanthropic. He was one of the building committee of the regimental head-quarters at The Weirs, and for several years treasurer of the association.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT ANNAPOLIS—FROM THE RAPIDAN TO THE JAMES—INTRODUCTION—PARTS I, II, AND III—CAMP LIFE AT ANNAPOLIS—FROM ANNAPOLIS TO ALEXANDRIA.

Here the men of the Eleventh were glad of a rest. The campaign just ended had told heavily upon the vitality of every man. Preparations were going on for a thorough reorganization of the Ninth Corps, which was again to become a portion of the great Army of the Potomac, and, under the leadership of Grant, was expected to give the Rebellion its death-blow, sooner or later. The South had nearly exhausted its resources in men and in needed supplies; the North, flushed with the successes of the past year, was full of loyal courage and devotion, and large numbers of new troops were rapidly filling up the Union armies all over the country. The North, with abundant resources and hardly yet seriously affected, was determined, and strong in faith and undoubted patriotism. With this outlook, the government, mighty in power and vigor, was rapidly carrying out plans which should culminate by striking the enemy blow after blow in succession, from which it could not eventually rally.

April 13, General Grant, accompanied by General Burnside, made a hasty inspection of the troops that up to that date had congregated at Annapolis. The Eleventh had not yet been able to receive supplies of clothing enough to make a creditable appearance at this inspection, sandwiched as it was between two new regiments which had just joined the corps. As Grant rode along the lines, passing regiment after regiment of

men who had lain inactive during the past few months, and who made a showy appearance, and came suddenly to the Eleventh, his quick eye noticed its appearance, and halting, he said to Burnside, "What regiment is this?" "The Eleventh New Hampshire," said Burnside, "which has just returned from the East Tennessee campaign, and has not yet received its supplies of new clothing." *Grant raised his hat to the boys of the Eleventh*, and said, "Brave men, I am glad to see you," and rode away amid deafening cheers from the men of the Eleventh, who felt proud then that they had taken part in the deliverance of East Tennessee.

In the new organization of the corps, the Eleventh was still a portion of the Second Brigade and of the Second Division of the corps, and was the only regiment, save the Second Maryland, in the Second Brigade that was retained in the new deal. The other regiments of the brigade were the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire, the Thirty-first and Thirty-second Maine, and the Seventeenth Vermont, all under command of Colonel Griffin of the Sixth New Hampshire, who was soon commissioned a brigadier-general for gallant services, and later was made a major-general. General Griffin was the only soldier from New Hampshire who won the stars of a major-general,—an officer every way worthy to lead the brave men under his charge, as he did in many a terrific struggle, asking no man to go where he would not lead; an officer careful, intelligent, and brave to a fault; an officer who bore, as it were, a charmed life, having taken part in so many of the great battles of the war, from the first battle at Bull Run, where he was captain of Company B, Second New Hampshire, until the final charge when the Rebellion ceased and Lee surrendered,—and never receiving so much as a slight scratch from an enemy's fire. Several

regiments became later a portion of the Second Brigade. These were the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts and the Second New York mounted Rifles; and the Seventy-ninth and the One Hundred Eighty-sixth New York, serving on foot.

But there is music in the air. All is confusion incident to a great movement. The wives of some of the officers of the regiment, who have been with their husbands for a few days, as well as a number of civilian friends of the men, have just left for their homes. All surplus baggage has been disposed of. Battery after battery has joined the corps, now consisting of four grand divisions, three of white troops and one of colored, and on Saturday morning, April 23, the corps broke camp, and started on its march to rejoin the Army of the Potomac. After a march of thirteen miles it went into camp, and on the next day (Sunday) made a march of twenty miles, and camped near Bladensburgh—famous as being the scene of many duels in the days of chivalry, and before the Southern people knew what civilization really meant. That night came a pouring rain, and in the morning many of the men of the Eleventh made their morning toilet from little pools of rain-water lying all about them. Monday morning the march was resumed, and Washington was reached early in the day, where the corps was reviewed by President Lincoln and General Burnside from a balcony of Willard's hotel.

One of the most faithful and intelligent of all the war correspondents, Charles Carleton Coffin, in his "Four Years of Fighting," pages 309 and 310, thus describes the passage of the Ninth Corps through Washington:

"All the speculations in regard to Burnside's destination fell to the ground, when on the 25th of April the Ninth Corps passed through Washington and moved into Virginia. It was a sublime spectacle, the corps march-

ing through the capital of the nation, passing in review before Abraham Lincoln. The corps marched down Fourteenth street, past Willard's hotel, where, upon the balcony, stood the president and General Burnside. Behold the scene! Platoons, companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, and divisions. The men are bronzed by the rays of the Southern sun and by the March winds. The bright sunshine glances from their bayonets. Above them wave their standards, tattered by the winds, torn by cannon-ball and rifle-shot, stained with the blood of dying heroes: they are priceless treasures, more beloved than houses, lands, riches, honor, ease, comfort, wife, or children. The people of Washington have turned out to see them; senators have left their chamber, and the house of representatives have taken a recess, to gaze upon the defenders of their country as they pass through the city, many of them, alas! never to return. There is the steady tramping of the thousands, the deep, heavy jar of the gun-carriages, the clattering of hoofs, the clanking of sabres, the drum-beat, the bugle-call, and the music of the bands. Pavement, sidewalk, windows, and roofs are occupied by the people. A division of veterans pass, saluting the president and their commander with cheers. And now, with full ranks, platoons extending from sidewalk to sidewalk, are brigades which have never been in battle, for the first time shouldering arms for their country, who till a year ago never had a country, who even now are not American citizens, who are disfranchised, yet they are going out to fight for the flag! Their country was given them by the tall, pale, benevolent-hearted man standing upon the balcony. For the first time they behold their benefactor. They are darker-hued than their veteran comrades, but they can cheer as lustily, 'Hurrah! hurrah!' 'Hurrah for Massa Linkum!' 'Three cheers for the president!'

They swing their caps, clap their hands, and shout for joy. Long, loud, and jubilant are the rejoicings of those redeemed sons of Africa. Regiment after regiment of stalwart men, slaves once but free men now, with steady step and even rank pass down the street, moving on to the Old Dominion. It was the first review of colored troops by the president. He gave them freedom. He recognized them as soldiers."

The following was the order for the march to the Rapidan:

HEAD-QUARTERS NINTH ARMY CORPS,

WARRENTON JUNCTION, VA., May 1, 1864.

GENERAL CIRCULAR.

The General Commanding publishes the following instructions to the men just entering the service of their country. He expects that every old soldier, who has learned their value by experience, will join in impressing their importance on those who are now to share with him the honor of a soldier's life:

On the march no soldier should quit the ranks, on any pretence whatever, without permission of his commanding officer. The army is about to move into the country of an active enemy, with no friendly force behind or near it, and every straggler runs the risk of Libby prison or a bullet.

No soldier should leave camp without his musket, nor on any consideration, whether on the march or in action, take off his haversack, canteen, or cartridge-box.

He should sleep with his arms within reach.

Washing the feet at night, soaping the stockings, and greasing the shoes, will prevent foot-soreness.

Cavalry and artillery should husband their forage. Every soldier should endeavor to make his rations hold out longer than the time for which they were issued. A little saving may save a day's starving. It is well to make little bags or some secure packages, for coffee, salt, and sugar; if mixed in the haversack they become worthless.

Blankets and overcoats should never be thrown away, no matter how tired or hot one may be: cold nights follow hot days. The chief point in health and comfort is to sleep warm. At the same time the recruit should not overload his knapsack: by endeavoring to carry many comforts he may be compelled to throw away all.

He should never waste a cartridge or a cap; the time may come when every one will tell.

When on picket he must remember that the safety of the whole army may depend upon his vigilance. He should observe and report every unusual sound. If attacked, he must remember that a cool and determined party, acting on the defensive and properly protecting themselves, can keep at bay many times their number, and thus give time to their comrades to form and come to their support. In action, he should keep cool, not loading in haste, but tearing the cartridge and pouring in all the powder before putting in the ball. He should aim deliberately, aim low, and pull the trigger slowly. One shot in five minutes, well aimed, is better than five in a minute without aim.

He should never leave the ranks to carry off the wounded without permission of his officer—the ambulance attendants will take care of them—and he must feel that his first duty is to stand by his comrades in the fight.

Spies and persons in citizen's dress, found lurking in our lines with hostile intent, should be immediately turned over to the provost guard.

Prisoners of war, wounded or not, should be treated with that soldierly kindness and consideration which the Ninth Corps has always honorably shown, and which is due an open enemy.

The General Commanding desires to express to the Ninth Corps that he feels the same confidence in them now that he has ever felt in times past, and has ever found just cause for feeling. He believes that they will do their duty thoroughly and heartily on all occasions, and under all circumstances.

By command of Major-General Burnside,

EDWARD M. NEILL,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

For a most vivid description of camp life at Annapolis and the march to the Wilderness, I insert the following account, written by Comrade Herman J. Eaton, Company E:

FROM THE RAPIDAN TO THE JAMES: OR, THE GREAT CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

PART I. IN CAMP AT ANNAPOLIS.

" * * * from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the Knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Gave dreadful note of preparation."

—*King Henry V.*

"You that survive and you that sleep in fame,
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all
That in your country's service drew your swords."

—*Julius Caesar.*

The camp-ground of the Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment at Annapolis was about one mile west of the city, basking in the April sunshine,

"High on a mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay."

There were no trees very near the camp, such as had so often shaded us when on former occasions we had pitched our tents for a short rest after the long marches and the heat of battle. Had it been in midsummer, we should have suffered under the hot rays of the sun without any protection save our houses of canvas; but long before the sun of summer shone upon us we were far away, where work was hotter than the rays of old "Sol," as he beamed upon us through the pine forests south of Spottsylvania. Across the parade-ground, and only a short distance from camp, the long railway trains steamed past many times during the day, and until a late hour at night. South of

us, and just across the railroad, was the convalescent camp with its many newly whitewashed barracks where a large number of invalid soldiers were quartered, and everything was as still and solemn upon those grounds as though it was a graveyard.

To the east of us the quaint old city stood in full view, with its ancient state-house, large brick buildings, and slender church spires pointing to heaven. There, upon that large and elevated camp-ground, the Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Corps, rested and recruited from the hard and fatiguing campaign which they had just passed through in Tennessee. At Annapolis the brigade was entirely changed (as were many other brigades and divisions), and put in thorough working order for another and a greater campaign, surpassing all others in severe battles and hurried marches. The old Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Corps, was formerly composed of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, the Fifty-first New York, the Twenty-first and the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, the Eleventh New Hampshire, and, later, the Second Maryland. All of these regiments, save the Eleventh New Hampshire and the Second Maryland, were transferred to other brigades in the corps, where they remained during the war.

These regiments left the brigade with heavy hearts; the men of the Eleventh were moved even to tears to see the organization broken up. We had soldiered together, and followed the fortunes of that famous brigade in sunshine and in storm since October, 1862, when we were encamped in Pleasant Valley, Maryland. We had marched and fought side by side in Virginia, passed the memorable winter together at Falmouth, where the encampment formed a hollow square, marched upon the hard, smooth pikes and encamped on the green grass of Kentucky, kept step to the music of the Union far away

in Mississippi under a broiling sun; advanced into the jaws of death at Jackson, and had eaten rations of dry corn at the siege of Knoxville. "Good-bye, old comrade, good-bye" was heard from all, as each regiment left the camp-ground and slowly marched away, each pledging that should we ever be so fortunate as to meet again, it would recall to mind the battles, sieges, and other experiences through which we had passed.

The new Second Brigade was composed of the Sixth, the Ninth, and the Eleventh New Hampshire, the Second Maryland, the Thirty-first and the Thirty-second Maine, and the Seventeenth Vermont;—the last three were fresh from their homes, or, as we veteran soldiers expressed it, they were "right out of the top drawer spick-span clean." There were a great many young men in the new regiments, who were mustered with souls all aglow. Fired by patriotism and the charms of war, they rallied to the support of the old flag just in time to see war portrayed in all its glory. Like those who had preceded them, "I'm off for the war!" was the rallying cry.

> "I 'm twenty-three, and five feet nine;
> I 'll go and be a sojer."

They had but little knowledge of what it was to be a soldier, and, like all regiments that preceded them, were "spoiling for a fight," but ere one month had passed, their ambition in that direction had subsided wonderfully; nevertheless, they proved to be as good soldiers as ever marched forth to battle.

The Second Brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General S. G. Griffin, and the Second Division by Brigadier-General R. B. Potter who had been the commander for some time. Major-General Burnside commanded the Ninth Corps, as he had always done, with the exception of a few months, since its organization.

The short stay of the Ninth Corps at Annapolis was a pleasant one, and one that will, without doubt, long be remembered by the veterans who were there during those ever memorable April days of 1864. It differed in many respects from that of any other rest in camp we ever experienced. This was probably owing to the campaign that was about to open. We were, in reality, lying under the enemy's fire, awaiting the order to advance; consequently the camp savored of war more than usual, and the instructions we daily received were, to be alert and vigilant; to kill, destroy, and trample under foot "all enemies and opposers whomsoever."

Passes were often furnished us to go to the city, where there were numerous places of interest to visit, one of which was the state-house, from the cupola of which a magnificent view of the surrounding country could be had, also a peep at the sun-kissed waters of the Chesapeake, freckled with its many oyster-boats and steamers en route to Baltimore, that left a dense cloud of smoke under the clear blue sky. The room in which General Washington delivered his farewell address was by far the most interesting, and large numbers are admitted every year. It is the first room at the right of the east entrance.

Colonel Harriman used his influence to get the regiment a furlough for twenty days, but all his pleadings with the war department were in vain, as there was work to be done, and a movement might be ordered before the regiment could return. A very few men from each regiment in the corps were granted a furlough of ten days only. It was pleasant to see the friends at home, but the sad good-bye at the expiration of the time caused the shedding of many bitter tears, and spoiled all the pleasure there was connected with it. For many it was the last visit to their loved ones, for as soon as the great contest began, they laid down their lives on Freedom's altar.

As far as the eye could reach, the encampment was a perfect city of white tents, of the pattern known as the wedge, or A tent. As the tents were at an equal distance apart, and the company streets of an equalized width, it added greatly to the general appearance of the camp: it was, in fact, a city peculiar to itself, where the homes were all alike and every man was dressed in blue. So accustomed had we become to camp life and the rules of war, that our movements when on drill or otherwise were made in accordance with military tactics. It was not to be wondered at, then, that the camp was so often visited by people from the cities and surrounding towns. At almost any hour during the day could be seen the long lines of blue on drill, and the quick, sharp order from the officer in command would ring out in clear tones. At five o'clock in the afternoon occurred dress-parade, where thousands of muskets, handled with military precision, flashed in the waning sunlight, presenting a picture of war in all its pomp and power. The encampment at night presented a very fine appearance. Countless thousands of tent lights—star candles, stuck on boards or on bayonets—glimmered for miles around, converting the tents into mammoth white lanterns, making an illumination of rare beauty. The camp songs that were sung, and the merry laughter that rang out at stories told under the calm star-lit sky, I can hear now as in the long ago, although it seems but yesterday. Patriotic songs, with which the army was well supplied, were sung with a spirit suited to a time of war, the many well trained voices joining heartily in "When Johnny comes marching home," and

> "We 'll all join the Union,
> And fight for Uncle Sam."

Other songs chimed in at intervals, and for awhile "Sally, come up" was the favorite. A Confederate

officer once said,—"It is no wonder that the Federal army was victorious, it had so many patriotic songs to inspire it. The Confederates had hardly one they could call their own, and while in camp or on the march, or on the eve of battle, there were no patriotic songs to arouse the troops, as there were in the Federal army. Why, I would have given all the world for a few such songs." Without a doubt there was a good deal of truth in this statement. "Dixie" and "Bonny Blue Flag" were about all the Confederates had, and the first of these was a Northern production. This is one more evidence that the South was fighting on the wrong side. The ear-piercing fife and the soul-stirring drum were heard the live-long day, seemingly without cessation. Look in any direction we might, nothing greeted the eye and ear but preparation for war.

About half a mile from the Second Brigade was the encampment of the colored troops, a division of whom had just been added to the Ninth Corps, who were the subject of much comment by the newspapers throughout the country. While in camp they were chuck full of their monkey-shines and oddities, some of which were very amusing. As a punishment for some offence they had committed, it was no uncommon thing to see them at different places upon the camp-ground standing upon the head of a barrel, while another barrel, with one end knocked out and a hole cut in the other end just large enough to allow a man's head to pass through, was then dropped upon the offender, the barrel resting upon his shoulders. A soldier receiving such punishment presented a very ludicrous appearance: it reminded one of a man dressed in a huge wooden overcoat. This mode of punishment was very common the first two years of the war, but, as the battles and the hard marching increased, it got to be an old story, and was dropped.

Another way of punishing a soldier, and more especially among the colored troops, was to place two forked uprights in the ground, ten or twelve feet apart and about the same in height, a pole or a crossbar about six inches in diameter placed in the forks. The culprit was then compelled to sit astride of the pole or crossbar for one or two hours, which made the American soldier of African descent roll out his eyes wonderfully. One day while passing through their camp, I asked a burly fellow who was thus elevated upon the crossbar, what he was doing up there. "I 's doin' nuffin'; I 's only settin' here, dat's all," he answered; and a peculiar twist of his face plainly told that his position was anything but a comfortable one. He followed up the conversation by saying, "I 'spects yer white sojers nebber gits punished in dis yer way, duz yer?" I was sorry to inform him that such cases were common in nearly every brigade, which seemed to relieve his mind exceedingly. Then he made a wry face, grunted, twisted, turned, and squirmed in trying to find a soft place upon the crossbar. Truly, thought I, "The way of the transgressor is hard." On my way back to camp, and in passing an encampment of white troops adjoining that of the Second Brigade, I saw S., whom I well knew, walking in front of the colonel's quarters, carrying a heavy stick of wood about four feet in length and one foot in diameter. "Hello!" said I, "what are you doing with that stick of wood?" "Doing with it? D—n it, I 'm carrying it—do n't you see?" was his reply, as he shifted the log to the other shoulder. The colored soldier over yonder was not alone that afternoon in paying for offences committed.

It was very amusing to watch the dashing colored girls flock to the camp to see their lovers dressed in army blue at "Uncle Sam's" expense, and drilling "for sojers." Of course "Liza" blubbered a little, and slopped

over at the eyes, as "Clim" chucked her under the chin and sang,—

"Oh! I 's gwine away fur to leab you,
Oh, good-bye, good-bye!
Oh! I 's gwine away fur to leab you,
Oh, good-bye, Liza Jane!"

The colored troops were very proud of their position in "Uncle Sam's" grand army. As they had been confined in slavery ever since they were born, it was not surprising that they could hardly believe that they were free—at liberty to do as they pleased with no fear of the lash—and that they were soon to march forth to battle by the side of the white troops, whom they had long honored and respected as "Massa Linkum's men." To them, the year 1864 was to be a year of jubilee. They were willing to fight for their liberty, and on many battle-fields they did good service.

"So still and orderly, arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event, stood the black regiment."

The phrase once so common, "The colored troops fought nobly," had more truth than many people suppose. When the Confederate soldiers were questioned as to why they were fighting against the old flag, they usually replied by saying, "We are fighting for our rights," but were unable to tell what rights had been denied them. Could not the colored troops use the same words with far more truthfulness?

As they listened so attentively to the orders that were read to them when on dress-parade, watched and questioned the white soldiers in order to learn what they could about the coming conflict, they, at times, failed to grasp the thought that they were free, and appeared amazed and bewildered. As the time for action drew near, they understood the situation much better, and their fears were in a great degree removed.

Their confidence in General Grant as a leader was as unbounded as that of the white troops. To them he ranked next to "Massa Linkum," the liberator of their race, and, like their white comrades in arms, they were desirous of seeing what was lying across their path, far in the front. The old song was very appropriate in their case,—

> "'T won't be long 'fore de orders—'fore de orders—
> Soon we'll be a gittin' 'em—de orders to advance;
> Den eb'ry man in de column to his duty—
> Show what 's de value ob de chance."

PART II. IN CAMP AT ANNAPOLIS—CONTINUED.

> "All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
> To wield them, in their terrible array."—*Ode on War.*

Near noon of April 13 every regiment in the Ninth Corps stood upon their color lines, where they were reviewed by Generals Grant and Burnside. Every man was dressed in a new suit of blue, and all his military bearing was exercised to its full capacity—head erect, eyes to the front, muskets polished till they shone like silver, equipments neatly blacked, and the brass plates on belts and cartridge-boxes, upon which were inscribed the initials of our illustrious uncle, brightened up with all the skill a well trained hand could give. Swiftly the officers galloped from regiment to regiment, reviewing the troops as they stood in line, thereby saving the time and trouble of the corps "passing in review," as is usually done at such times. Probably, the fact that General Grant did not care about making such an ostentatious display of fine marching, flying of colors, flourishing of trumpets, and beating of drums, was the reason why he

did not have the corps pass in review; that part of the war had had its day with his predecessors, and was not to be repeated unless it was absolutely necessary. He wanted troops for the front, there to make a display with all the fire and fury of war; and, on the way to famous Richmond town, it was soon to be enacted.

Those who never saw a military review in a time of war have indeed missed a grand spectacle. I say in a time of war, for all military displays in a time of peace amount to very little, except to attract the attention of the young ladies. A review, such as was seen in war times, caused one to be wrapt in amazement to see how still and erect twenty-five thousand—and sometimes more—men could stand in line, or a solid body; every movement being strictly in accordance with orders from the reviewing general, which were given in that peculiar voice that only the accustomed ear can understand. The movement known as "passing in review" is especially fine. The troops, standing in a solid body, or in the marching column drawn out in long array, are one huge, beautiful mass of blue, as if a patch of sky had fallen to earth. Their muskets are tipped with burnished bayonets, and their flashing swords glisten in the sunlight; armor reflects armor. Countless thousands of disciplined men, with martial step and ears attuned to strenuous call of trumpet and drum, move with the precision of machines, and the sway of the column in its unison of step gives a special grandeur to the living picture. Strength and force are most vividly portrayed there; as when, in the frenzy of battle, the Titans of old forged the keen-edged sickle of destruction in the red lightning's flame. Well trained horses prance, champ the bit, and snort, seemingly with a thorough military knowledge, showing how well they love the excitement, pomp, power, and all the fine trappings of war,—evidently well

pleased that they too compose a part of the grand army that is to save the nation. Shining cannon, full of wrath, stand out in bold defiance, or, drawn by fiery steeds, pass along with a dull, heavy rumble. Upon those battle-scarred war-dogs can be read the words Death and Destruction. How many pent-up thunders are sleeping within those tubes of steel and brass the next carnage will tell.

A review presents a picture of a wonderfully exciting nature, and one that will never fade from the memory of those who have witnessed it. Ladies who have been present upon such occasions have been heard to remark, "I wish that I were a soldier." If the male population of the North had been blessed with as much patriotism as "woman, weak woman," Uncle Sam's army would have been much larger than it was, and the war would not have lasted four long years. The grandest, the most exciting, and the most sublime of all military movements is that of an army advancing to battle. Their impetuous rush, their immeasurable strength, their fierce aspect and gigantic bulk, make up a picture of heroic daring and resolve which none ever saw save those who composed the assaulting column. The sight of the old flag, the "invincible banner of the free," at such a perilous moment, amid the smoke and tumult of battle, is one of rare beauty, and cannot be described. Now, as the veteran sees it peacefully waving from its high staff, how vividly the days of the "sixties" loom up before him, when he saw it waving in the blue, sulphurous smoke upon the field of conflict; and he remembers those of his comrades who so persistently fought for its maintenance and perished in the noble cause. Nor is this all: at the very thought of their desperate encounters and hair-breadth escapes, he "seizes his crutch, and shows how fields were won." No spectators or reporters dared to

venture there. A more correct account would have been published in the papers, during our civil strife, had the latter ventured within the sound of the enemy's guns.

To the soldier, a review is a hard day's work, one or two days usually being spent in making necessary preparations, cleaning guns and equipments, and going through all the movements in military tactics. When the day arrives, every regiment marches to the field with a slow and measured step, there to stand in the ranks, as still and erect as a monument, waiting for orders. The troops standing thus in the field execute every movement with a "snap." So perfect are all the evolutions, that to the observer they appear to move by machinery. This kind of work, in the closely wedged ranks for several hours, is very tiresome, especially on a warm day.

The abundant rations issued to us at Annapolis were of the best quality, or about the same as at Newport News the year before. Newport News and Annapolis were the only places where full rations were ever issued to us. This was not the fault of the government, however, for that dealt honorably by every man in the army. When on a campaign, we did not expect to get full rations; if we succeeded in getting quarter rations we were doing well, as they could not be transported, but the deficiency should have been made good to us in money, which was never done. I well remember buying rations of the commissary of a Michigan regiment while we were at Milldale, Miss., that he had no right to sell, and who would or should have been reprimanded for so doing had it been reported. As a result of this, one or two hungry fellows were thus deprived of what justly belonged to them, and the money I paid went into the commissary's pocket. While at Annapolis our rations were spiced with cake, pies, and fresh biscuits, that were sold in camp by pretty girls from Baltimore, who arrived on the morning train.

As a general thing, the prettiest girl succeeded in disposing of her basket of wares first, at pretty good prices too. Who does not remember the cake and pie peddlers who flocked to camp, wherever we chanced to be, with baskets of peculiar shape filled with cakes, pies, biscuits, and "fresh biled eggs"? Who does not remember the old colored woman whom we always called "Aunty"? They were all "Aunties" as they came to our camp with their well filled baskets upon their heads, inviting us all to buy their "nice chicken-pie right from de oven." Who does not remember rolling upon the ground with the colic in consequence of eating rich fruit-cake or hard-boiled eggs, and praying for a little of Perry Davis's Pain-Killer? Pastry and cake were not adapted to a soldier's life by any means, and when it came into camp richly made, as it did at Annapolis, we were obliged to eat sparingly of it, or suffer the consequences after luxuriating on hard-tack and boiled beef: hence the short way of speaking of it. There was another extreme, also, in the cake and pie business, right the reverse of the one just mentioned, where the pies were made with the shortening put in lengthwise, and were commonly called "sewed pies," which could be rolled about camp without breaking. Falmouth pies, that were made and sold in that quaint old town in the winter of 1862–'63, were made of material that no stomach but that of an ostrich could digest: they were like the shield of Ajax. There was little choice between eating a Falmouth pie and facing a rebel battery. Whether they were genuine Southern pies, such as were made "befo' de wah," I don't know.

While at Annapolis every man had a new suit of blue, equipments, knapsack, haversack, canteen, and all the paraphernalia of war. Ammunition was not issued until later, when we were encamped at Bristoe station within two days' march of the enemy's lines. We did have

twenty rounds per man, however, to use, should our advance from Washington to Bristoe be opposed. General Grant changed the order of things somewhat, sending the ammunition by the wagon trains or by rail to Bristoe, in place of our relieving the teams as on former occasions. I can recall more than one instance where ammunition was piled on the men at the rate of sixty rounds per man, and sometimes more. When leaving our camp at Milldale for the march to Oak Ridge, in the rear of Vicksburg, the captain of Company E ordered quite a number of men, myself included, to carry eighty rounds, giving as a reason that the trains were overloaded and it would be too bad to waste it. Did we carry it? Yes, about twenty-five yards, when half of it was deposited at the roots of an old oak. A goodly number of the wives of the officers of the Eleventh Regiment visited the camp during our sojourn at Annapolis, and for the first time saw the tented field with all the pride and pomp of glorious war. To them their short stay was doubtless a pleasant one, and one that they will long remember.

That form divine, the paymaster, made us a call, and disbursed the last payment to us before the opening of the campaign; but as the money would be of but little or no use where we were soon to go, the most of it was sent home. Overcoats and blankets were boxed up and sent to our homes also, as the day of our departure drew near. Letters were written and forwarded, telling those we loved that ere the white-winged missive could reach them we would once more be marching upon the soil of Old Virginia, where the conflict was soon to be renewed. During the last few days of our stay the camp grew more noisy: work for the great event was rapidly coming to a head. The summoning drum, the shrill fife, and the air-shattering bugle gave dreadful notes of preparation. From reveille until the hour for "taps," the only

sound that greeted the ear, save the dashing railway trains that sped past, was

> "* * * the trumpet's clangor from afar,
> And all the dreadful harmony of war."

The line of dress-parade was beautifully blue, and the polished muskets glittered in the fading sunlight. The forming of the line and the breaking up of the different regiments into companies at the close of the parade was what charmed the many admiring spectators. In just three weeks from that time those bright blue uniforms were smoke-stained and torn in the thickets of the Wilderness; and there very many of those brave and fearless men stacked their shining guns and rested forever. Camp stories were afloat at Annapolis, just as they always had been wherever we had pitched our tents for a few weeks stay. Stories speculative as to when the war would probably end and we would return to our homes had long before passed away. That famous camp story was in its prime while we were at Falmouth: that memorable winter was spent in hatching up some kind of a camp rumor every day. A new song was sung while we were at Annapolis, to the effect that a large number of transports were lying near Alexandria waiting to take the Ninth Corps down the Potomac and up the James river, where the first blow would be struck. This was repeated day after day, each repetition adding to it something new, until at last it found its way into the newspapers; then the Richmond papers published it, as might be expected, and that caused General Lee to surmise that there might be some truth in the report. General Lee was not a little nonplussed as to where General Grant would go when he did move. The rumor was without doubt gotten up on purpose to deceive the enemy, and had the desired effect. General Grant says, in his

memoirs, that neither the war department nor General Burnside knew to the contrary until the last moment.

There were, no doubt, a large number of transports lying in the vicinity of Alexandria at that time, but for what purpose they were intended I am unable to tell; but in all probability their mission was to deceive the enemy, as before stated; for there is "policy in war," and strategy in all its forms is often resorted to.

General Lee was, as may be seen, rather outgeneralled to commence with, before the campaign was opened or the first gun fired, simply by a camp rumor. As he was listening for the sound of General Grant's guns in the direction of Richmond while at Orange Court-House, the first thing he saw was Grant's entire army, with flaming banners, in the dense wood of the Wilderness, not in transports, but upon their feet, in good fighting order; and for the first time the Confederate chieftain at the head of the army of Northern Virginia, stood before General Ulysses S. Grant at the head of the Federal army.

PART III. ANNAPOLIS TO ALEXANDRIA.

The time approaches.—*Macbeth.*

They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war; they shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks.—*Bible.*

At noon on Saturday, the 29th day of April, the Ninth Corps left their pleasant encampment at Annapolis for the march to Alexandria, a distance of forty miles. We received orders on the afternoon of the day before, which was what we were anticipating; and, notwithstanding the fact that we were once more to be deluged in fire and

blood, we hailed the news gladly,—expressing our implicit confidence in General Grant that he would be the conquering hero in the East as he had been in the West. Wild hurrahs were given for "Uncle Sam" and "President Lincoln," as we stood in the company streets and on the color line. Very soon an indescribable military air pervaded the camp, as on all such occasions when a vigorous campaign is to succeed that of rest and quiet of the bivouac. Only those who have experienced the glory of a campaign can form any idea of this part of the story.

That night there was a general outburst of revelry. Everything was, for a time, called into requisition that could make a noise, or was pulled to pieces and broken. It was a reminder of the last night we spent at Concord, before leaving our native state for the war. Piles of boxes and barrels were ablaze, producing a grand illumination under the dark but star-crowned heavens. Patriotic and mirthful songs were sung, and from camp to camp echoed

> "The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
> The kettle-drum, and far heard clarinet."

The encampment at Annapolis was the last one the corps ever saw, when preparing for a campaign, and will, in all probability, be remembered as such by the survivors of that famous old corps. A part of the forenoon of the 23d was passed in making a noise and in taking down our tents, which we rolled up and left upon the ground to be cared for by men who were employed for that purpose, after we had said good-bye to the encampment that would echo no more to our military step, and know us no more forever. We were provided with three days' rations for the march, and at eleven o'clock we packed our knapsacks, rolled up our blankets

and strapped them upon the outside, and then sat down and joked, told stories, laughed, and waited for the order calling us to fall into line and tramp on as before. Troops were to be seen in every direction, preparing to leave. The tents were all taken down, and stacks of bright guns glistened in the golden sunlight of the morning. Drums were exceedingly noisy, fifes and bugles screeched their adieu to Annapolis, and patriotic songs were distinctly heard while we were rather impatiently waiting to be off for other green fields and pastures new.

It was the last breaking up of camp ever witnessed by many, for they soon passed to where no marching orders were ever issued, and where the blast of the bugle would nevermore call them into line. It was precisely twelve o'clock when the marching host formed its line of blue stretched out in deep array and dreadful length, and rapidly moved away, presenting a spectacle once seen never to be forgotten. The weather was getting quite warm and summer-like; the forest trees were fast putting forth their leaves, and the apple and peach orchards were beginning to blush with blossoms. The undulating green fields stretched far away, clothed in brilliant green, upon which the feet of neither army had ever trampled. The groves rang with the songs of blithe birds, and nature wore her loveliest garb. Purling brooks, with rushy fringed banks that would have been a precious boon to us when soldiering in the cotton states, babbled along, making joyous music in their flow. Pretty flowers were in bloom in many of the door-yards, that somehow reminded me of what I saw in Kentucky one year before. Rows of variegated tulips that lined the walks leading to the doors were exceedingly beautiful, but did not compare with the two lips that smiled upon us from the windows and doorways as we passed. Whether they were loyal smiles or not I did

not know;—it is safe to predict, however, that only a small portion were.

After resting in camp, as we had been doing the three weeks previous, we were a little out of practice—a little "softened," as we expressed it, and symptoms of spring fever were felt very perceptibly on the march; but as marching was an old pastime of ours, whereby the corps received the sobriquet of "Burnside's travelling menagerie," we had no fears but that we would very soon get used to the work and ready to be tossed about upon the fiery billows of war. The corps was marched at a very moderate step. Probably in all our marches since we first followed arms, which indeed were many, we never marched so leisurely as we did from Annapolis to Washington. Halts by the wayside for rest were given at intervals, and, as L. expressed it, they were "good-sized ones," and when the sun dropped over the green hills and forests of Maryland a halt was made for the night. The remark was often made during the march that the officers were exceedingly gracious to us all at once; but without doubt it was an order from General Grant, or, as a "sub" put it, "an order from Grant hisself."

During the march of that lovely April afternoon, the Eleventh New Hampshire, with Colonel Walter Harriman at their head, led the corps. The position of the regiment in the marching column made it very favorable for them, as every soldier knows; but as they were obliged to fall in the rear of the division the next day, the march was not as easy, but it was by no means tiresome. The overcoats and blankets which were thrown away on that march on account of the warm weather beggar all description, and would have astonished those living remote from the track of an army. A little past noon of the second day's march I saw an old colored man with a horse and wagon gathering the scat-

tered coats and blankets with the familiar "U. S." in the centre. He had gathered nearly all he could pile on his rickety old wagon, and was wild with excitement over his streak of good luck. As the brigade was halting for rest, I said to him, "You seem to be doing a thriving business to-day, Uncle." "Golly! yes," was his reply. "Ye see de sojers hab done frowed dese away, and I 's a pickin' 'em up, I is. I neber seed de like befo'. De ole woman will hab plenty bedclose now, and lots fur to dress de chil'n;" and he laughed and chuckled with a great deal of satisfaction over what was to him a mine of wealth. "Why do n't you enlist," I inquired, "and join the colored troops who are in our rear?" "Well, massa," he answered, as he cast his eyes upon the ground as if studying the situation, "I 'spects I oughter; but when I tinks about facin' dem big guns [pointing to ours] wid de peeked tings on de end fur to kill folks wid [bayonets], it somehow or udder takes de courage all out ob me." A shiver passed over him as he uttered these words, which told how he realized the danger. A shout went up from the soldiers who were listening, in which the hero of coats and blankets joined. The question was then raised as to whether there were not a good many thousands up North with white faces who entertained about the same idea of the situation that the old darkey did.

The second day of our march was Sunday. We moved very leisurely, and drank in all the beauties of nature, surrounded, as we were, by green fields and pleasant groves, while the warm sunlight and clear, bright skies beaming upon us allured us onward, and seemingly hallowed the day to gladness. The day was a calm one indeed, when compared with the many we had seen and were so soon to see again. In a village near which we passed we saw a flame-tipped church spire pricking

through a grove of trees, the bell calling the faithful to service, and many were wending their way thither. There was no Sunday for us. Our mission was calling us forward to where "life is lost, and victory won."

At ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 25th, the third day of our march, we reached Bladensburgh. We took off our boots and stockings, and with "undressed feet," as General Griffin called it, waded through the creek which flowed through the village, a tributary of the east branch of the Potomac. L. got mad and did some tall swearing because there was no bridge and never had been one; and, to all appearance, the people of the town were too shiftless to build one. The fear of its being destroyed by the hand of war need not have prevented them from so doing, for the Federal army had no disposition to destroy property in Maryland, and the Confederate army could not penetrate the state at that point. "Selling niggers down South," in ante-bellum days, was of more consequence than making public improvements.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we halted at some distance from Washington, where we were informed that our entrance into and the march through the city was the all-absorbing topic of conversation among the citizens, who were boiling over with enthusiasm in anticipation of the fine military display they should witness. So wild with excitement were they that they watched anxiously for our coming, long before the hour set for our arrival. Many climbed upon the house-tops, eager to catch the first glimpse of the long line of moving blue, or perchance see the dust rising in the direction of the approaching column,—for an army on the march raises a cloud of dust, and the roads were dry and dusty.

About three o'clock many of the forts that defended the city once more appeared before us, and but very little changed from what we saw them in our "salad

days." Grim cannon looked defiantly through the green tufted embrasures, while over each fort the old flag was gracefully waving its long, bright folds in the warm sunlight of that lovely afternoon. One moment more, and the spacious dome of the national capital, from which flags fluttered, stood in our front, appearing to give us a warm greeting after our long absence. This magnificent structure, as well as the city, had long been a target for the Rebel army, as was Richmond for the Federal army. With all the threats it had received from a people enraged by the fury of war, and the many hundreds and perhaps thousands of Southern sympathizers who lived almost under its shadow, and who would delight in seeing it fall into rebel hands or be destroyed,— this black pall of treason hung over it like a huge curtain overshadowing our fair land. Nevertheless, with all the bitter epithets which had been poured upon it, the powder burned, and the lives lost in trying to capture it,

> "Still it stands,
> A fortress formed to Freedom's hands."

The sight of this noble edifice was the signal for order in the ranks. The long line was quickly straightened, and every step and movement at once toned down like that of a perfect working machine. Each regiment in the column had the appearance of a monster antediluvian reptile with myriads of blue legs. Then burst the Argent revelry, with all the rich panoply of war. The colors of every regiment in the corps, with heaven-born hues and stars that shone never to be erased by traitors' hands, were unfurled, and triumphantly fluttered in the gentle breeze. Already, though far from the enemy's lines, the corps was marshalled for battle, and through the long streets of the city were advancing to the step of soul-inspiring music, rich in steeds and brilliant trap-

pings, with sash, plume, helmets, scarf, shields, and all the blazonry of war. Swords, muskets, and bayonets flashed their silver lightning—flashed to a purpose grand along the bright blue line. Gallant steeds, with distended nostrils, curved necks, and flowing manes, trod proudly on, while puffs of dust were raised as their iron-clad feet were firmly set upon the earth as though they were advancing to battle.

The Capitolian dome, with all its loftiness, cupolas, and shining spires bathed in a flood of mellow sunshine, looked down upon the moving column reverently and compassionately. Liberty, from her enthroned position, bade us take courage, bade us God-speed: we fancied that we caught these words from her lips, "The Union now and forever, one and inseparable." Never in lofty dreams had Fancy's eye dwelt on such a scene of stately pageantry; the chivalrous magnificence blended in one scene of glory, formed to throw on memory's page a never fading glow. Fair forms lent their gladdest smile, and white hands waved the advancing column on to victory or a glorious tomb.

> "The fair of form, the mild of mood,
> Did honor to the man of blood."

The many torn battle flags, bearing the inscriptions "Antietam," "Fredericksburg," "Vicksburg," and "Jackson," as well as other battles of the war, elicited a storm of cheers from the vast throng of people who filled the streets, doorways, windows, and covered the house-tops. Many of them, anxious for information as to *just where* we were going, caught hold of us as we marched past, asking, in a hurried and excited manner, "What regiment is this, and where are you going?" The crowding of the people upon the marching column caused the troops to break their step

for a moment, when they (citizens) were ordered to "fall back," but, being wild with excitement, paid but little or no attention to the order. The number of men in the Ninth Corps at that time was a little over twenty thousand—a number indicating that the military parade of that day was no civic procession or Fourth of July affair. The corps entered the city on New York avenue, turning at the left into Fourteenth street, thence across Pennsylvania avenue, the great thoroughfare of the city, to the river.

There had been a great many military parades in Washington since the outbreak of the war, but that of the 25th of April, 1864, far surpassed them all, and was only exceeded by the grand review in that city at the close of the war. On the balcony of Willard's hotel stood President Lincoln, viewing the troops as they passed. His face wore a look of extreme care and anxiety, as he steadily gazed upon the marching column—upon that corps of the great army which had responded to his call. Every regiment in turn gave him three rousing cheers as they passed. Well did he deserve the cheers that he received. Only one short year, and his soul had flown to meet those who had died in defence of their country, and who were waiting to welcome him upon that distant and silent shore. The knowledge that the army was upon the eve of battle, marching toward the field of action where the waste of human life was once more to be realized and participated in by those who were seen in the ranks on that lovely afternoon, and who had faced death many times before, as their tattered banners indicated, was what drew the vast multitude of people to witness the parade of the Ninth Corps in the streets of Washington that day. Verily,

> "When our country's cause provokes to arms,
> How martial music every bosom warms!"

The soldier in the ranks, too, was proud of his place in the line at such a memorable event, where the pride and pomp of glorious war was made manifest, notwithstanding the fact that grim death was lurking in our front, and that long marches, sleepless nights, hardships, and exposures stared us in the face. The parade of that day was one long to be remembered in the history of the command to which we belonged. It was a parade not only of well disciplined men, with pennon, shield, and lance, and richly caparisoned steeds, but one upon which the eyes of a great nation looked with admiration and esteem—and yet with pity and sorrow, for, according to the circumstances of war, not many days would elapse before a very large number of those who were on parade that day would pass, amid the thunder of battle, to where "beyond these voices there is peace." Our rapid step soon took us through the thronged city to the river, and very soon we were crossing Long Bridge. The first time we crossed that famous bridge, which was on the afternoon of the 17th of September, 1862, we merrily sang "Dixie;" it was also sung by us on *that* afternoon, while many who joined the chorus at the first crossing were sleeping in soldiers' graves far away.

As we again stepped upon the sacred soil of old Virginia, there before us were the forts that formed a part of the defences of Washington. They were very familiar to us, as the Eleventh Regiment encamped under their shadow in the early fall of 1862. There was Fort Richardson on the hill, with its two lines of well made abattis in front, and heavy guns pointing their deadly muzzles southward with a defiant look, while the signal flag was waving from its staff on the parapet just as it used to wave. There, too, were forts Albany, Berry, Reynolds, Craig, Barnard, McPherson, Scott, and frowning Runyon: "These outlines marked by many a black

columbiad on its trunnion." The sun was now fast sinking below the green-wooded hills of the "Old Dominion," throwing a mellow light on field, forest, and river, transforming the long moving line of blue to black, kissing the great white dome of the Capitol with a warm good-night.

> "And glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
> And the white sails of ships;
> And from the frowning ramparts, the black cannon
> Hailed it with feverish lips."

Just at nightfall, in a valley south of Fort Richardson and a short distance north of Alexandria, we encamped for the night, and remained there the next day and night in order to draw rations, and drive the last spike preparatory to the march toward the interior of Virginia, and once more and for the last time to shout

"On to Richmond."

CHAPTER IX.

CONTINUATION OF COMRADE EATON'S DESCRIPTION—FROM ALEXANDRIA TO FAIRFAX—FAIRFAX TO BRISTOE—BRISTOE TO BEALTON—A FORCED MARCH.

PART IV. FROM ALEXANDRIA TO FAIRFAX.

Now as soon as it was day there was no small stir among the soldiers.—*Bible.*

* * * from troop to troop. He went through the army cheering up the soldiers.—*Richard 3d.*

Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.—*Julius Caesar.*

Near noon, on the 27th of April, the long line of blue was again formed, and we were once more on the march with our faces turned toward the interior of the state, with Richmond and victory as our watchword. Soon after eight o'clock that morning General Burnside rode through the camp, cheering up the troops. We were not drooping by any means, as my sketches have shown; but the presence of the commanding general is always encouraging to the troops, especially when on the eve of battle. Every regiment in the corps gave him three hearty cheers as he rode from regiment to regiment bareheaded, there being no time to put on his hat between the cheers, thereby displaying that bald head of his, which we all so well remember. The corps had made this short stop, from the night of the 25th to the morning of the 27th, in order to draw rations, which we did that morning before leaving for the day's march.

From the hour of our departure from Alexandria the great campaign was virtually begun with the Ninth Corps, but the great forward movement of the entire army was not made until the 4th of May. The corps

throughout was in excellent fighting trim. Probably we never fell into line for a march, or at the beginning of a campaign, with better spirits and with surer feeling that success would crown our work at last, than we did on that sunny April morning which was fast rounding into summer. We well knew that a long series of desperate and bloody encounters was soon to be met, in which we were to cut our way out with the weapons of war. It has often been asked how it was that troops could march to meet death and suffering with such light hearts and seemingly so eager for the fray, knowing, as they did, what war was, and what suffering there was on the battle-field. I can answer this in no other way than by quoting the old distich,

> "Why should we be melancholy, boys?
> Our business 't is to die."

In the War of the Rebellion, however, the Federal army took strength and courage from the aphorism,

> "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just."

As the long line of blue marched up the heights, a little to the west of Alexandria, the eye rested on a picture of exquisite beauty for miles in extent. It was a gigantic panorama of city, town, country, forest, and river, battlemented towers, castle gates, flanking earthworks, and all necessary defences against an assaulting enemy. The fields lay far away clothed in the green of spring-time; the forests were fast putting on their summer attire, fresh from the hand of the Giver; the hills of Maryland and Pennsylvania stood in all their grandeur, leaning against the clear blue sky, and were the last objects we saw on the free side of the North. The spires of Georgetown pointed their golden tips through the new foliage of the trees, and the many forts that

defended the capital were seen in an almost unbroken circle around the city, with the old flag floating from their parapets in the golden sunlight. The city lay quiet in the broad valley, hugging the river, while the great white dome of the capitol glistened in the morning's sheen, above the broad Potomac that washed the great valley, traces of which could be seen far away, shining like a mirror hemmed in by groves of pine. Below Long Bridge it flowed lazily along, its surface ruffled here and there by a steamboat or a slow transport.

Who of the veterans of that terrible war will ever forget the name Potomac? I venture to say, Not one: there seems to be no word so deeply associated with the war, nor one that will live longer in the soldier's memory. When the eyes of the veteran, dim with years, shall chance to rest upon that name in newspaper, book, or map, his thoughts will most assuredly go back to the days when he soldiered in defence of his country near that hill made historic by the war.

Never will the veteran see the names Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Rappahannock, Rapidan, and Wilderness without recalling memories of war days fresh to mind; nor will the name Potomac ever appear in print, or be heard from the lips of orators, without bringing to mind those terrible days of the civil strife he experienced, when for four long years hostile armies encamped on either shore along the winding course of that noted river. Yes, we all remember that river,—as though it were but yesterday that our feet measured the miles of the shore when on the march; when bristling bayonets gleamed in the sunlight, glaring camp-fires lighted the heavens at night, and great redoubts were thrown up through which black cannon and brass howitzers looked boldly and saucily. War letters have become household treasures,

and children love to listen to the story, and have even themselves learned to recount the exploits on the Potomac in the long ago. The green fields dotted with white tents, the troops on drill and parade, the clatter of horsemen, the roll of the drum, the screech of the fife that even now sets us all on fire, the dead silence of the night broken only by the sharp voice of the sentinel on the lonely picket post, and the rush of the river over its rocky bed, are all reminders of those days which will remain forever in our memories. There, as on the Rappahannock, Rapidan, and Mississippi, upon grassy knolls under the trees, were made the graves of either army, and there they remain to-day, decorated each year by an unseen hand with the choicest flowers of spring. In countless homes "away back in the sixties" there were partings and tears: patriotic mothers kissed their boys, buckled on their armor, and with swimming eyes and aching hearts watched them out of sight to join the ranks of blue. Many of these noble mothers have long since passed away, but we can still hear their last prayers to God for the salvation of the country.

"He has gone, and I have sent him!
I have buckled on his sword.
I have bidden him strike for Freedom,
For his country,—for the Lord.
Life itself is but a lending:
He that gave perchance may take.
If it be so, I will bear it
Meekly for my country's sake."

Not far distant, and through the woodlands at our left on the banks of the broad river, was Mount Vernon, the only place in the state that escaped the ravages of war. Out of respect to the silent dust which reposed there, neither tomb nor mansion was defaced by vandal hands, not a tree, shrub or flower destroyed during the long

and terrible conflict. The hero who was resting there, free from war's alarms, once drew his sword to establish the principles we were then battling to maintain.

On the heights just south from Alexandria, as the brigade was halted for a few minutes, I looked back, as far as the eye could reach, upon the mountains and plains of the free North, made free by our ancestors, who long before fought for liberty and right. Memories of Bunker Hill, Lexington, Ticonderoga, Yorktown, and Valley Forge, names of glory, deeds which once stirred the hearts of men, appeared before my vision. Long ago did our noble forefathers meet the foe on those historic fields: their names are written on Fame's glowing portal. In dying they bequeathed those liberties to our vilgiance and protection. As I turned from the inspiring view, the long line again moving forward, the beautiful, patriotic lines of our own dear poet flashed through my mind:

"Is this the land our fathers loved?
The freedom which they toiled to win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved?
Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are we the sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have won?"

When passing two or three of the forts that formed the outer line of defence at the extreme southern part of the heights, the troops stationed there came out and cheered us heartily; they wished us good success in the great work before us, and earnestly hoped that our cry of "On to Richmond" might be more successful than the many which had preceded it. As they scanned the long, moving column, their faces seemed to betray the wish of their hearts, that they might go into active service in the field where they could experience something of a soldier's life, than remain there and guard the forts

which at that time were in no imminent danger; nevertheless, if they were left behind to guard forts, they did their duty as well as those who marched and fought in the field. Before summer was ended these troops, or most of them, were ordered to the front, where they very soon "saw the elephant" with all his fierceness, and, before September's sun arose, they doubtless wished from the bottom of their hearts that they were back on Arlington Heights guarding forts. In our front, and a little to the left of our line of march, stood Fairfax Seminary, then occupied as a hospital, and which from its high position could be seen for many miles: standing there as it did, it appeared to be the last outpost of civilization. Behind us the stars and stripes were floating as of old, while in our front hostility was arrayed against everything pertaining to the preservation of the Union, and even the ground upon which we marched seemed hostile: every person was an enemy. We moved onward with a steady step that meant business. The march was not rapid by any means: it was slow and sure. It was a little faster than that between Annapolis and Washington, but was not to be compared to our former marches, nor to those we were soon to see again. We were fast "closing up" on the army of the Potomac, then lying near the Rapidan.

This slow and steady march soon took us from the sight and sound of anything having the semblance of patriotism, and in three hours' time the spire of Fairfax Seminary was the last object which I saw within the Union lines as I looked back over the road whence we came. Ah! thought I, just what awaits us away in our front we do not fully know; but in the dim distance we saw the first black clouds of the coming storm gathering, which ere long were to culminate in an indescribable cyclone of shot and shell, crossing of swords,

death at the cannon's mouth, and a general lighting of the torch of war. Let it come, said we; that's just what we enlisted for;—and very soon all thoughts of war were forgotten. The day was one of the best. The sun shone quite warmly, although it was not oppressive, and halts were occasionally made that somehow gave the impression that they would be less frequent and the marching more rapid as we neared the enemy. We passed many farm-houses occupied by women only, just as we had often seen them at other places in the state, especially in the fall of 1862, and as we had found them "away down Souf in de land ob cotton." From their windows they gazed upon us with a sour, unfriendly look, as much as to say, "You'uns will catch it when you meet our army"—an expression often used by Southern ladies, and which many times contained more truth than poetry.

As the tide of war in all its horrid forms had rolled past their doors ever since the beginning of the strife—first the Confederate and then the Federal army—the desolation it had wrought beggared all description. What the poor mortals subsisted upon from day to day God only knew, unless it was the air they breathed. The hen-roosts had long been a stranger to fowls of every kind; geese and turkeys had long before taken their departure; cattle, sheep, and hogs had been driven before the bayonet to satisfy the hunger of both armies, until there were none left; and as for raising any crops, that was certainly out of the question, as they would have been trampled under foot by both of the great armies. A little tobacco growing near the houses, and the Virginia creeper and morning-glory climbing beside the doors and windows, were about the only things I saw under cultivation. In many places the dwellings had been burned, and the owners were living in the negro cabins,

the darkies making their homes in the barns and what there was left of the out-buildings, or else had left "Ole Virginny" for the North. Words are inadequate to express the devastation we saw in the South, especially in Virginia. The sufferings and privations which the people of that state endured for four long years are terrible to think of. How they lived through it is more than I can tell. "Their country desolate and overthrown by strangers, her gates lamented and mourned, and she, being desolate, sat upon the ground."

The march during the latter part of the afternoon was on the road leading from Washington to Fairfax, over which, in *ante-bellum* days, the reigning belles of Virginia rode in gay attire, with their dashing escorts, on fine saddle-horses. The road was broad and smooth, very much like the Kentucky turnpikes, and was shaded for a long distance by maples, elms, and a few grand old oaks, which had escaped the battle-axe; and now and then a huge pine towered its dark green dome above its forest companions.

About six o'clock we reached Fairfax Court House, a village truly typical of Virginia, presenting a very untidy appearance, and which, like all villages in the state, had long been in the embraces of war. The ancient court-house, of curious architecture and where General Washington once attended court, was the only object of interest that I saw. The few remaining inhabitants rushed to the doors, eager to see a corps of "Old Grant's" army pass. They stood like so many stone posts, and gazed upon us with a cold, indifferent look; but somehow to me their appearance indicated that they were considerably alarmed for the safety of the Confederacy. We made no halt in the gloomy, melancholy town nearly trampled into the dust by the feet of contending armies, but marched on a few miles farther, and encamped for

the night to the left of the road upon the most uneven piece of ground that could possibly be found. There, with tents hastily put up but sufficient to protect us from the heavy dews, we rested from that day's march of the campaign.

PART V. FROM FAIRFAX TO BRISTOE.

The morning of April 28 dawned clear and pleasant, and the troops were early astir. Knapsacks were packed, and everything was put in readiness for the day's march. Coffee was made, and the few hardtacks that constituted breakfast,[1] disposed of. As we sat picking our teeth and speculating on the day's march, Colonel Harriman passed along, and, bidding us good-morning, cheerfully said, in that familiar way of his which so well characterized him, "Boys, we shall see before noon that somewhat famous stream known as Bull Run." We all had a great desire, at least I had, to see that stream, made so famous by the first battle of the war and whose name that will long survive. The corps was very soon in line again, and, like an immense serpent, was seen moving rapidly along the winding, uneven roads, over which the Juggernaut of war had so often passed, while the changing light produced a fine effect all along the column. Guns, bayonets, and the still brilliant uniforms and equipments for a moment glistened in the sun,—then all was obscured by the shadows.

We were not long in reaching Centreville, a small collection of poor-looking houses, which, like Bull Run, became somewhat historic in the early part of the war, and later had grown very dilapidated by the almost constant passing of both armies and by much encamping in

[1] Breakfast in the army is called "pease on a trencher."

its vicinage. We, however, passed a little to the left of the war-worn burgh. Long lines of grass-grown rifle-pits, and great redoubts much larger than the little town ever was, were to be seen on every hand, the most of which had been made by the Confederates in the early part of the war. It was over this road that the Federal army marched when on their way to the battle of Bull Run, and it was also the one over which they "skedaddled" for Washington in their hasty and disorderly retreat. If the stones by the wayside could have told their story of the march to and the retreat from the battle-field,—soldiers, as well as citizens and congressmen who went down to that little creek to spend Sunday and have some sport,—it would have been a remarkable one indeed.

The battle of Bull Run was without a parallel in the whole war. Yet, great fiasco as it was, it did accomplish a few things, all of which proved beneficial in the end, perhaps. It brought the Southern officers to the front, and indicated who their greatest generals in the war were to be; it told the North, in very plain words, that the Southern army was in the field for the purpose of fighting, just as they had declared again and again; and it also taught the Northern army that war was no boys' play, neither a school let out, nor a grand frolic, gotten up for the purpose of letting them travel about and see a portion of this great and glorious country at "Uncle Sam's" expense, as many, or the most of them, had anticipated it was to be.

Near Centreville an old colored man approached us as we were halting by the roadside, and addressed us thus: "I spects ye's going fur de rebels now!" We informed him that we were on that mission, when he said with considerable emphasis, "It's about de last chance, I reckon!" The old man was right: there was a good deal of truth in those words just at that time. It

was the last chance for either Grant or Lee: "it was now or never."

At about noon we reached Bull Run at a point known as Mitchell's ford. We removed our boots and stockings and waded through the stream, which was from two to three feet deep: so famous had that creek become, we felt that we were wading through Jordan. We then passed over a part of the field which was held by the Union forces at the time of the battle on that memorable July day. It was then almost three years since the battle, and scattered upon the ground were broken guns, wagon and artillery wheels, pieces of caissons, rusty canteens, cartridge-boxes, partly decayed equipments, and the whitened bones of the once fleet war-horse, all of which marked the lonely scene of conflict and hate. The field at our right was covered with a growth of scrub oak and pine, the most of which had sprung up since the battle. The ground was very uneven, and, like so many other places in that state, was made to fight great battles upon.

A halt of one hour for dinner[1] was made near the McLean house, a large brick structure of Virginia architecture, standing upon an elevation of land, from the upper windows of which a part of the battle-field was easily seen. This building had been General Beauregard's headquarters at the time of the battle. We filled our canteens from a nice spring near the house, and proceeded on our way southward. A march of one hour brought us to the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, which was closely guarded by troops, as all the supplies for the Army of the Potomac had been sent over that road during the fall and winter of 1863 and 1864. The troops guarding the road cheered us heartily as we passed, and earnestly inquired where we were going. "That's what all would

[1] Dinner in the army is called "roast beef."

like to know," was the only answer we could give them. About three o'clock we arrived at Manassas, which is only a few miles south of the battle-field. The name of Manassas was so long before the minds of everybody in the days of 1861 that the name will never fade from the memories of the war. Earthworks of immense size were to be seen all around on the old encampment. But General Grant had no desire whatever for the Ninth Corps to halt and plant the old flag upon those old evacuated works of the enemy as we marched past. His ambition was to plant the national colors on the elevation south of the dismal Wilderness, then in possession of the enemy.

It was no wonder that the old colored woman, who had seen many thousands of Federal troops pass her lowly cabin, one day asked one of the soldiers in the marching column, "Did all you 'uns hab mudders?"

After a steady march of two hours from Manassas Junction, over a country once prosperous but then devastated by war, we were halted at Bristoe Station on the Occuquan river, sometimes called Broad Run. The corps remained in camp there for five days, and during the time did considerable target practice, preparatory for what was soon to come. Our encampment was on the north side of the river, and upon the ground where a good deal of skirmishing and fighting had taken place at different times since 1861, as that part of the state was almost constantly being fought over during the long years of the war. The camp was one continual hum and bustle, as is usual just before an engagement, presenting an appearance vastly different from that of ordinary camp life, and one that I cannot well describe. But my old comrades will recall it very vividly, I dare say, and, in musing over those days of long ago, will again hear and see the noise and activity of the camp, the waters of the Occuquan as they foamed over the

rocky bed while we sat by our tents at eventide under the starry canopy, enjoying a smoke from the briar or laurel pipe, and discussing coming events. What work remained to be done in the way of preparation for the forward movement was attended to. The general appearance of the camp indicated that we were nearing the day of action; the finishing touches were put on, and everything was in readiness to strike the blow. From generals' down to privates', no hand was idle there.

"From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the rampant unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the drummer
Through the morn."

Our next march would in all probability bring the opposing armies in conflict, and the clash of resounding arms would again shake the hills of old Virginia. Well could we say with blind old Homer,

"Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh,
Even now on life's last verge I see thee stand."

We washed our faces and drank from Occuquan, arranging our toilets upon the grassy bank, and in the shade of the maple, elm, and ash trees wrote the last missives to our homes that we were permitted to write for some time. Many were the letters sent to fathers and mothers, telling them that we were waiting, just waiting, for the order to advance, and asking them to

"Pray, oh! pray most earnestly, that Heaven may for us care."

It was the last time that many of my comrades were permitted to write, for ere there was another day of rest they had paid a soldier's debt, and passed beyond the tide of battle, beyond the smiling and the weeping.

Letters were received from our homes, just before we left Bristoe, containing loving and cheering words, and assuring us that in the great work then lying in our front

> "Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you;
> Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone."

PART VI. FROM BRISTOE TO BEALTON.

> Thence marching southward, smooth and free,
> They mustered their host at Nertherly,
> Full sixteen thousand fair to see,
> The choicest warriors of the North.
>
> —*White Doe of Rylstone.*

Now for the rebels.—*Richard II.*

From the day that the Ninth Corps left Bristoe to the day that General Lee surrendered, it was nothing but war, red war, with all its fury, in which life and property were ruthlessly wasted, and neither tongue nor pen can tell the story. At 1 : 15 on the morning of May 4, General Grant telegraphed to General Burnside from Germania ford to make a forced march until he reached that place. The Army of the Potomac, which had passed the winter in the vicinity of Bealton, Rappahannock, and Brandy stations, about twenty miles in our front, having received marching orders the day before, was already moving. This was the first general movement of troops: it was the first order issued by General Grant on the war-beaten and blood-stained soil of Virginia, where the Federal army had so often been repulsed. The order in a concise point of view was this one word "Forward!"—short, decisive, and characteristic of the cool head of the silent man who issued it. From that very day, while

forcing our way with ball and blade over every foot of the ground between the Rapidan and the James, every order Grant issued for the movements of troops was this one word "Forward!" and short though it was, it surely contained volumes of power; the echo rolled far away, and, like the first shot fired at Concord in the early days of the Revolution, was "heard 'round the world." It was the inextinguishable spark which fired the souls of patriotic soldiers, nerving them for the coming onset; it caused a feeling of restlessness and apprehension to pervade the enemy's camp, for a forward movement of the Federal forces under General Grant, who had been victorious on many fields and had never lost a gun, and who had his army thoroughly organized for the coming campaign with only a few weeks' preparation, was like the explosion of a mighty bomb within the enemy's lines.

The enemy, within their intrenchments just south of the Rapidan, were alert and watchful, yet they seemed at a loss to know just when and where their adversary would make his first move, while the rank and file made sport over the campaign very much at their own expense. The jest in their camp at that time was, "Boys, there 's no more easy times for us; 'pears like old Grant is after us." The Confederate commanders considered themselves masters of the situation, as they had had things about their own way in Virginia from the first, and after three years of fighting did not propose to be baffled by the "Illinois tanner," as their Northern allies called him. Their different army corps were thoroughly reorganized, and were considered in good fighting condition, as they afterwards proved themselves to be, their commanders being confident that they could easily play their old-time movements on Grant and cut him all to pieces. General Lee was their tower of strength, and, after rest-

ing all winter, the corps commanders appeared upon the scene like giants refreshed, and made a bold declaration (or the Richmond papers did for them) that "A sword, a sword is sharpened and also furbished; it is sharpened to make a sore slaughter; it is furbished that it may glitter;" and again they reminded the "Yanks" that both the Rappahannock and the Rapidan were gaping to swallow them up. The chivalrous Lee, standing upon the ramparts of his mighty camp, and facing the invincible Grant, his flashing sword in hand, thus voiced the sentiments of the warrior,—

"So, Trojan! these the fields, this the Italy—which thou hast sought in war, which at last
Thou measurest with thy length! this the reward—
They win, who dare cross swords with me."

Did General Grant make any reply to all this? There is no record of any whatever, but had he been pressed for a reply, he would, in all probability, have knocked the ashes from his cigar, and coolly have said, "Very likely." Everything was done that could be done within the enemy's lines, to inspire their soldiers and spur them on to victory. The commanding officers addressed the ranks of the butternut and gray, urging them to stand fast, be of good courage, and "Let us behave ourselves valiantly for our people and our homes." The Southern ladies, who were brimful of fight, sent cheering words to the troops, begging them to "be strong and courageous."

Thus the great campaign opened, with all the bitter hatred and fierceness that it is possible to imagine. Perhaps no better description of it can be given than to say that at the step of either army the ground shook with a roar. At ten o'clock a. m., Wednesday, May 4, the long and ever deepening lines of the Ninth Corps were again

formed. The signal to "fall in" was rattled from the drums and blown from the mouths of heroic bugles in war-like notes not to be misunderstood. The order was quickly caught up by the brigade and regimental commanders, then by the company commanders, until the air of that May morning echoed and reëchoed with military orders, with the neighing and stamping of horses and the click and clatter of weapons, while the bright sun looked down upon countless thousands of armed men, swiftly forming in ranks of war. The sound to us was more significant and war-like than ever before. The hour of conflict was near at hand. To us it meant long marches, sleepless nights, and hot work in the face of the enemy. We saw the situation very clearly, and well knew that from the time we left Bristoe we were reaching out to grapple with the enemy, who were then ready to move in order to check our advance upon or in the direction of Richmond.

The different divisions and brigades were quickly formed, and were soon moving quietly yet rapidly away. General Stevenson's Division led the corps, followed by Potter's and Willcox's, while Ferrero's Colored Division in the rear guarded the trains. On that historic May day the Federal forces were stretched at intervals from Bristoe *via* Germania ford to Old Wilderness tavern, and *via* Ely's ford to Chancellorsville, fifty miles distant. They were composed of four infantry and one cavalry corps, numbering, in all branches of the service, one hundred thousand men. General Sheridan, with two divisions of cavalry, led the infantry columns, crossing the Rapidan at Germania ford. The Fifth Corps, General Warren commanding, followed, leading the infantry advance on the right, marching rapidly yet cautiously to Old Wilderness tavern. The Sixth Corps, General Sedgwick commanding, succeeded the Fifth

Corps. The Second Corps, General Hancock commanding, moved to the left, crossing the river at Ely's ford and advancing directly to Chancellorsville. The Ninth Corps, General Burnside commanding, followed the Fifth and Sixth Corps, though at some distance in their rear. The artillery, a large and well equipped arm of the service, was commanded by General Hunt. The ambulance trains followed their respective corps, while the wagon-trains brought up the rear. Drawn out in deep array and dreadful length, trampling over green fields, along the dusty roads, through shady groves, and across shining streams, then following along the swift Rapidan and crossing at points designated, moved the great Union army, pressing forward where their chief chose to lead.

It was a mighty army and a grand movement. Officers of high rank, including General Grant, have so expressed their opinion; there appear to be no other words so apt and forcible. It was the flower and chivalry of the North, with spears and torches uplifted, sounding the tocsin of war. Borodino, Marathon, Trafalgar, or Waterloo did not witness a more resolute and determined army. Fearlessly they pressed forward, with all the force and power of a mighty current, their purpose being the perpetuity of the Union, and that not one star should be erased from the old flag. It was indeed a mighty army just at the outset of battle, ready to grapple with another mighty army, going where red battle stamps his foot, and where death rides upon the sulphury sirocco. It was an army the like of which was never before seen on American soil, and was first in the race that led to glory's goal. It was an army that Alexander, Hannibal, or Napoleon would have aspired to command: one as thoroughly organized and equipped they never led to battle.

General Grant had predicted at the outbreak of the war that if the Rebellion were put down at all "it must be stamped out." It looked that day very much as though the stamping out was about to begin. Beyond the Rapidan, beyond dark forests and green fields, another mighty army, vigilant and watchful, was rapidly moving parallel with the Federal army, preparing to check their advance. They held the bow and the lance; they rode upon horses, or marched upon the narrow, uneven, and war-beaten roads of that sparsely settled and wooded country. Their yell echoed through the wood, and over field and dell, as they left their camp and moved rapidly away in a south-easterly direction. Cannon, with inflamed lips, mouths begrimed with English powder, and with blood-shot eyes, peered into the forests, straining every nerve to catch the glimpse of a "Yank." Sullen drums and angry bugles gave out their defiant notes of warning, and the stars and bars, an ensign nowhere recognized on the face of the earth, flapped its folds madly and insultingly in the free winds of heaven.

That army was marching forth to battle, animated by the same spirit once so powerfully manifested in the halls of congress when the Missouri Compromise was repealed, and all over the plains of Kansas when that territory was knocking for admission to the Union as a free state. That army was marching for the supremacy of the slave power, and for a speedy dissolution of the Union, whereby eleven stars would be erased from the old flag which was known on every shore and in England. That army, arrayed in butternut and grey, was armed with every conceivable weapon that could possibly kill or wound. When the flames of war were first kindled, the able-bodied men of the South were appealed to by their leaders to "Arm! Arm for a fight! Reverse the prophecy of the good old prophets, and use

any weapon at hand." On some fields pikes were substituted for bayonets, and shots from squirrel rifles often greeted our ears, while, in the campaign of which I am now writing, harrow teeth were used to feed insatiate cannon. England showed her sympathy for secession and rebellion by sending over a supply of explosive bullets.

Their wagon and ambulance trains, with dirty, torn, and flapping covers, presented a very dilapidated appearance. Some of them were two-wheeled vehicles, and long before reaching Richmond many of them had no wheels, and were drawn along upon an improvised sort of drag. They were in no way to be compared with the nice, white covered wagons which followed the Federal army, well laden with supplies; while the ambulances were palaces on wheels, when compared with the rickety old carts, with wooden axles and linch-pins, which were used to convey the Confederate wounded to the rear.

When the secession movement was inaugurated, the military men of the South, who were "superior to Northern men in the art of war," laid their plans to do all of the fighting near Mason and Dixon's line. The colored people were to raise provisions for the support of the army, brush away the flies while the army were enjoying their rations, and throw up the required earthworks, should any be needed; consequently there would be no use for wagon and ambulance trains, and the army could put in all of their time in peppering the Yankees, and wiping the North as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.

Somehow or other, the great War of the Rebellion, though mapped out by "able military men," did not run along as smoothly as it was planned when the ordinance of secession was passed at Charleston, S. C. The rank and file of that rapidly moving army were bidden by mothers,

by wives, and by all the fair daughters of "Dixie," to be valiant, bend the bow, shoot at the hireling horde, and spare no arrows, assuring them that an arm of flesh only is with the Yankee invaders, while the God of battles is with us. What the Confederate army lacked in the conveniences of modern warfare they made up in a determined fight, resolved to make the most of what they had. Boldly and fearlessly they pressed forward to intercept the Federal army, selecting the field upon which the first great battle of the campaign was to be fought—not one that any one familiar with would have chosen, but where the shadows of the wilderness thickened, and where a ray of sun scarcely penetrated—an isolated region, familiar to the Confederate Thor and his hosts, but wholly unknown to the Federal commander.

But to return to the Ninth Corps. Could those who lived remote from the scene of war's dreadful clang and tumult have seen the troops as they moved away from Bristoe that morning, they would have witnessed a spectacle never to be forgotten. I had never before realized what it was to be a soldier in defence of my country. The troops were apparently as happy and as full of life as the sweet songsters of the grove. They had some days before written their good-byes to their friends at home, and on that morning started on a campaign that will never fade from the annals of history, in which death was to hold high carnival.

We did, however, think of home and friends who were far away, but just then it was for us to nerve for the coming onset, make bright the arrows, gather the shields, trust in God, and keep our powder dry. We were then fast nearing the interior of the enemy's country, battle scarred and desolate Virginia, and who of us would be so fortunate as ever to return was not

easy to conjecture. We had long before learned that the charms of war were not very flattering; nevertheless we merrily marched away southward to where the great cloud of war was fast gathering, and as merrily we sang the old song, one so familiar to the Eleventh Regiment,—

> "The army is gathering from near and from far;
> The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
> For Grant is our leader; he 's gallant and strong;
> We 'll gird on our armor and be marching along."

Notwithstanding the fact that we knew so well what life in a campaign was—days that tried our souls and nerves to their utmost tension—yet there was not a man but what was eager to press forward to see what was awaiting us at the front, and at what point General Grant would strike the first blow, for we had no idea whatever where we were going. We were well aware, however, that it was the first morning of what was to be a severe campaign, and that we were making one grand and rapid movement southward; but just where we might meet the vigilant foe, measure swords, pull the trigger, smell powder amid the dreadful flashings, and listen to the voice of warning from the cannon's mouth, we were, as one can readily imagine, rather impatient to know.

We had not proceeded very far on our way before we were made acquainted with the fact that the march was not going to be boy's play by any means. It was indeed a "forced" one, and the probabilities were that in the campaign the threshold of which we were then crossing, no moderate marches lay in waiting for either the Federal or Confederate armies. It was to be a repetition of the old-time marches in Kentucky and Mississippi, only a deal more so, thoroughly seasoned with sleepless nights, with the throwing up of earthworks, and

with desperate fighting such as had never been experienced in any campaign of the war. Moderate marching, and "falling back for supplies" after an engagement, were then things of the past.

A FORCED MARCH.

These words were often used by newspaper correspondents in war time, and writers of ability have from time to time used them in writing war reminiscences, but have fallen far short of describing what a forced march really is, and have conveyed little idea to their readers of this hard work in a soldier's life. Had I not experienced a forced march in more than one campaign of our civil strife, I certainly would never have known just what it was from what I have read. Describing a forced march is much like telling how one feels when going into battle. Writers often make the attempt, and the next moment go off talking about something else, and there the matter rests. Those not familiar with war have but little knowledge of a forced march, and fail to see just where it comes in; they imagine it is rather fast walking, perhaps, and that is all. The veteran soldier knows all about it—knows more than he can tell; and those who, perchance, may read this sketch, and follow me closely from the time the Ninth Corps left Bristoe until it reached the Wilderness, I think will fully understand what a forced march was in war time. They will very readily see that there was no loitering and having a jolly time by the wayside, like children playing truant when returning from school. At the same time, I will try and refresh the memory of my old comrades concerning those days of extreme peril

and hardship through which we passed that the nation might live.

We were in fine condition for marching. A glance at the moving column that day would have convinced the doubting that we were not beginners at the business. What did we carry? There was a knapsack, and a haversack in which were five days' rations, a cartridge-box containing forty rounds of ammunition, sometimes called "compliments for the rebels," and our Springfield muskets,—all of which made a load to carry on a rapid march. Packing a knapsack for a march required some skill: the skill was not to put in as much as we could, but to leave out as much as possible, for after marching for five or six hours every ounce told its story. As is always the case on long or forced marches, when we were hastening to guard some important point or when a battle was imminent, halts of five minutes were occasionally made, as often as the general commanding thought proper, at the expiration of which we were pushed forward with renewed energy.

We were very soon made acquainted with the fact that the march was one under General Grant, and that there would be no creeping along at a moderate pace for fear of meeting the enemy, "bringing on a general engagement, and then falling back for supplies." The march was a succession of rapid strides. The general appearance of the long line of blue advancing so rapidly, and flashing with all the blazonry of war, spoke volumes of meaning not to be misunderstood; it was a warning to "all enemies and opposers whatsoever" to get out of the way. At noon a halt of one hour was made for dinner near Warrenton Junction.

We marched at the same rapid step during the afternoon, with only a very few short halts, and late in the day crossed the path over which we marched in the fall

of 1862, when on our way to Falmouth. Over the rolling fields, still green and fresh in story, I saw where we encamped for the night when on that memorable march, and the persimmon trees from which many of us obtained our evening meal, as rations were rather short at that time. There was hardly a word spoken in the ranks, but the way we measured off the miles with our well timed feet was marvellous.

About nine in the evening we reached Bealton, and as we marched past the scattering and dilapidated houses which composed the little village, the women watched us from their dimly lighted windows with sorrowful faces. We camped for the night upon a smooth spot of ground covered with a carpet of rich green grass, only a short distance west of the railroad station. That night in early May was one of the loveliest. Cool was the silent sky, and calm, and many bright stars looked down upon the two great armies drawing near to battle. We laid down to rest with nothing to eat; we did not even munch a hardtack. It was too late to eat, and we were somewhat tired, but, like very many of our halts late at night, we thought about it all the same. It is, however, part of a soldier's life to lie down for the night tired and hungry. The weather was so very pleasant that no tents were put up: we simply spread our blankets upon the green sward and laid down to golden dreams, the gift of sweet repose,—

"Lulled by the night wind, pillowed on the ground."

Our minds for a time wandered to the great work which lay before us, almost within our grasp, and to what the next day would bring forth; then to those at home who were so near and dear,—until we fell asleep and rested from the march, while the army of night-loving stars stood watch far in the distant blue.

CHAPTER X.

COMRADE EATON'S DESCRIPTION CONCLUDED—FROM BEALTON TO STEVENSBURGH—CROSSING THE RAPIDAN—"THE PINE SWINGING AGAINST THE PALM."

PART VII. FROM BEALTON TO STEVENSBURGH.

At four o'clock the next morning, May 5, the unvarying order, "Forward!" echoed through the slumbering camp. We hastily buckled on our armor, and with souls nerved with the fire of war again stood in line. As L. took his musket from the stack he sang in that humorous way of his,—

"Oh, take your gun and go, John;
Oh, take your gun and go!"

Almost noiselessly we seemed to glide away from the camp-ground, and as on the preceding day were rapidly moving southward. We were very anxious to press forward and see what the coming day would bring forth, for we well knew that before the sun should bid us good-night over the slopes of the Blue Ridge, we should in all probability be very near to the enemy;—as L. expressed it, "Guess we will have a field-day of it before night." If the old saying, "on the war path," was ever applicable to any body of armed men except Indians, it surely was very applicable to us, for we were "on the war path" in the true sense of the word. The men of that morning were then in the prime of life; to-day, many of the survivors are bowed down, crippled, and gray-headed. That morning of the long ago saw them with hope beaming on every face, scorning the foe, fearing no danger,

"Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb."

We did not eat anything the night before, owing to the lateness of the hour when we halted for the night, and when morning came we had no time to eat anything: in just five minutes after we were awakened, we were moving away. Let me again remind my readers that all this is a part of what is known to the veterans of the war as a "forced march." We shook the dust of Bealton from our feet in a hurry, well knowing that the march of that day would be a long and tedious one, and in all probability surpass that of the day before. Soon after leaving Bealton, General Burnside and staff rode for a while only a little way to our left, following the railroad. I can see the old hero now! He rode his trusty old war-horse, long and well known to all soldiers of the Ninth Corps as "old bob-tail," which was the one he always rode, as he once said, "when there is danger ahead." The general wore his coat buttoned closely, which appeared to give him more of a military bearing.[1] He wore a high military hat with the brim turned down, around which was a heavy gold cord or braid. He was a plain, unassuming man, and was held in high esteem by the Ninth Corps. Long shall we remember his familiar face, and long shall we recount his deeds of valor.

I shall never forget the general's horse as he appeared that morning;—there was no music, and the only noise heard was the rushing sound peculiar to a moving body of armed men. The old war-horse appeared to know just what was required of him and where he was going. His eyes shot gleaming flame as he watched the moving column, and his step was as precise as that of a soldier when on parade. That faithful horse carried his rider through many battles and places of extreme danger; he was the general's pet, and, like his gallant rider, long ago passed away.

[1] General Grant seldom wore his coat buttoned.

"Where art thou gone, old friend and true?
What place hast thou to fill?
For it may be thy spirit form
Somewhere is marching still."

The colored people were in their element (as might well have been expected) over "Massa Lincoln's men under Gen'l Grant." They had seen many troops from time to time, but they never saw so large an army. They interrogated each other as to what "old massa and missus would say, could dey see all dese sojers from de Norf." When questioned as to where their masters were, one burly fellow replied, "My massa's in de rebel army, sah; he's been done gone dis tree year." Once when the brigade was favored with a halt, a buxom colored woman, recently married, and whose Benedict had enlisted and was then in the rear bound for the front, made her appearance. The coal-black woman was crying and taking on at a terrible rate as she approached us, ostensibly for our sympathy. She did not want to be left alone, and expressed her determination to follow her spouse, declaring, amid her blubbering and fall of tears, "I carn stay behin, O Lord, I carn stay behin." Hurriedly we marched onward, passing dark green forests, devastated plantations, negro cabins, and fine old Virginia farmhouses resting upon grassy slopes, closely environed with clusters of elms or of spreading oaks, through which the young sun of summer sifted his warm rays, kissing the vacant windows with a golden glow. We crossed little streams where our canteens were hastily filled, and passed over the ground where a part of the Army of the Potomac had spent the winter, and who like ourselves were hurrying to the front. So rapid was the march that it might well be called a flight, and but little pleasure was derived from what we saw by the wayside while being forced to our utmost strength.

About ten o'clock in the morning a report reached us to the effect that "General Grant had attacked the enemy, and was driving them with fearful slaughter, and raising h—l generally with the rebels, and that if the Ninth Corps did not hurry up it would have no hand in the work at all, but would miss all the fun." L. responded to this piece of news in his usual loud voice, "Let 'em fight, let 'em fight; it will amount to nothing. Grant can't do anything till we get there, anyhow." We had no fear of "missing the fun:" that was not our luck by any means. We gave three cheers for General Grant, and sent word to him to "Hold the fort, for we are coming."

The halts were less frequent than those of the day before; they were like angels' visits, few and far between, and only for a few minutes. The moment the bugles sounded "Halt!" it was something of a curiosity to see how quickly the line sank to the ground. It seemed to melt down like snow upon hot iron. It made no difference what the condition of the roads was: every man dropped to the ground as though an enfilading fire had mown them down, for the many long marches we had experienced had taught us to rest when an opportunity presented itself. General Sturgis once told us, when on the march down through Virginia in the fall of 1862, at one time when many of us were standing during a halt,—"Men," said he, "sit down and rest when you have the chance, if only for one minute." Precisely at twelve o'clock the column was halted for a rest of one hour, a few miles east of Culpeper court-house and near Stevensburgh. Our rations consisted of fresh beef boiled, and that staple article known as hardtack; that was our bill of fare every day during the campaign—when we got anything—and a soldier's allowance only, the reader may rest assured. There were times, however, when we had no chance to eat anything, had we had never so

much. It was the good fortune of the Eleventh Regiment to rest and enjoy their lunch under a few large pine and oak trees, which had long served to shade a farm-house near by. The day was very warm, and, as we laid aside our arms and wiped our perspiring faces and surveyed the giant old trunks and branches, we were ready to exclaim in rather a poetical sort of way,—

> "Welcome, ye shades, ye bowery thickets!
> Hail, ye lofty pines, ye venerable oaks!"

While L., who always took a special pride in being different from the rest of his comrades, shouted at the top of his voice, "Bully for our side." A canteen of water from a fine spring close by, drank while resting in the heavy shade, was very refreshing. A long life to the old canteen! was the soldier's fervent wish.

A regiment, unknown to us, had encamped upon that ground during the winter just passed. I saw quite a number of boxes lying upon the ground marked, "Forwarded by —— Express Company," proving that some of those who had spent the long winter there were not forgotten by their loved ones at home. Upon the corner of one of these boxes I wrote in large letters, "On to Richmond, now or never!" and nailed it to one of the trees for a guide-board, and for the edification of the family who lived close by. I was informed by a young lady of the house that "Before three days you Yankees will all be going back to Washington much faster than you have come, with General Lee and his army after you. Old Grant can do nothing with our brave General Lee;" and the flash of her eyes surpassed that of a Parrott gun. The hour allotted us for rest soon passed away; we hastily soaped the inside of our stockings to prevent our feet from blistering,—an idea we had learned while on our long marches,—when the bugle in clear

notes summoned us to "fall in," and tramp on as before. As Colonel Harriman mounted his horse, he said to a few of us who were standing near him, "We shall without a doubt see the famous Rapidan before night," but he did not know where we were going. We had heard and read so much about the Rapidan, that the very thought of the river sent an electric thrill through every soldier. It imparted new life to the weary, and every one was eager to press onward to catch a glimpse of the fast rolling river which had for many months been the dividing line between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia. We had no idea whatever where we were going, only that we were bound for the Rapidan.

PART VIII. CROSSING THE RAPIDAN.

A peculiar sensation pervaded the ranks that afternoon, which told us in a manner not to be mistaken that we were nearing the end of our march; and we were then "snuffing the battle from afar," but we did not know it. Our march that afternoon was in a south-easterly direction, and somewhat away from the previous devastations of war. The enemy was then marching directly east. Hill's corps, or a portion of it, could not have been more than two or three miles south of us. General Lee, in moving his forces, had two good roads running direct from Orange Court-House, his head-quarters, to the Wilderness, while General Grant had but one. Early moved on the Orange turnpike, or the most northerly of these, while Hill and Longstreet moved on the Orange plank road, or the most southerly one. Longstreet, however, was some distance away, having left Gordonville early that morning.

The afternoon was exceedingly warm, and the march was very rapid. Plantations were not seen as frequently as on the two preceding days. Our line of march was over rolling and sandy lands, and along the edge of a large forest. Frequently the blue line was changed to a deeper hue, as it entered the shadows of the tall pines and pointed cedars which stood by the wayside. The only sound heard was that peculiar, muffled, shuffling sound mingled with a click, due to the moving of infantry, which the veteran so well remembers. Every man was armed with forty rounds of amunition, with a liberal supply of Hail Columbia spiced with Yankee Doodle in his knapsack.

> "* * * hurrying on, hurrying on,
> Where life is lost and victory won."

On, on, on, we hurriedly marched. The horses were alert, and seemed to know that they were on the war-path engaged in a mighty work, and both men and horses chafed under the indescribable pressure which was brought to bear upon them; a deep feeling, as of passion, surged along the line, and even the ashes of the dead heroes seemed stirred in their graves by the wayside. It was a grand prelude to what was so soon to throw fire in the gloomy wood not far away, for our step was as firm as our wills, at the thought of the river. It was like the rushing of many waters, or a storm sweeping through the forest, when suddenly, just as we emerged from a pine grove, in going down a gentle declivity, a shout as of victory arose from the ranks, and all hearts were buoyant and thrilled with fresh vigor as we were halted at the river. There before us rushed the gleaming waters of the Rapidan, a river which the war had made famous. To the Federal army it was the Rubicon, beyond which every foot of advance would be seriously impeded by the

enemy. The point on the river where we were halted, and where we crossed, was Germania ford: it was an important point on that river, and one often mentioned in all histories of the Civil War.

Why General Lee did not attack General Grant and prevent or delay his (Grant's) crossing the Rapidan, has been a subject of considerable discussion since the war by those who do not fully understand the positions of the two great armies at that time. The ground upon which General Lee could have made the attacks was admirable for defensive operations: it was as favorable for the Confederacy as was the field of Fredericksburg. The high and wooded bluffs on the south side of the river were crowned with abandoned earthworks, long before thrown up by the Confederates, though not laid out with as much military skill and exactness of form as those thrown up by the Federal army. They were, to use the Confederate expression, "not much for looks, but h—l for strength." Upon the north side the ground was very much lower, and would have been disastrous to the Federal army, as it would have received a plunging fire. General Lee, vigilant and watchful though he was, was completely outgeneralled by Grant relative to the moving of the Federal forces, and could not well have disputed Grant's crossing at Germania ford, however much he might have desired to do so, for the simple reason that General Grant did not intend that he should. It is very probable that General Lee intended to dispute Grant's passage of the Rapidan: it was what any general in Grant's position would have expected; it would have been strictly in accordance with the art of war. Then, again, it was policy for Lee to attack Grant just as far from Richmond as possible. General Grant saw all this, and put on a very bold front in locating his head-quarters at Culpeper, about ten miles north of Orange Court-

House, where his adversary was closely watching his movements. Close at hand, sheltered in a city of white tents, rested the well disciplined Federal army eagerly watching every sound and movement. They were like hounds straining upon the start, but no news reached them from day to day, only that the advanced pickets had fired a few shots at each other across the river. When the right time came, Grant marched, or rather he glided away, with his hosts toward the south-east, mighty in strength yet silent, fully equipped for battle, and not forgetting that General Lee could in every instance choose the ground upon which to make the attack.

General Lee entertained the idea that Grant would move by the Federal right, but somehow General Grant did not always do as his opponents desired that he should. Watchful and alert though General Lee was, and notwithstanding the assistance that women, spies, and newspapers gave him, yet he spent too much of his valuable time in watching the Federal right and strengthening the Confederate left, just as General Grant intended he should, and did not discover, until about 1 o'clock of that day (May 4) by what route General Grant intended to confront the Confederate army. The scattering line of Lee's mounted pickets, who were daily scouring the country along the south bank of the Rapidan and east of Morton's ford, must have discovered at a very early hour on the morning of the 4th, with the assistance of Confederate women living within the Union lines, that the Federal army was moving. Their long and eager watchfulness on the banks of that river was at last rewarded on that beautiful May morning, and they lost no time in putting spurs to their horses, and hastily, almost breathlessly, informed their chieftain somewhat after the manner of Le Cid's battle song,—

"* * * Grant is on his way.
With the tambour peal and the techir shout,
And the horn through the forest ringing out,
He hath marshalled his blue array."

General Lee saw Grant's plans at once. It was unexpected, and in his amazement he might have exclaimed with Marmion's Squire Fitz Eustice,

"My basnet to a 'prentice's cap, Lord Luny 's o'er the Till,"—

and the chance to attack the Federal army at Germania ford was forever lost. Nor was General Lee dismayed at this. By the direction in which the Federal army was moving, he could at a glance see that General Grant must pass through that wild and wooded region known as the Wilderness; every one of its lonely roads and by-ways was familiar to the Confederate army, but the Federal army had never trodden there.

General Lee took fresh courage at this, and well he might. Any one acquainted with the country toward which the Federal army was moving would not doubt for a moment but that it was marching into the jaws of death. General Lee was certain of this, and felt sure that what he had lost at the ford he was about to regain on the cross-roads and by-ways in that gloomy forest, and, like Pharaoh of old, could say, "They are entangled in the land; the wilderness hath shut them in." He very well knew that he could reach the centre of that dense wood in advance of Grant, as he had the shortest route over which to march, and there where the narrow and lonely roads cross could form his lines, strike Grant's long columns, cut them in two, and rout them. Lee foresaw, or thought he did, the same fate for Grant that befell Hooker at Chancellorsville, the northern boundary of the Wilderness region one year before. He considered that his army of 65,000 men, which was a very low estimate

of the Confederate forces, was fully competent to overpower and crush Grant. He considered that Grant's superiority in numbers would be of little moment when compared to his own superior advantages.

Being thus flushed at the thought of success, Lee apparently never gave one thought to the fact that he was on the very verge of battle with U. S. Grant, and *not* with any of the past Federal commanders. Two days later, however, he was made acquainted with facts, which caused him to open his eyes as he never did before. General Grant had anticipated that should he succeed in crossing the river in safety, no attack would be made until he could reach the high and open ground near Spottsylvania Court House. In this he was mistaken, and upon his arrival at Germania ford he clearly saw the ominous cloud darkening around the Wilderness, foretelling what was soon to take place. Nor was Grant dismayed at this: he at once made up his mind that if his adversary could fight in that wild, wooded place, he could also, and preparations for the attack were swiftly made.

Both armies were soon in brisk motion. There was a noise of war in the camp, and while the long columns of the Federal army were so swiftly measuring off the miles with their feet, the Confederate army only a few miles south of them were doing the same thing with marvellous rapidity. Both armies were rushing forward to bathe their pitiless steels in human gore, wherever they should meet. Hill and Ewell, of Confederate fame, had the shortest route; consequently they reached the Wilderness in advance of the Federal columns. The distance between the two advancing armies was only a few miles, and to the well attuned ears of the Confederate soldiers the ground just north of them must have seemed to jar under

"The heavy tread of mail-clad multitudes,
Like thunder showers upon the forest paths."

What were the feelings of the Federal troops? We were nerved for the fray with an unflinching power, while

"Hope sang with courage bold,
There's glory on the morrow."

General Lee had been so very sure that Grant would move by the right, that Longstreet was at that time ten miles or more west of Hill and Ewell, he having left Gordonsville, where he had been watching Grant's right, at 4 p. m. on the 4th, and he was obliged to make a forced march in consequence. It will be seen, then, that Burnside's corps of the Federal, and Longstreet's of the Confederate, army made forced marches at the opening of the campaign.

General Grant, in planning his campaigns, did not do just as his adversary desired that he should. Before a gun of that campaign had been fired, Lee was certainly outgeneralled, a fact which writers, when comparing the abilities of these two great generals, have usually overlooked. The crossing of the Rapidan was virtually crossing the threshold of battle, and that, too, without losing a man, a horse, a gun, or a wagon. In a campaign like that, with only one road upon which to move such an immense army, the movement was indeed marvellous, and its like was never before known in ancient or modern warfare. It is something for the opposers of General Grant to consider, before denouncing the campaign a failure, as many do to this day, for there is not a shadow of a doubt but that General Grant was very anxious for the safety of his army until he saw it upon the south bank of the river, and knew that Lee was foiled in the attempt to dispute his crossing. It was

a movement that Grant might well be proud of. Well did his brave and finely equipped army exclaim, "Hurrah! we have crossed the Rubicon!"

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying."

PART IX. "THE PINE SWINGING AGAINST THE PALM."

Germania ford is in a somewhat romantic dell, remote from any dwelling; and, situated as it is under high bluffs, with dark green woods overhanging, it presents a wild and solitary aspect; the place, moreover, has been associated on every side with scenes that will long be memorable in connection with the civil war. It was a few minutes past four o'clock when the tramping of many feet was heard upon the pontoon bridge, which creaked and swayed under its burden, telling that the column was crossing, yes, crossing the "Rubicon," while the clear, rushing waters of the Rapidan made their music to an armed host for the last time. Little did some of my comrades think, perhaps, that the next stream which they would cross, and only a few hours hence, would be "with the boatman cold and pale."

We then ascended the steep heights or bluffs upon the south side of the river, where a short halt was made to allow the troops to come up. As the blue, stately lines ascended the heights,—a column of armed men, thoroughly disciplined and ready for action,—it was indeed a picture of war, and one which would have inspired the warriors of ancient days, could they have looked upon it.

General Grant in his Memoirs, Vol. II (page 185), thus desribes that wild and wooded country: "The country was heavily wooded at all points of crossing, particu-

larly on the south side of the river. The battle-field, from the crossing of the Rapidan until the final movement from the Wilderness toward Spottsylvania, was of the same character. There were some clearings and small farms within what might be termed the battle-field, but generally the country was covered with a dense forest. The roads were narrow and bad. All conditions were favorable for defensive operations."

Just then the order "Forward!" was given, and we marched rapidly away. "Son of man, set thy face against Pharoah and his host, for the battle is near," was the message borne on the wings of the wind to every man. With heavy hearts and weeping eyes our loved ones and the loyal people of the North watched us on that long and swift march; they saw us dimly through the cloud of war as we crossed the Rapidan, but we were soon lost from their sight in the shadows of the Wilderness. Very soon after leaving the heights near the river, and just as we had passed through a point of wood which projected somewhat from the main forest at our right, the first mutterings of the coming storm met our ears. In the gloomy forest in our front, and not more than five miles distant, the tempest was raging desperately and obstinately, telling all who were within a circle of ten miles around that the pine was once more swinging against the palm.

"General Ulysses has commenced business in Virginia very much after his way at Vicksburg," remarked L., as he listened with all his ears to the desperate work, which sounded nearer and clearer as we pressed forward. We very soon learned that the right of the Federal line, commanded by General Sedgwick, had attacked the enemy, and very severe fighting was the result, as we could plainly hear; the left and centre were quiet, as, of all the troops who were to engage in the work of blood on

that part of the line, none were in position except a few brigades of Hancock's and Warren's corps. We were then touching the borders of a mighty maelstrom, and, although it was five miles to our east, we could distinctly hear the resistless surging, the rush and the roar at the vortex to which we were hastening.

The march from about fifteen minutes past four until about half past five that afternoon was far more rapid than at any time since leaving Bristoe. I can safely say that the brigade never saw an hour's march like that one, before or since: it was almost a double-quick. It was truly miraculous to see with what rapidity our feet measured off the miles amid a cloud of dust, which was almost suffocating in the hot sun. This was a "forced march." Colonel Harriman sat as erect as he was wont to do upon his favorite horse, "Old Kaintuck," brave, good, and true. I can see him before me now, that form so straight, and his ever genial face I shall never forget.

"Of all our knights he was the flower, always gay."

In one hand he held the rein, while the other swung by his side as if keeping time to the rapid step. As he turned and looked back upon the column, the expression of his face seemed to say, "The combat deepens: on, ye brave!" Lieutenant-Colonel Collins followed in the rear upon his well known steed. It was the last march that he ever made with us: at that hour on the next day he filled a soldier's grave in a gloomy glen of the Wilderness.

"Blest by his God with one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory, ere he passed away."

Alas! the commanders of the Eleventh Regiment have long since answered to their final roll-call beyond the lines, free from war's dread confusion.

Not more than two miles south of us, the Confederate Signal Corps on Clark's mountain was signalling to Lee that the Ninth Corps had crossed the Rapidan, and were moving southward. They should also have added to this, "armed with hell flames and fury." The rapid march, the long and curved lines of blue hurrying to action, and bearing weapons that flashed to a purpose—made a picture familiar to the veterans, which is not soon to be forgotten.

The artillery on either side was not hurried in its work. At intervals its heavy detonations rang out like a mighty gong, until we felt its great pulsations as we hurried forward, like a flaming fire, to the assistance of those who were engaged at the front in the hot blast of battle. Our well timed and well tried feet kept step to the rattle of the guns, while

> "Higher, higher, higher,
> Burned the old-fashioned fire,
> Through the ranks."

It was Ewell's Corps that confronted Sedgwick that afternoon. It arrived there ahead of Hill, the last named having the longest route over which to march. Ewell was trying to break Sedgwick's line, while Hill was peering anxiously and cautiously through the sombre thicket at Hancock and Warren, who were getting into position as fast as the uneven ground and dense undergrowth would admit. It was very apparent that only one Federal and one Confederate corps were then in action, with perhaps the exception of one or two brigades from Hill's Corps. The fighting that we could hear so distinctly, severe though it seemed, was only giving dreadful notes of preparation: it was the fierce growl of what was soon to follow.

About 5 : 30 o'clock the Second Brigade, dust begrimed

and weary, was halted just at the roadside, upon a slight elevation or ridge of land, there to await orders. As L. stacked his musket and threw off his equipments, he sang, in that peculiar way of his, as he looked toward the insolent foe,—

"Here we are, as you diskiver,
All the way from the roaring river."

At a farm-house just east of us, and only a short distance away, stood the horses of General Griffin and staff, just as they were halted from the swift march: horses and riders, as well as the blue column, were waiting for orders. As we were then about three miles from the front, it was very difficult to tell whether we would press right forward, or remain where we then were for several hours. The ridge of land upon which we were then resting was in an open farming country, and near the edge of the long and broken tract of wood through which we had just marched.

The western sky, which was beginning to take on streaks of gold and crimson, was almost obscured from our view by the large pine wood close in our rear. In our immediate front, that is, to the east, was a tract of farming country many acres in extent, which had suffered little, if any, by the ravages of war. Still farther to the east, or rather to the south-east, at a distance of about three miles, stood, silent and motionless, the woods of that fatal field where Sedgwick and Ewell were then hotly engaged.

Grant's Memoirs, Vol. II, page 189, shows a map of the region. The road from Germania ford, over which we marched that afternoon, is clearly shown, together with the farming country I have mentioned. The farm-house, as shown in the tract of farming country marked "Beal," is the place where General Griffin and staff were waiting for orders.

Long lines of stacked muskets, with equipments hanging thereon, containing forty rounds of ammunition, converted the sloping ridge where we rested into a very warlike place, vastly different, I think, from what it was the evening before, when held by the enemy. Close by flowed a little stream, to which many of us repaired in the shimmer of sunset and enjoyed a bath, which was very refreshing after the long and dusty march. The sun was now setting, and as the blue of the western sky was melting into the faint, golden mellowness, the evening star suddenly shone out with a friendly look. The shadowed light of evening rested upon the slopes of the woodland swell, and all the glory of that early summer evening came down in silent lapse upon the undulating landscape, the waiting army, and that solitary region:

> "And where the shadows deepest fell,
> The wood-thrush rang his silver bell."

PART X. FROM THE RIDGE TO WILDERNESS TAVERN.

The evening of May 5 was beautiful: it was one of the loveliest ever seen. In the cooling breezes wafted through the pines and over fields white with honeysuckle and red with clover blossoms, we sat upon the ground waiting for orders. The Federal and Confederate hosts, a choir of devils, were still striving for the mastery in the dark wood with a rage most obstinate, most obstinate and horrible, and, as in the afternoon, the wood rang dreadful with the clang and crash of arms. The swift fight, the smiting of the shafts of war, the streams of fire from the zig-zag lines were violent and unrelenting; nor did the fearful crashing cease until the carnage clogged the ears, and darkness, falling in

deeper shades on woodland and dell, blinded the eyes of the enraged troops. It was nearly nine o'clock when the tumult ceased, and the combatants, vigilant and watchful, each holding his own ground in the dense wood, rested for the night upon their blackened and heated weapons. About nine o'clock, or very soon after the musketry had ceased, we heard loud cheering coming from different points along the line, and just what it meant we were at a loss to know. At first we supposed it was a charge in the darkness; but as there was no musketry firing we were soon convinced to the contrary, though the mystery was not solved. Before we reached the front the next morning, we learned that the cheers were given General Grant as he rode along the line, looking after the troops, and directing certain movements for the next day. The exulting cheers which were given the commander of the Federal army that night, in the lone haunts of the Wilderness, caused far more consternation in the Rebel lines than a hundred shells thrown in their midst would have done; it proved that we had the utmost confidence in our commander in his first campaign in Virginia against the Confederate capital. Verily, then,

"One blast from Rhoderick Dhu was worth a thousand men."

Upon the grassy ridge we waited, just waited, for the dawn. Anxious fathers and mothers, at both the North and the South, were waiting for the morrow. Generals Grant and Lee were waiting as they never did before. The old ship of state, which had long been tossed upon a stormy midnight sea until nearly wrecked, was waiting. President Lincoln, anxious and care-worn, was waiting, anticipating happy results, and, guided by the divine injunction, his last appeal to us was

"To take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for mine help."

The crash of battle we had heard that afternoon and evening had bade us prepare for the morrow, to prepare for a day that would blush with blood, and there we were, waiting for the final move which would take us to the front. Throughout the brigade the men sat in squads, and talked in suppressed tones about the great work which the next day would ultimately bring forth, every word of which, together with the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will, made the silence more profound. The soft winds sighed mournfully through the pines, and seemed to say that sword and gun, shield and lance, torch and battle-axe were prepared, and that the death-angel had already preceded us to where the desperate carnage was so soon to be. There is no such thing as telling the story of that remarkable night. I look back to it now, and call it a night of horrors. We did not think so then, for the reason, I suppose, that it was a part of a soldier's life, and what we had been looking for; it was a part of war, and was what we expected just before a battle. We were eager to press forward and see for ourselves just what was waiting for us in the dark wood to the east of us, and what the soft winds or some unseen form was whispering in the midnight darkness. In vain did we ask,

> "Watchman! tell us of the night,
> What its signs of promise are."

As there were no indications whatever of moving, at about half-past ten Colonel Harriman said to us, "Boys, lie down and sleep, but don't unroll your blankets; and finally, I think you might as well sleep with one eye open, for there is no knowing what may happen." We laid down upon the dewy grass with our knapsacks for pillows, and, as we were tired from the day's march were soon asleep.

"All slept but those in watchful arms who stood,
And those who sat tending the beacon's light."

It was the eve of battle, the eve of a great day which would forever live in history.

Before going to sleep we gave a thought to those at home,—how the candles were lit in the parlor, how the stars shone in the calm azure sky; we thought of the good-nights that were said and repeated by the loving ones who missed us. We said our good-nights and benedictions for them, hoping, should we fall in the strife, that "He who noteth the fall of a sparrow, would note the fall of one of us." At half past twelve we were summoned to "Awake, awake, put on strength; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generation of old." In the thick darkness Colonel Harriman's voice rang out as clear as a bugle, "Fall in, Eleventh!" and as I sprang to my feet I heard the order at some little distance away, summoning other regiments in the brigade to do likewise. This order, at that time and place, we well knew meant business in good earnest. "Well, boys, the time is near at hand; now for the fight," was the general remark, as equipments and knapsacks were hastily buckled on, and the silver-tipped stacks of muskets distributed in the darkness. The lightnings gleaming through the midnight gloom, the chance of life and death which closes round in that struggling hour, caused many a deep breathed prayer to the God of battles, that amid the coming flame no cloud might lower upon them, and that the glad smile of victory would at last dispel the gloom. Notwithstanding the fact that there was quite a large force in that immediate vicinity, so quiet were they that silence reigned supreme: it was almost oppressive. It was at the dead hour of night, while all the people throughout the land were sleeping, that we were marching forth to participate in one of the

greatest battles of all the earth. The eventful night will never fade from my memory.

"Night of nights! who thy tale of woe shall tell."

With not a minute's delay, we rapidly and almost noiselessly glided away in the darkness. Company E, of the Eleventh, was detailed as rear guard; consequently we were the last to leave. When on the point of leaving, Lieutenant-Colonel Collins rode up, and gave us the order, "Allow no man to fall out of the ranks!" and, if I remember correctly, it was the last order I ever heard him give. The march in that early morning was still upon the Germania plank-road, over which we marched the evening before. This road passes through the northern portion of the Wilderness region, thence on to Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg. By the direction we were then marching, it was very evident that we were going to the centre or to the left of the line, as the point whence the noise of the battle was heard on the evening before was at some distance to our right.

Longstreet had encamped on the night of the 5th near Craig's meeting-house on the Catharpin road, about five miles directly south from where we lay. About midnight, General Lee sent a message to him, informing him of the battle of the afternoon before, and directing him to move at once, and march directly to Parker's store, and there form his line of battle. Burnside and Longstreet were doing the forced marching for the opening of the campaign. The roads over which we were marching to reach the front were about the same length. By the dim light of pine knots and home-made lamps, which were rags soaked in grease, the dwellers along the Catharpin road likewise gazed upon an armed host for the last time. Only a few miles distant stood Hill and Ewell, and in the stillness of the night Longstreet was

rapidly coming to their assistance. Lee, as generalissimo of the Confederate army, was already on the ground planned for the onset. In the darkness that same voice, which urged the Federal army forward, must at that very time have whispered to them these words of warning: "O daughter, gird thee with sackcloth, and wallow thyself in ashes, for the spoiler shall suddenly come upon thee." Our march down the plank-road in the quiet of the night was as rapid as it had been on the two preceding days. It was a night of sable darkness, so that we could not see the loose stones, broken planks, and the many pit-falls in the shape of wash-outs and gullies. Often did sparks of fire fly from the rolling stones, as they were struck by our tireless and well timed feet.

About three o'clock we reached Orange Grove, where the enemy was seen in force on the morning of May 5. It was near this place where General Sedgwick formed his line when he moved to the attack at about noon of that day. Orange Grove is a small clearing of a few farms only in that desolate region. We were then just entering the main portion of the Wilderness, a dark and heavy wood wrapped in absolute silence, where the two lines of battle were already formed. The scene was singularly oppressive. The trembling foliage seemed to whisper "To-morrow!" while from afar shone on the line the morning star. That day, just dawning, would bring joy to the birds, the flocks, and the smiling face of nature, but to the thousands of armed men, then hidden in the thickets of that tangled wood, it was to be a day of extreme hardship and apprehension, a day of tumult and peril that would burn as an oven. Ah!

> "Many a heart was beating, that dreamed not of retreating,
> Which, ere the sun was setting, lay still and cold in death."

The mighty wilderness was quiet, save the moving of

troops. Not a gun had been fired announcing the coming conflict. I thought I could hear a mysterious voice summoning the Federal hosts to "Prepare war, wake up the mighty men; let all the men of war draw near; let them come up; let the weak say, I am strong." A little farther on, where the roadway was narrow and the growth heavy, we heard the galloping of horses in our rear. In a minute more we heard the command given in a loud voice, "Give way to the left!" It was General Burnside and staff riding to the front. At a little distance we saw Federal pickets, just relieved from night duty, making coffee over a little fire in a clearing on the hillside, while at other points troops were moving with rapid steps toward the front. As we marched on and neared the field of strife, everything seemed more warlike; everything upon which the eye rested told us very plainly that a day was dawning that would live long in history; it was a vivid reminder of what we enlisted for. In that exciting moment, we fervently hoped and prayed that if the coming day should usher in the noise and wrath of battle, it might also bring the victors' song and a wild hurrah for the old flag, even if many of us were left sleeping in death upon the bloody sod. Yes, it was indeed a day long to be remembered in that lonely region, with all the horrors of war staring us squarely in the face; but we would not have missed it for the world. More than once on that memorable morning did the words of the old song ring in my ears,—

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,—
To be living is sublime."

Just in the gray of the morning we reached Wilderness tavern, which was General Grant's head-quarters, and our march was at an end. At a short distance only

from that place, we crossed Wilderness run, a pretty woodland stream with alder-fringed banks, chanting its delicate treble amid the rocks and hollows of the historic ground. At our left, after crossing the stream, was the encampment of the Ambulance Corps, almost screened from sight by the dark green wood. I heard one of them say to his comrade, as he gazed upon the long line (Second Brigade), "I tell you what, Joe, there is going to be warm work on the left to-day." The ambulance driver was right. The Second Brigade was assigned to a position on the left that day, and long before sunset every man could testify to the truthfulness of the statement. Upon reaching the Wilderness tavern we turned to the right and passed into an open field; then we marched up a slight elevation and entered a thick pine wood. In much less time than it takes to tell it, we formed our line of battle, and were ready to advance to the front, which was a zig-zag line through the dense wood, and not far away. It was then not quite five o'clock.

I will now give a summary of that forced march, and the others in which we participated. We left Bristoe at ten o'clock a. m., on the 4th day of May, and at five o'clock on the morning of the 6th we stood in line of battle in the Wilderness, having marched a distance of fifty miles. Had we not been halted to await orders on the evening of the 5th to half past twelve on the morning of the 6th, we would have reached the Wilderness before ten o'clock on the evening of the 5th. General Grant says in his report on that campaign, that "it was a march of rare occurrence."

Our poets have told us, in verse beautifully written, of the famous rides that were made in the days of the Revolution. Among them is the ride of Paul Revere and

that of Mary Butters, while Sheridan's ride took place in the War of the Rebellion. Without boasting, I say that the march of the Ninth Corps from Bristoe to the Wilderness should rank with the famous rides. My comrades of the old Ninth Corps: Take a map of the United States, and look up the long roads over which we marched in order to suppress that wicked rebellion. Beginning in the fall of 1862, there was the long march through Virginia on the east side of the Blue Ridge from Pleasant Valley in Maryland to Falmouth; then glance at Kentucky, and from county to county and from town to town you can easily trace the way where we once rapidly marched over those hard and smooth pikes. Turn then to Misissippi, and from near Vicksburg to Jackson, and the return, made under a hot July sun with but little water and rations, was a killing march which disabled the corps for months. There was the long march from Camp Nelson, Kentucky, to Knoxville, and then the return. The spring of 1864 saw the corps in camp for a few weeks at Annapolis, Md., and from that place our tireless feet measured every foot of the way to Petersburg, Va. As your eyes follow these long roads, you will hardly believe that you ever did it, or, at least, you will wonder how you ever did it.

The name of "Burnside's travelling menagerie" had long been applied to the corps, but had the one who thus gave it the name waited until the morning of May 6, 1864, before giving the corps that inappropriate name, he would have been at his wit's end for a name that would have been truly applicable. "Travelling menagerie" would have been a very tame one. All the marches made by the Federal army in that great campaign, from the breaking up of the camp north of the Rapidan to the surrender of Lee, were done in the same rapid way I have described. In addition to the swift and

terrible marches between the Wilderness and Petersburg, every foot of the way was cut with ball and blade. All through that campaign it was fight all day and march all night, or vice versa. Marching was not done for the sake of giving the troops "exercise," as was done in the early part of the war, but to defeat the enemy.

O sons of veterans! you have listened to war stories told by your worthy sires, which were truthful and interesting to hear, but may Heaven shield you from days like those away back in "the sixties." "Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw."

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—J. W. JACKSON'S ACCOUNT—CAPTAIN SHEPARD'S ACCOUNT—COLONEL HARRIMAN'S STATEMENT—GENERAL GRIFFIN'S PLEASURE—CAPTAIN TILTON'S ACCOUNT—LETTER OF ADJUTANT MORRISON.

Wednesday morning, May 4, the regiment left Bristoe station, and marched eighteen miles to Bealton station on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, and bivouacked at night in a field of very tall green grass, which made a good bed for the weary men; the next morning, Thursday, the march was resumed, and the Rappahannock was crossed on a pontoon bridge at Rappahannock station. The march was down the south-westerly side of the river, and at five o'clock the famous Rapidan was crossed at Germania ford, and a mile beyond the men rested on their arms upon a high ridge of land, where the incessant roll of musketry of the first day's battle in the Wilderness could be heard. Tired and weary the men lay down, and were lulled to sleep for a few minutes at a time by that music, which continued far into the night. The men were under orders to be ready to move at any moment.

At two o'clock, on the morning of Friday, May 6, the regiment marched to the battle-field, and, just as the day was dawning, took its place in the line of battle, in a dense, heavy wood where the trees were so near together that it was difficult for men to pass between them. The regiment was at the right of the plank road from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House. The Sixth Corps (Sedgwick's) held the extreme right of the Union line; then came the Fifth (Warren's); then the Second (Han-

Converse G. Morgan.

cock's). The Ninth Corps had its position with the Second, and, occupying the left centre, confronted its old antagonists, Longstreet's Corps, pitted against it at Knoxville. The regiment held its position until about eleven o'clock, when an order was received from Grant to move all the available force to the left to relieve Hancock who was being hard pressed.

The Eleventh had the advance of the brigade, and when the centre was reached a line of battle was formed, and an advance was made until the Third Division was reached, the men of which were lying upon the ground, hesitating to advance. The order came for the Second Brigade to advance, which it did in the face of a terrible, murderous fire, the bullets raining upon the men like hailstones. Just as the order came, "Charge!" Lieutenant-Colonel Collins was shot through the head, a bullet entering his forehead, and he fell dead.[1] On went the brave boys with such an impetuosity that the first intrenchments were carried, and many prisoners captured. The woods were on fire, the smoke was dense, the work of no other regiment could be seen, yet on rushed the gallant, glorious Eleventh, and another and second line of works was carried; and still the men, flushed with success, moved on, until ascertaining themselves to be far in advance of any other regiment, Colonel Harriman called a halt. He then, wishing to find where the rest of his brigade was, as well as to report his own success, sent back Captain Edgerly of the brigade staff, who was with the Eleventh, and who was captured and shot; then Corporal Franklin was sent, and he also was captured. Captain Tilton was next dispatched, and barely escaped capture. Finally Lieutenant Frost was dispatched, and received this message from General

[1] Was standing by my side, and fell against my left shoulder, turning me partly about.—AUTHOR.

Griffin: "Tell Colonel Harriman to hold the line, if he can." Before this order was received a line of rebels was seen coming upon our left flank, and Colonel Harriman said, "To the rear, and form a new line to the foe!" and when the second line of the enemy which had been carried was reached, the colonel ordered a halt. "We can hold them here," he said, but with rebels in the rear, on both flanks, and, in fact, all about them, the men, seeing that resistance was useless, fell back as best they could; and in this retreat some were killed and some were captured, among the latter being Colonel Harriman.

There was no truer, or more efficient officer in this battle than was Colonel Harriman, and when the order to charge the enemy's works was given, and he, waving his sword, exclaimed "Follow me, New Hampshire Eleventh!" the effect was electrical. Some one had said, "The Eleventh New Hampshire are d——d independent, but they would follow their colonel to hell," and it was fully proven true on this occasion. The only wonder is that more of the men were not captured. Sergeant Edmunds, of Company D, and the writer of this were the last men who saw Colonel Harriman before his capture. Every man was making good his escape, if possible. Just after the log entrenchments were reached, where Colonel Harriman had hoped to make another stand, the smoke lifted enough to disclose the fact that the rebels were close upon us and on both flanks, and all making substantially for the same point. When Colonel Harriman was captured, the distance on a parallel line between him and the writer, who was trying to make good his escape, could not have been over three rods, for many bullets whizzed about his head as he was seen when the smoke lifted, but immediately shut down again.

Colonel Harriman could not help falling into the hands of the enemy,—as many another one did,—for at this point

the rebels fairly swarmed, and had the Eleventh Regiment not commenced to fall back when it did, hardly a man could have escaped capture. He was not captured by a concealed picket because he stepped a few paces in front of his regiment, but because the flank supports had given way and left the Eleventh Regiment to extricate itself as best it could. The colors of the Eleventh had halted within some forty rods of where the colonel was captured, and there the line was held. Not more than a dozen men, among whom was Adjutant Morrison, were with them when the writer of this came upon them out of the blinding, almost suffocating smoke through which he escaped capture.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Another trustworthy account we extract from the "Life of Walter Harriman," written by one who was a participant in the Wilderness fight:

"Of the charge in the Wilderness, led by Colonel Harriman, which is among the many unrecorded incidents of those battle-heated years, we are impelled to write: The 6th of May broke clear and warm. The fate of the Battle of the Wilderness, begun on the 5th, hung in an even balance. The Eleventh was early in line. 'What are the orders?' said Colonel Harriman to General Griffin, who was then in command of the Second Brigade. The reply was, 'Push the enemy.' Colonel Harriman, inquiring if he was to be supported, and receiving the answer that he would be, in a clear, ringing voice, that nerved every man to the conflict, shouted, 'Eleventh New Hampshire, forward!' Every man was at his post, and braver men never fought. They advanced and steadily forced the Confederates back through

the underbrush and stunted trees, amid the incessant roar of musketry. Colonel Harriman soon found his command (which had been increased by a large number of Western troops without officers, whom the Eleventh had found lying snug to the ground) far in advance of the main line, with no support.

"Sending back several times to explain the situation, he still 'pushed the enemy.' A halt was made; there was a lull in the roar of battle, and Colonel Harriman saw that he was confronted by a strong line of intrenchments, over which were levelled the guns of the enemy, ready to hurl death at any further advance. 'Fix bayonets!' shouted the gallant colonel, and stepping to the front of his men, his face blackened with powder, with sword in one hand and revolver in the other, he gave the word to charge. With a deep Northern cheer, and with the force of a whirlwind, the column rushed on. The works are reached. They scale the reddened battlements; the banners are bent over the heads of the valiant. Bravely the Confederates fight, but are overpowered and routed, and fall back to a second line. 'Forward!' Again the same heroic struggle, the same shouts of victory, and the second line is won.

"Reader, peace has come. Can you comprehend the situation, and can you see the carnage of that day? Lieutenant-Colonel Collins is lying dead at the foot of a pine tree; Captain Dudley is wounded; while Captain Clark, of Manchester, with the color of death upon him, says, 'I am badly shot, colonel, but cannot tell where.' Colonel Harriman goes to him and discovers that his arm is shattered. The ground over which the assault was made is covered with gallant men, wounded, dead, and dying. But the assaulting column faces to the front. It advances still farther; it has passed nearly through the dense forest to an opening and higher ground.

"A flag of truce is raised by the enemy, but Colonel Harriman, suspecting their motives, orders his men to fix bayonets. This has scarcely been done when a fresh brigade pounces down upon Colonel Harriman's shattered ranks, and he is compelled to fall back. The enemy had gained his rear. Where was Colonel Harriman's support? He never knew. He would not surrender; and, in steadying his men and stubbornly contesting every inch of ground, he found himself surrounded by a dozen or fifteen Confederates whose guns were levelled at him, and who called upon him to give up his revolver. But he threw it over their heads, when he was immediately seized and marched to the rear. There Confederate officers and men gathered around him, and a lieutenant said to him: 'You observe my men are curious to see you. You were a conspicuous figure when you led your men against our works, and I ordered them to pick you off, but here you are, unharmed.' When he was asked to surrender his sword, the rebel officers found he had fooled them by slyly dropping it on the field of battle after being captured, where it was picked up by one of the men of his regiment and returned safely to his home in Warner."

JOHN W. JACKSON'S ACCOUNT.

In this connection I also give the following from the pen of John W. Jackson, of Columbia, Va., who was an officer in a battalion of scouts, guides, and couriers, attached to General Lee's head-quarters. The statement here given was written in March, 1885, nearly one year after General Harriman's death, as a portion of a review of his book "In the Orient," and was sent by him to the general's family:

"In May of 1864, the armies of Lee and Grant, as known to all, met each other in 'The Wilderness,' in Virginia, a section of country about ten miles square, equidistant from Orange Court House and Fredericksburg, from which the good and enterprising old colonial governor Spottis wode (Spotswood) had cleared the original growth for fuel wherewith to make iron, 'muche goode store of whiche'—in the quaint phrase of that day —was to be found there. This denudation, letting in the air and sunlight upon a thin, gravelly soil, 'born poor,' there sprang up a strangely dense and stunted growth of chincapin, hickory, and dogwood, through which a man on foot can with difficulty grope his way. John Esten Cooke, one of Virginia's *post bellum* novelists, in his book 'Surry of Eagle's Nest,' takes his hero through this sad and weird locality, and succeeds in giving him a severe catch of 'the blues.' At best it is a gloomy locality.

"Such was the Wilderness in 1864, where the two armies met, with a shock terrific indeed, and most sanguinary in results from the fact that from the nature of the ground no artillery could be used and that the fighting was with musketry at short range. So dense was the underbrush, that frequently opposing lines of battle got within fifty paces of each other before being discovered. It was in the thickest of this tangle that for two days the sullen roar of musketry, unrelieved by the deep diapason of the big guns which ordinarily lends variety to the death song of battle, had risen and fallen with its dread monotony,—here, in this Aceldama, on the second day, that, stepping a few paces in front of his regiment of New Hampshire men, Colonel (later on General) Walter Harriman "was taken in" by a Confederate picket-guard, which was lying concealed within twenty steps of his regiment. This writer, then an officer in General

Lee's body-guard, or rather the battalion of scouts, guides, and couriers attached to General Lee's head-quarters, was one of the guard which escorted the Federal prisoners taken in the two days fight (about 1200 in all, officers and men) back to Orange Court House.

"As we rode wearily by the side of the disconsolate column of sad captives, we were attracted by the towering height (six feet, two inches) of General Harriman, and by that indescribable and noble air which marks the man who rises above the crowd, morally and mentally. Noticing his jaded walk, and that he had passed the prime of life, while I was a mere youth, I called him to the side of the column, dismounted, and had him take my saddle. I cannot now, after the lapse of twenty-one years, recall all the conversation that passed between us on the dusty miles along the old plank road on that sultry May afternoon; but the recollection of his steady and defiant convictions of the triumph of the Union cause and the downfall of the Confederacy is very vivid to-day. I thought it strange at the time that he, the captive, should be so triumphant, instead of despondent, as would have been natural to his age and under his surroundings. I suggested something of the kind, with the additional remark that we had at least foiled Grant, if not beaten him, and, with the further assurance of youth, that the latter was but a matter of a few days. Rising to his full length in the short stirrups (his knees had been drawn up, much as the English ride) for a moment, he seemed to think he was again in front of his regiment on the eve of assault, and while his eye flashed, and his hand clutched nervously toward the sabre side, he cried out,—'Never! Your success is only ephemeral. God Almighty is back of our army!'

"That remark placed General Harriman at once in

my mind as one of those whom we of the South at that day, with our loose go-as-you-please, devil-may-care cavalier notions, styled fanatical Puritans. The Puritan saw God's hand wherever the battle raged for human rights, no matter how weak his force, or how strong the opposing power of error or guilty wrong. General Harriman, though a Democrat at one time, was too much of a Puritan to be blinded to the fact that his party, shorn of its strength by its dalliance with the Delilah of slavery, was utterly impotent to grapple with the hideous evil. His Puritanism—if you choose to call it that, but we would say principle—undoubtedly the outcome of Puritan teaching and nurture, was stronger than his politics. Is New England breeding any of this stock now? Such men are needed."

CAPTAIN SHEPARD'S ACCOUNT.

Captain George N. Shepard of Company A, contributes the following most vivid sketch of the fight, of which he was in the heaviest part:

"About midday the Eleventh New Hampshire, with other regiments of the brigade commanded by General S. G. Griffin, is within short musket range of the enemy. Colonel Harriman is with his regiment, commanding and leading with conspicuous bravery, his tall form a fair mark for the enemy's riflemen, who shoot from extemporized breastworks of logs. The lamented Collins, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, falls mortally wounded by a musket ball through the head; Captain Clark is disabled by a gunshot wound in the arm; Lieutenant Currier receives a severe wound in the face; scores of men hobble to the rear. Presently the command 'Forward!' is passed along the lines. We deliver our fire

and rush with a shout toward the enemy. Many of them run for their lives; others raise handkerchiefs on ramrods for flags of truce. 'Cease firing!' shouts our colonel. Scores of graybacks surrender and are sent to the rear. Enthusiasm runs high, and we rush on in pursuit of the flying foe. The lines of the opposing armies extend for miles through the dense forest, but only that in our immediate front is visible to ourselves: it is all of the battle to us. We drive the enemy from a second line, capturing a part. We pause and examine our position, and find ourselves far in advance of the general line of battle. Colonel Harriman sends back for instructions. 'Tell the General,' says he to the messenger, 'that we are driving the enemy before us, but our flanks are exposed. Ask if we shall hold our position until the main line comes up, or shall we push farther. We can do either.' While waiting to receive orders we are giving time for the enemy to rally.

"Soon we perceive a long line of gray-clad men emerging from the thick undergrowth on our left, and swinging around our flank. Not a monent is to be lost. 'To the rear and form a new line fronting the foe!' We reach the old rebel line of log breastworks. 'Halt here, men,' shouts our colonel, swinging his sword; 'we can hold them here; form in line here!' But before the line is half formed, our pursuers pour in their fire. Every experienced man knows the difficulty of reforming a line under fire.

"The efforts of our colonel and his subordinates are of no avail. To the rear again we go. So hard are we pressed, and such the difficulties in the way of our rapid flight, that some are killed and others captured, among the latter our colonel; while Captain Tilton and others barely escape the rebel clutches. I have related facts of which I was cognizant as an eye-witness."

The woods in the Wilderness extended some ten to fifteen miles, and in places they were very dense. These woods were on fire on the second day's fight, and the smoke was at times blinding, and the air was sickening with the effluvia arising from the burning of dead bodies. At one point there were one hundred dead bodies close about the Eleventh. The fighting was almost entirely by musketry, as but little artillery could be used.

COLONEL HARRIMAN'S STATEMENT.

"Wednesday, May 4, broke camp at Bristoe station and bivouacked that night at Bealton station. Thursday, took up the line of march, crossed the Rappahannock at Rappahannock station, thence down on the south-westerly side of that river, crossed the Rapidan at Germania ford and camped that night near the latter river, or rather rested on our arms there till 1 o'clock in the night. As we arrived upon this ground near the night of the 5th of May, the thunders of the first day's Battle of the Wilderness were clearly heard continuing into the evening. Our orders were to pitch no tents, and to be in constant readiness to march.

"At 2 o'clock at night, or, in other words, at 2 o'clock in the morning of Friday, May 6, 1864, we formed a line and moved towards the battle-field. At daylight the great battle commenced. The Eleventh Regiment was under fire through the whole day. At about 1 o'clock p. m. our brigade charged the enemy's lines. The Eleventh Regiment moved up gallantly, and fought with determined spirit and bravery. No troops ever made an assault in finer style.

"We were in an oak wilderness at the right of a plank road leading from Fredericksburg to Orange Court

House. We carried two successive lines of the enemy's works by charging desperately upon them. We drove them from all their works in our front, and had we known how completely the rebel lines were destroyed and dispersed, our army could have marched on unimpeded, capturing any quantity of prisoners and of public property.

"While the Eleventh was gallantly fighting its way under the fiercest musketry fire that this war has known, our connections both to the right and left became broken, and we found ourselves without support, isolated from the rest of the division, and far in advance. A fresh brigade charged upon our left flank. The regiment retreated, and I was taken prisoner.

"May 10, Lynchburg, Va. I now write from Lynchburg, Va., and, from the best information I can get in this rebel country, I am led to believe that the Battle of the Wilderness was the fiercest, bloodiest battle of the whole war;—more men were killed, more wounded, and more taken prisoners than in any other battle. To think now of the fighting, of the field covered with the dead and dying of that terrible day, May 6, makes my blood almost curdle: I cannot describe it."

GENERAL GRIFFIN'S PLEASURE AT THE APPEARANCE OF HIS BRIGADE.

We filed to the left about midday through the woods, by order of General Burnside. General Griffin reported to General Potter, commanding the division, who was with General Burnside. General Griffin formed his line of battle by brigade form. Two brigades of the Third Division of the Ninth Corps were lying on the ground in his front; these were commanded respectively by Colo-

nels Hartranft and Christ. These men hesitated to advance, the fire was so murderous. Seeing that General Griffin had a good line, and knowing that both his brigade and its commander could be depended upon, Burnside said to Potter, "Let Griffin attack." General Potter transmitted the order to General Griffin verbally, and he gave the order to advance. And General Griffin says,—"It was one of the grandest sights I ever saw; that brigade of six large regiments in bright, new uniforms, well aligned in order of battle, advancing with a steady step and colors flying;—it was so inspiring that each brigade of troops lying down, as we passed over them, rose to their feet with a shout and pressed on with us, mingling with our troops and causing me to lose in some measure the control of my line. All our regiments did splendidly."

But the troops on our left did not advance with us. The enemy attacked us on that flank, and made a counter charge on our front, so we were compelled to fall back nearly to the point whence we started. There the ground was held. The woods were so thick and the ground so rough, and the smoke was so dense at times, that General Griffin was the only person mounted. When the line began its advance he dismounted, handed the reins to Lieutenant Hutchins of his staff, and went on foot. Lieutenant Hutchins and the horse were shortly afterwards killed. General Griffin had several bullet holes through his clothes.

CAPTAIN TILTON'S ACCOUNT.

Colonel Harriman, not finding his adjutant at hand, sent Captain Tilton to report to General Griffin, giving him the message mentioned in Captain Shepard's account,

and ordered him to hurry back and find Griffin and report the situation. Captain Tilton started at once, and soon met Captain Edgerly of the brigade staff, who volunteered to go and show him where General Griffin was. They had gone but a short distance, when they were ordered to halt. Looking up they saw four rebels standing behind the roots of an upturned tree with their guns levelled on them. Captain Tilton immediately turned and ran back in the direction of the regiment he had just left, which was then falling back to prevent capture. Captain Tilton had no opportunity to report to the colonel, for he did not see him again.

The colonel was captured by a squad of rebels, and after his capture, as he was being taken to the rear, he passed the dead body of Captain Edgerly. He had been killed by the same rebels behind the roots of the tree, who had ordered himself and Captain Tilton to halt. Lieutenant Frost, who was also dispatched by Colonel Harriman to report to General Griffin, came near being captured, so far were the enemy on our flank at that early time. Fully two thirds of the ground over which the Eleventh Regiment had made its bold and daring advance, was, at the very time the regiment commenced to fall back, in the hands of the enemy, and the wonder is, that not only Colonel Harriman and many others were captured, but that a single man of the regiment in the ranks when that charge was made should ever have escaped.

Rev. E. P. Roe, in "Found yet Lost," says of the Wilderness,—

"Lonely and uninhabited in its normal condition, this forbidding wilderness had become peopled with thousands of men. The Army of the Potomac was penetrating and seeking to pass through it. Vigilant General Lee had

observed the movement, and, with characteristic boldness and skill, ordered his troops from their strong intrenchments on Mine Run, towards the Union flank. On this memorable morning the van of his columns waked from their repose at only a short distance from the Federal bivouac. Both parties were unconscious of their nearness, for, with the exception of a few clearings, the dense growth restricted vision to a narrow range.

"The Union forces were directed in their movements by the compass, as if they were sailors on a fog-enshrouded sea, but they well knew they were seeking their old antagonist, the Army of Northern Virginia, and that the stubborn tug of war might begin at any moment.

"A few minutes later the birds fled to the closest cover, startled by the innumerable bugles sounding the note of preparation. Soon the different corps, divisions, and brigades were upon their prescribed lines of march.

"No movement could be made without revealing the close proximity of the enemy. Rifle reports from the skirmish lines and reconnoitering parties speedily followed. A Confederate force was developed on the turnpike leading south-west from the old Wilderness tavern, and the fighting began at about eight o'clock. Grant and Meade came up and made their head-quarters beneath some pine trees near the tavern.

"General Grant could scarcely believe, at first, that Lee had left his strong intrenchments to give battle in a region little better than a jungle, but he soon had ample and awful proof of the fact. Practically unseen by each other, the two armies grappled like giants in the dark. So thick were the trees and undergrowth, that a soldier on a battle line could rarely see a thousand men on either side of him, yet nearly two hundred thousand men matched their deadly strength that day; hundreds fell, died, and were hidden forever from human eyes."

Lieutenant Gresham of the Nineteenth Alabama, was a prisoner in our hands immediately after the capture of Colonel Harriman, and said to me, "We captured your colonel, I think, a large, tall man whose name was Harra-something." "Harriman," I suggested; and he said, "Yes that's the name: he is a brave man. When captured, he said, 'Take good care of me, boys: I know you will, I am terribly wounded;' and he was, but he was tenderly cared for." The men of the Seventeenth Michigan, on our right, as we made the charge, sprang up every man of them, and went in with us, saying, "Bully for the old Eleventh New Hampshire!—that's the way to do it;—we could have done so if we had had any officers good for anything;"—and they did valiant service with the Eleventh. The ground was covered with the dead and dying.

When the Eleventh fell back, every man caring for himself, the writer came upon the colors of the regiment planted near the first line of works captured from the rebels that day, and by them were some half a dozen men, feeling proud that the colors of the old Eleventh New Hampshire were the nearest the enemy of any in the Ninth Corps; at this moment General Potter came dashing through the smoke from the rear, and seeing the Eleventh's colors, and their squad of defenders, said, "Bully for the Eleventh New Hampshire! Remain where you are, halt every man who comes this way, and I will send you reinforcements;" and, turning about, disappeared in the smoke again. The men of the regiment began to rally around their colors, and in two hours' time about 130 had joined the regimental line.

Shortly after dark an order came detailing the regiment on the picket at the left, in a wood near the enemy, under orders to see that every man was at his post; no sleep or loud talking was to be allowed, and no matches

were to be lighted. The night was one of great anxiety at Grant's head-quarters, which were in communication with the regiment half hourly during the night, fearing the enemy would attempt its old tactics of doubling up the army and sending it back over the Rapidan.

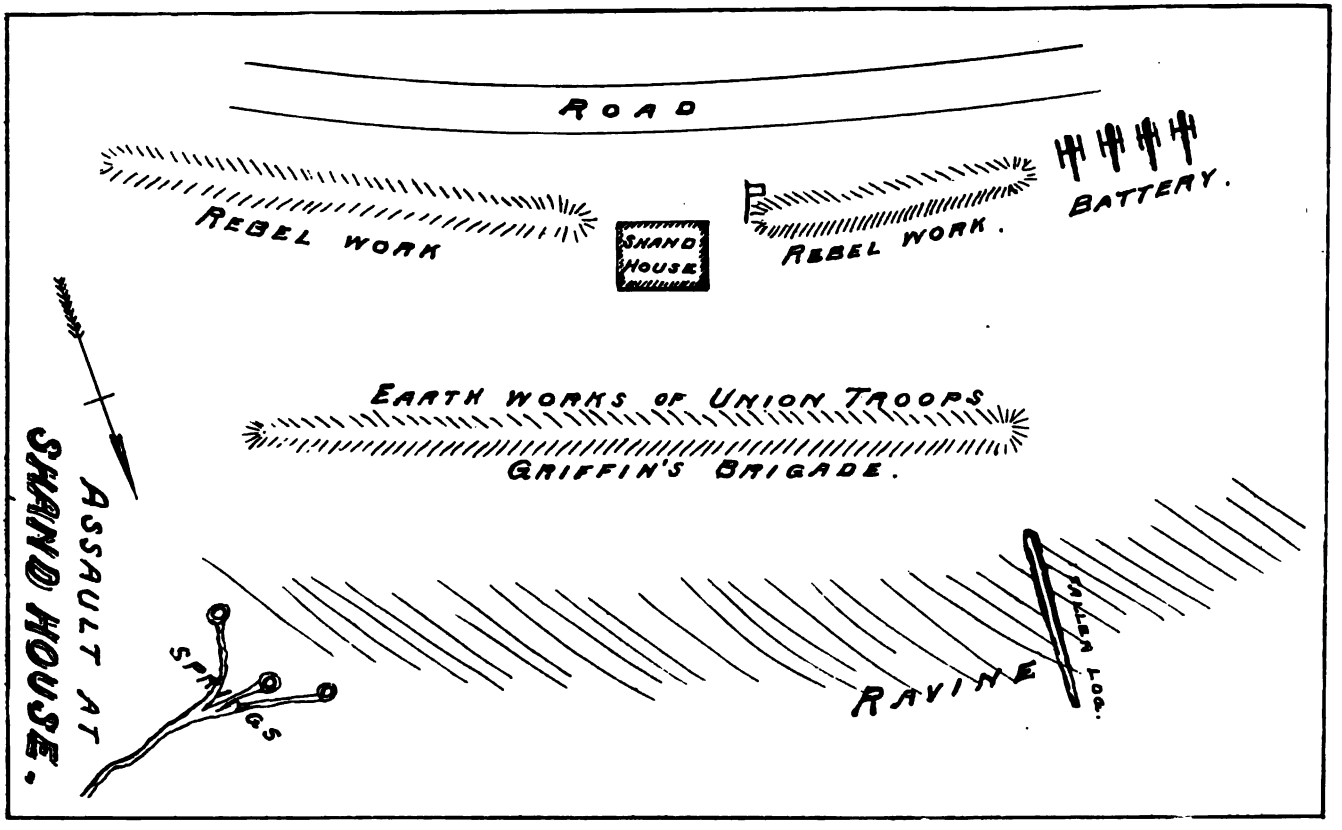
LETTER OF ADJUTANT MORRISON.

The following letter of Adjutant C. R. Morrison, written on the battle-field of The Wilderness to his brother, will be read with much interest:

IN LINE OF BATTLE, May 7, 1864.

Yesterday morning we were ordered to be in readiness at half past one to move without noise, and were in motion soon after that time. We marched about four or five miles, and by daylight arrived at the scene of the previous day's engagement: we were immediately sent to the front. The battle had already commenced on our right. The Second Brigade. Colonel Griffin, composed of the 6th, 9th, and 11th New Hampshire, 31st Maine and 17th Vermont (the 9th New Hampshire being absent), was marched by the front in two lines of battle through a thick close growth of pines, and then across an open field about three fourths of a mile, without discovering any enemy. Then, again by the left flank into another thick undergrowth on our left, the length of the brigade, then by the post in the thick woods. We soon found ourselves directly opposite a rebel battery, which opened upon us, doing but little harm, as they could not depress their guns enough to reach us, sheltered as we were under the hill on which the battery was placed. There we lay several hours, till noon, the day being very hot; occasionally the balls whistling past, whilst the shelling was kept up, the shells passing over our heads and exploding some distance beyond. One or two were wounded here.

At noon we were again taken by the left flank through the woods, to the left of the place where we entered in the morning in two lines of battle, in the first front, and went into the woods half a mile to the left of the place where we entered in the morning. When a short distance in the woods, the 17th Vermont formed on our right, the 6th New Hampshire on our left, and we continued to advance over several


ROAD
REBEL WORK
SHAND HOUSE
REBEL WORK.
BATTERY.
EARTH WORKS OF UNION TROOPS
GRIFFIN'S BRIGADE.
ASSAULT AT SHAND HOUSE.
SPRINGS
RAVINE
FALLEN LOG.

lines of battle till we reached the front, and the firing immediately commenced. Still farther on the left, in the first line of battle, were other regiments,—I think from the First Brigade, Second Division. In our rear was a second line of battle, and behind that two others, and after a spirited contest of a few minutes, the order was given to "*Advance, advance, advance!*" and on we went, fighting as we went, the supports in our rear following up. Coming to a halt, the contest was kept up for some little time. At this point Lieutenant-Colonel Collins of our regiment was shot through the head. I was within a few feet of him at the time, and probably at this halt Lieutenant Hutchins was killed, although he was not found until this morning. He must have been killed on the spot, shot through the neck, also in the leg. I gave but a passing look at Lieutenant-Colonel Collins's face: he was insensible. The order had been given to advance, and I succeeded with some difficulty in breaking the knot that had gathered about him (telling them it was plain they could do nothing for him), and in starting them forward. The fire became hotter; "*Advance, advance*" was the word, and a portion of the right wing of our regiment started back, but Colonel Harriman, with pistol in hand, endeavored to stop them. I did all I could to assist him, and succeeded in stopping quite a number, but the time lost in the attempt to avert the retreat gave the second line an opportunity to come up, for it had started quickly, and followed closely upon us. I put a portion of its men into this line and then into the third, which was there in a minute, and went along with that a considerable distance, urging on the men just as if they had belonged to my own regiment. This line having been somewhat broken, the command came to a halt. I immediately reported to the colonel of the regiment, told him I had been separated from my regiment, and should be happy to render him any service in my power. He asked me if I had been hard at work for an hour past; I said Yes, but not so but that I could perform any service he wished (I didn't tell him how I had been hard at work all day thus far). He said if I were willing, he should like to have me take six good men and go to the front, and find any of his men and bring them back to the line he was forming anew; and I told him to furnish the men, and with them I started. The sergeant-major volunteered to go with us (I had told the colonel I was adjutant), and off we went in a hurry, inquiring for the 109th New York, and I also for the Eleventh New Hampshire, and, having learned the direction it had taken, marched that way. We had gone 100 or 150 rods, I should judge, when to our left and a little in advance I saw a regiment coming back in hot haste by the flank, and immediately to

the right of them a promiscuous crowd of fugitives were running as fast as their legs could carry them, and it was evident that our front had all given way. On looking back, I saw that my company were all on the move; and beyond, the supporting line which I had left was nowhere to be seen. After coming some little distance, I saw some little efforts by officers before me to rally the fugitives on a new line, and I stopped and tried to help, but it was of no use, for the tide swept on; but still farther a new line was partly formed, and seeing it I looked for the Eleventh New Hampshire. Scarcely a man was to be found; I found the colors, the color-sergeant with them. I looked in vain for the men: they had been scattered like the leaves of autumn. Officers could be found, but no men; but after awhile the men began to gather about the "old flag," and in the course of two hours we had 130 guns.

We were again put into line of battle at the front, where we have since remained. At the time of my writing, we have 265 guns for duty. Our field return shows two officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Collins and Lieutenant Hutchins, killed; one a prisoner, Colonel Harriman; three wounded, Captains H. O. Dudley, Company C, slightly; J. B. Clark, Company H, severely; J. C. Currier, in the face; J. W. Taylor, Sergeant-Major, severely; and thirty enlisted men wounded and forty missing and reported prisoners. It is not easy to account satisfactorily for the stampede. The line intrusted to me in the eagerness of the advance drove the rebels over two lines of breastworks, the Eleventh going as far as any of them, and then the rebels began a flank movement upon the left of the regiment. The regiment upon our extreme left, instead of swinging around to meet it, withdrew to the rear by the order of its commander; the rest of the line, seeing they were flanked, came off in a hurry. Colonel Harriman was taken, probably, near the first line of breastworks, by a company of the 19th Alabama: Lieutenant Gresham of that company, who was wounded by us—I do n't mean our regiment—in a subsequent attack upon our lines, so informed us.

I felt a little unpleasant that I did not go as far as the regiment: the satisfactory view of the matter is, that I was separated from it in the performance of duty, and at once rendered what service I could elsewhere, committing all my interests to Him who is over all. I can say truly, that throughout the day, by His favor, I did my whole duty in the way that seemed to be best, and without fear. Upon the retreat, indeed, a sense of shame came over me lest I should be wounded in the back, where mother told me not to be. It should be stated that about one third of our number were new recruits of the sort which New

Hampshire has furnished of late. Although constantly exposed from the beginning to the termination of the attack, by the protection of Heaven I have been kept from all harm, and to His name be the praise.

The day was very warm, the men were started off at two o'clock a. m., without coffee in all the weary day, and were loaded down with their heavy packs. The day before the right wing marched twenty miles, under a hot sun, and the left wing twenty-one or twenty-two miles.

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLES OF SPOTTSYLVANIA, NORTH ANNA, AND COLD HARBOR—CROSSING THE JAMES—THE ASSAULT AT THE SHAND HOUSE—LIEUTENANT DIMICK'S CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, AND ESCAPE—REMINISCENCES.

So ended the two days of terrific fighting in the Wilderness. The most careful estimates give the loss of the Union forces in this conflict as 18,000 in round numbers, of whom 6,000 were prisoners. The rebel loss was 11,000.

Lee had met his equal in strategy, and his superior in pluck and perseverance for fighting in the open field. The rebel general was satisfied that he could not maintain a contest with Grant upon the line he had chosen, so he withdrew his forces and placed them behind his intrenchments, putting himself upon the defensive. Grant, undismayed by the losses of the previous two days, determined to renew his march southward towards Richmond at once, and therefore proceeded to place his army between Lee and the latter place. Warren, with his Fifth Corps, was ordered to lead in the movement by the flank, along the Brock road, by way of Todd's tavern. Hancock followed him with the Second Corps, while Sedgwick with the Sixth Corps, and Burnside with the Ninth Corps, moved by way of Chancellorsville.

"Be ready to fall in for a night's march" was the order received by the Eleventh at 4 p. m. on Saturday, the 7th, and shortly afterward it filed out of the woods and went down the road to near the "Lacey house," where the men stacked arms and got some coffee. The entire army was in motion by the flank.

At this point the regiment was met by the Ninth New Hampshire, which had just come up from guarding the railroad below. It gave the men of the Eleventh a warm greeting, and had many good words for the splendid manner in which we did our duty the day before. At dusk the regiment filed up the road half a mile, and stacked arms in successive lines of battle with the other regiments of the brigade, under orders to be ready to "move at a moment's notice." Here the regiment rested until five o'clock the next morning, with the thundering rattle of artillery and the tramping of soldiers passing by during this whole time. The Second Brigade, supported by some cavalry, brought up the rear of the army, and, marching some five miles, lay in line of battle until 2 p. m., when it changed front to repel a threatened attack in its rear by some rebel cavalry. Three lines of battle were formed and remained in position until about dark, when an orderly dashed up with the welcome order, "Bivouac, and get some sleep if possible; everything is working lovely." It had n't been very lovely for the men of the Second Brigade, who had been lying in the broiling sun upon a sandy plain for several hours.

The next day, the 9th, the Third Division of the Ninth Corps, under General Willcox, was ordered to move to the ford of the Ny river, on the Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania road. A sharp skirmish took place, but the enemy were forced back and a lodgment was made by Willcox on the opposite bank. The rebels made a desperate attempt to dislodge the Union troops, but large reinforcements were sent, among them the Eleventh, and the enemy were forced to retire. "The enemy is obstinate," Grant said: and most truly they were.

Lee had by this time divined Grant's purpose of getting in his rear, if possible, and he undertook to foil him at every prominent point. He hurried his forces to

Spottsylvania Court House, and there, with strong fortifications, stood directly in the Union general's path. The fighting was incessant, both by night and day or nearly so, upon some part of the lines. Every inch of the ground was disputed by Lee. He had momentous interests at stake. In Grant he had met his match as a strategist, who, with a perfect bull-dog tenacity at the Wilderness, said to Lee and to the country, in so many words, "We are not going back across the Rapidan this time. I am going to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Lee had found out that he meant what he said. Consequently he threw himself into the terrible struggle with all the brilliant ability of which he was the possessor. Grant had sent his teams to the rear. All communication with his base of supplies was broken up and abandoned. "*Forward by the left flank!*" was the clarion order, and the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac turned their faces to the front with a certainty of terrific fighting and with only partially filled haversacks, trusting in Providence to give them success in the former, certain that then the latter would be well filled.

With the spirit of its intrepid commander this grand army heroically took up the task imposed upon it. On the 10th of May there was much heavy fighting preparatory to the final conflict, which could not be delayed long. The Ninth Corps held the extreme left of the army, and during the afternoon of this day an attack was made upon the enemy's lines, and the Eleventh, together with the other regiments of the Second Brigade, advanced under a heavy fire and gained a position only a short distance from the court-house. This position was abandoned later in the day by order of Grant, notwithstanding the remonstrance of Burnside. The abandonment of this advanced position proved a mistake.

On the 11th there was but little fighting. Both armies were apparently girding up their loins for the great struggle. During the afternoon the Second Brigade was ordered on the double-quick to a point where the rebels threatened an attack, and in a few minutes after reaching it was ordered back to its old position. Infantry, and battery after battery, vied with each other as to who should come out ahead in the race,—and all this in the midst of a heavy rain, with the roads and fields filled with splashing mud.

"Rest upon your arms and be ready to advance at 3 a. m.," was the order given when the old position was reached. With anxious hearts the men stood around their camp-fires in the pitiless storm, speculating as to the chances of the morrow, and with sad but heroic hearts wondering if they should survive the terrible carnage which they knew full well was before them. The men of different regiments mingled together—for many pleasant friendships had been formed—and many hasty but earnest good-byes were spoken as the order "Fall in, Second Brigade!" was received. Grant had determined to attack Lee near his right centre, and for this purpose Hancock, who with his Second Corps was to make the attack, moved to the left about midnight unobserved by the enemy, a dense fog covering his movement. When the first gray light of the morning appeared he moved four divisions of his corps swiftly forward and engaged General Bushrod Johnson. The fighting was severe, and was hand to hand at some points. Johnson was soon captured with 3,000 prisoners and twenty-five guns. Among the prisoners was General George H. Stewart, a noted rebel of Baltimore, and an old army friend of Hancock's. It was reported at the time that at his capture Hancock, extending his hand, said, "How are you, Stewart?" Stewart very haugh-

tily replied, "I am General Stewart of the Confederate army, and under the circumstances I decline to take your hand." Hancock replied, "And under any other circumstances, general, I should not have offered it."

When Hancock made this attack the Ninth Corps began its movement, and the Second Brigade, with the Ninth New Hampshire largely deployed as skirmishers, went into its work in fine style. Jumping a wide ditch, onward it went with wild cheers and the greatest enthusiasm, and joined Hancock as he was in the midst of his attack. A line was formed close under the enemy's lines. A regiment of the enemy, dressed in Union overcoats as a ruse, came up in front of the Second Brigade, but on the supposition that they were Union troops, the word was passed along the line, "Don't fire: they are our men." Just as they came to the Eleventh Regiment, they seemed to have discovered the little gap existing between the Ninth and Second Corps, and they commenced making a right half-wheel with the evident purpose of doubling up and taking the Eleventh prisoners. But their movement was discovered, and the officer[1] in command of the left wing, gave the command to "Fire!" and what were not killed or wounded of that rebel line of men quickly disappeared. The fighting was terrific. Again and again the enemy dashed against our line, to be as often hurled back; and for several hours the men of both armies surged back and forth, the rebels vainly endeavoring to break the Union line and avenge themselves for the severe drubbing they were receiving. Hancock's surprise was something they could not well overlook. The Eleventh stood like a wall of adamant. More than 125 of the brave and gallant men of the regiment fell dead or wounded, yet the surviving men quailed not. Near midday the Eleventh were notified that they would

[1]Captain Cogswell.

be relieved by the Fifty-first New York, and receive orders to fall back and replenish their ammunition. They did so, but the first fire the Fifty-first received was all they wanted. Away they went, men and officers, to the rear, and the Eleventh immediately took up its old position.

And so, amid the terrible roar and crash of hundreds of pieces of artillery belching forth deadly missiles from their brazen throats, amid the incessant rattling of an hundred thousand muskets filling the air with their leaden hail, and with red hot shells and solid shot and grape and canister, screaming, shrieking, plunging, and bursting on all sides, amid the most pitiful cries and groans of the maimed and dying, and in a terrific storm, accompanied with vivid flashes of lightning and the bellowing of thunder, peal after peal, the great battle raged, presenting a scene of awful, majestic grandeur, such as no one can comprehend, much less describe, who was not a witness thereof.

Lee, having found to his great loss that he had at last met a foeman worthy of his master abilities, and being unable to break the Union lines and recover his lost ground, slackened his fire somewhat, and only occasional dashes were made. A serious attempt was made shortly after noon to dislodge the first division of the Ninth Corps, which was on the left of the Second Corps; but Lieutenant Benjamin was again on hand with his artillery, and the rebels were hurled back with great loss. The sun went down that day on one of the bloodiest battle-fields of the whole war. The Eleventh lost heavily, among the wounded being Adjutant Morrison and Lieutenant J. E. Cram of Company B, who had the colors in his hands[1] at the time he was wounded, and Captain J. LeRoy Bell of Company G. Six color

[1] See Colors and Color Guard.

bearers were shot. Rev. Mr. Woodbury, in his history of the Ninth Corps, says, in part, this of this day's fight,—

"The battles of the week culminated on the 12th, when the fighting was resumed with redoubled energy. General Hancock's Corps in the early dawn made a particularly gallant attack upon a salient of the enemy's works, striking them upon his right centre and completely surprising the foe in that quarter, capturing and sending to the rear General Johnson's division almost entire, with its commanding general.

"Twenty pieces of artillery also fell into our hands. Our whole line was closed up. The Ninth Corps dashed into the fight with the utmost enthusiasm, and speedily joined General Hancock's troops in their daring venture. For an hour or two it seemed as though our men would carry everything before them. But at nine o'clock the enemy had become fully alive to the necessity of resistance and made a counter attack against our lines. For three hours longer the fight continued with exhibitions of the most desperate valor and with terrible carnage. The rebel columns of attack dashed in vain against our lines, advancing with unflinching resolution and retiring only when broken up by the withering and destructive fire which was brought to bear against them. At noon the enemy gave up his attempts to force back our troops, but he had succeeded in preventing our further advance.

"General Grant was not yet ready to stop the conflict. He determined, if possible, to turn and double up the enemy's right flank. It was a desperate enterprise. The enemy's right was resting on marshy and difficult ground. But after a temporary lull to afford a little rest to the tired troops the battle was renewed in the afternoon.

"Our troops were massed upon our left, the Ninth

Corps occupying a conspicuous position. Rain had commenced falling in the morning, and the field of battle became a mass of gory mud. Still the struggle was once more entered upon with unflagging courage. Again and again did our troops press forward, to be met with a most stubborn resistance. The rebels fought with remarkable obstinacy, and our men were not inferior in pertinacity to the determined foe. Step by step the ground was disputed with resolute courage. The fight was deadly. The slain and disabled covered the ground. The frightful carnage was only closed by the darkness of the night, so desperate was rebel hate, so persistent was patriot valor.

"During the entire day the Ninth Corps was effectively engaged and lost heavily. At the outset it had promptly moved up to General Hancock's support, and through the forenoon had been most active in the fight. The corps had been posted across the Fredericksburg turnpike, upon the extreme left of the army, with dense thickets in front. The opposing corps of the enemy, protected by rifle-pits and timber breastworks, was under the command of General A. P. Hill.

"In this movement Colonel Griffin's brigade, of General Potter's division, had the advance, and, connecting with General Hancock's left, shared in the glory and danger of the attack. The brigade succeeded in carrying a portion of the enemy's works, including a battery of two guns. In the successful result of that attack General Hancock's command became somewhat disturbed, and was in turn the object of assault. Colonel Griffin's position enabled him at this moment to be of effectual service; the enemy was handsomely met, and Hancock was saved.

"So prominent had been the gallantry of the brigade commander upon this and former occasions, that General

Burnside recommended him for instant promotion. The remainder of General Potter's division was equally forward both in attack and defence. The fruits of the movement were the capture of two lines of detached rifle-pits, a number of prisoners, and a part of the enemy's main line. The rupture of the connection with the Second Corps enabled the enemy to check our progress, but he could not retake his lost ground.

"The Corps had advanced about a mile, had successfully charged the enemy's first line, had repulsed his attack inflicting heavy loss upon him, and ended the day with entrenching immediately in front of his works. The losses had been very severe,—over a thousand killed, wounded, and missing in the Third Division alone. Again the day closed upon a bloody field, and the enemy was still unsubdued."

That night entrenchments were thrown up, and there was but little sleep;—and still the rain continued, and the air grew warmer,—and well it was so, for the clothing upon the men was perfectly saturated and dripping with the incessant rain. There were large numbers of rebel dead lying in front of the Second Brigade, and the air soon became sickening. The dead of the Ninth New Hampshire, who lay near the "bloody angle," were brought out during the night of the 13th, and in the morning the dead of that regiment and the Sixth and the Eleventh New Hampshire were buried together in a long trench upon a little knoll just in the rear of the Union lines.

Shortly after noon of the 16th, the Eleventh received an order to make a reconnoissance for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the rebels in its immediate front. Batteries were opened on the right and on the left, and at a given signal the regiment went out over the works in fine style, and amid a severe fire gained a slight eleva-

tion in its front and reconnoitred the enemy's works; but the fire made it impossible to remain, and it was ordered back. The regiment was gone twenty-two minutes from its works, and lost two killed and twelve wounded, one of whom, belonging to the color guard, died three days later.[1] The boys received many good words for their bravery from Brigadier-General Griffin.

Following is General Griffin's reason for this reconnoissance, and why and how the Eleventh New Hampshire was selected for the task:

"The battle was fought on the 12th. Both armies were pretty well crippled, and lay facing each other for three days, like two exhausted tigers. Then Grant, fearing that Lee might slip away from him as Beauregard did from Halleck at Shiloh, sent word to Burnside, or possibly told him personally, to feel the enemy's line and see if he was still there. Burnside always considered Potter to be his best fighting division commander; and Potter was always friendly to me, I suppose because I was always ready to do any amount of hard work. Burnside turned the order over to Potter for execution, and Potter to me. I was left to make my own disposition, select my own troops, and I took the Eleventh New Hampshire as a matter of convenience, and because I considered it one of my best regiments,—one that could be relied upon. The moment we showed a force in front of our lines, as moving towards them, they met us with a deadly fire of musketry, proving that they were still there. I immediately withdrew my troops and reported the facts through the proper channel. Then Grant knew that Lee was not to be driven out of that place, and he decided to make his flank movement to the left."

Another move was made on the 18th, when nearly one half of the army was in motion. An attempt was made

[1] Jonathan B. Rowe, Company I.

to capture the enemy's works in a wood opposite the Ninth Corps. Among other troops engaged in the attempt were the First and Second Divisions of the Ninth Corps. The Sixth, Ninth, and Eleventh New Hampshire, and the Seventeenth Vermont, advanced over the broad plain towards the enemy's works, and were met by thousands of troops running back and away from the deadly fire like so many cowards. A portion of the Ninth New Hampshire was swept along with them but quickly returned, and the four regiments finally succeeded in gaining a position close under the enemy's works, and these four regiments were the only ones who succeeded in reaching this point, where, amidst a terrific shelling, they threw up intrenchments, and remained until near night, when they were withdrawn by the left flank through a narrow defile. The troops during this day were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, of the Sixth New Hampshire, a brave and accomplished officer, who was killed at North Anna a few days later.

The men were relieved from this perilous position in single file, a strong picket line under Captain Tilton keeping up an incessant firing, while one man at a time fell back until all were fairly out of the woods. On the day following the army was again in motion, with the North Anna river as the objective point. On Saturday morning, the 20th, the picket line of the Second Brigade was advanced and established close to that of the enemy. A little past noon the rebels made a furious dash upon our pickets, an entire regiment taking part in the charge. They were handsomely repulsed at every point, and at 4 p. m. the pickets were relieved and ordered to join the brigade, which, with the entire army, was again on the move. They did so a little before midnight, and an all night march was made, everybody inquiring, "Where are we going now?" At 5 a. m. the brigade stacked

arms and rested until noon, when the march was resumed. We passed by Bowling Green, thence turning westerly to near Salem Court House, where we bivouacked for the night—a most welcome rest to men who had marched thirty miles within the last twenty-four hours, skirmishing a good deal of the way.

The next day's march of sixteen miles brought the troops near New Bethel church. The rebels had a strong position at this point, but were driven out of it, and the Ninth Corps rested on the north bank of the North Anna river. When the army was put in motion on the 20th, the Ninth Corps marched down the north bank of the Po, and during the afternoon the enemy was met near Stannard's mill and driven across the river. In this engagement the Second Brigade was hastened forward to assist, but the enemy retired after a short time, and the march was resumed. We made a night of it, halting in the early morning for a short rest, and during the day reached the North Anna.

The Ninth Corps took up a position on the north bank opposite the angle in the enemy's line of works. These formed nearly two sides of a triangle. The Second Division crossed the next day at Chesterfield bridge and engaged the enemy. Intrenchments were thrown up, and everything made ready for an attack of the enemy. The next day was one full of expectations, but no demonstration was made by either side. On the 27th a sharp fight took place, and the lines of the Second Brigade were advanced quite a distance. Here the brigade lost one of its bravest and best men.[1]

But Grant ordered another move by the left flank, and the troops recrossed the river that night, the Eleventh bringing up the rear. The bridge had been muffled with branches of trees to deaden the sound of

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Henry H. Pearson, Sixth New Hampshire.

artillery crossing it, and it was burned as soon as the Eleventh had passed over it. The shelling to which we were exposed at North Anna was one of the most severe experiences of the campaign. The march was slow, the roads and every passable place being filled with artillery, teams, and troops. The Pamunky river was crossed at Hanover Town ford, eighteen miles from Richmond, on the 29th, and on the 30th took position in line of battle and drove the enemy out of two lines of works. Cold Harbor was near at hand! The army was fighting and digging its way into Richmond!

Ominous signs of a great battle were to be heard and seen. Grant and Lee were manœuvring for position. On the 25th Grant issued an order incorporating the Ninth Army Corps with the Army of the Potomac, Burnside receiving his orders from Meade as its commander. Burnside's cheerful acquiescence is a notable instance of his patriotism, for Meade was his inferior in rank. On the 27th the army was again in motion, and the Second Brigade had the advance of the Ninth Corps. We crossed the Pamunky river about 10 p. m., the whole corps taking position between the Fifth and Sixth Corps, and immediately began to intrench. The next day the corps crossed Tolopotomoy creek, the enemy disputing every inch of the way. There was heavy skirmishing all day, and the rebels were routed at every point. On the 31st a still further advance was made under a sharp fire, several rifle-pits were carried, and the men pushed close up to the enemy's lines. There was continual fighting, charging, and countercharging during June 1 and 2, and during this time the Ninth Corps was moved from the centre of the army to the right.

During the afternoon of the 2d, the main line of the Ninth Corps ran parallel with the Mechanicsville road,

the left resting near Bethesda church. As this movement was being made, a strong force of the enemy struck the corps in the rear, a very heavy thunder-shower being in progress at the time. Lines of battle were formed in all directions, and shot and shell and bullets were poured into the enemy's ranks without stint, and they returned as good as they received. The Second Brigade was on the extreme right of the corps, with a heavy skirmish line in front. Just before dark this line was attacked with great vigor by the enemy, and the result was the severest skirmish the Eleventh had ever taken part in to this date. But the boys on the picket line held their ground firmly, and captured a great many prisoners. Lieutenant Morrison captured three, and was himself shortly after severely wounded, as was also Lieutenant Shepard. Lines were changed and new intrenchments thrown up during the night, and everybody was busy in anticipation of the terrible assault which was expected the next day.

At sunrise of the 3d of June an assault was made along the whole Union line most bravely and swiftly, but was as swiftly repulsed. Charge after charge was made—by regiments, by brigades, and by divisions. Missiles of death filled the air. Strong, brave, daring men did all that men could do, rushing close up to the lines of the enemy and almost breaking them; but at the critical time the reserves failed to come to our support, as was intended, and the enemy's lines remained unbroken. In half an hour from the time the first assault was made, fully ten thousand men lay dead and wounded. Still later in the day Meade resolved upon another assault, made his dispositions accordingly, and issued orders to his corps commanders; but the men who did the fighting had had their fill for one day, and refused to advance again in such a useless slaughter.

The Eleventh was the first regiment of its brigade to open the attack in the morning, and shortly after the brigade advanced in fine manner (the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire, with the Eleventh, being conspicuous), and soon encountered the enemy in strong intrenchments. For three hours the fighting was desperate. Division after division was brought up until the entire Ninth Corps was brought face to face with the enemy at the closest range, ready for the order to make a second assault.[1] The assaults upon the left of the army having closed, Burnside received orders to desist from further operations. And thus ended the great historic battle of Cold Harbor. Greeley, in his "American Conflict," says,—"Had not Burnside been ordered to desist, and had his corps made the assault for which he had made his dispositions, Burnside must have worsted the enemy;" and this was the verdict of eminent military men.

The men of the old Ninth Corps fought with heroic bravery, and, had the order for the second assault been given, they would have done their best to win. But the enemy were still in front, and Grant, after pondering upon the matter, quickly decided to throw his army across the James and approach Richmond from the south. The rebels were still defiant, and firing was almost continual, day and night. A desperate charge was made upon the Ninth Corps about midnight of the 6th, and there was a terrific shelling. The charge was gallantly repulsed, and the new dispositions of the army were made, as Grant was manœuvring to get his army across the James,—a very difficult and dangerous feat in the presence of an army on the alert, as was the rebel army. The Confederates were under the impression that the Union army was "whipped," an impression that

[1] The Eleventh Regiment gained control of a rebel battery, killing every gunner and most of the horses.

they got rid of a few days later, when they found that Grant was still alive.

The Ninth Corps now occupied the extreme right of the army, and with the Fifth Corps was alternately moving by the flank and rear, moving all the time to the left, to gain a position from which the whole army could again be put on the march. A hill in our front changed hands several times, but General Potter determined to secure it once for all, and after several fights succeeded in forcing the enemy to abandon it. It was then strongly fortified by our troops. On the 7th the dead and wounded were cared for under a flag of truce, and that notwithstanding the enemy in front of the Ninth Corps kept up their firing and took no notice of the flag.

There was much excitement in the evening of the 9th over a report that Ewell and 1,500 of his men had been captured by the Ninth Corps, but, as that corps had not been engaged in a fight that day, the men took no stock in the report. However, it served a good purpose: it was taken up by the entire army; bands played, there was great cheering, and the spirits of the men rose correspondingly.

But the sick have been sent away, our baggage is on board of transports at the "White House," ammunition and rations are being issued, and an order has been received, "Be ready to move at a moment's notice." During the night of the 12th of June the Ninth Corps was very secretly and silently withdrawn from the enemy's front, and put upon its march. So well was this accomplished that the enemy did not know for an hour after the departure of the corps that our pickets had been withdrawn, and during this time they kept up their firing, by both artillery and musketry. About daylight it reached Tunstall's station. From here, after a short halt, it marched by way of Olive church, and at night

bivouacked near Sloane's crossing, on the Chickahominy. Early the next morning it crossed the Chickahominy at Jones's bridge, following the Sixth Corps, and, marching by way of Tyler's mills, reached the James river that evening. The next evening it crossed the James near Fort Powhatan, on a pontoon bridge in which there were 105 boats, the distance being nearly three fifths of a mile. This bridge was one of the longest ever laid during the war. Then a forced march was made towards Petersburg, and at sunrise we filed into a field and stacked arms for coffee.

The night was very warm, and the dust from marching very blinding and suffocating; so the men fell out badly. The distance was twenty-five miles. For three hours of the march only one rest of fifteen minutes was had. Men straggled in the rear for miles. Some companies of different regiments stacked arms with less than *ten men* present. The Eleventh showed the most endurance of any regiment in the Second Brigade, two thirds of the regiment being present when coffee was made. After a short rest the march was resumed, and a little past noon the Ninth Corps was in position on the extreme left of the army, ready for an assault upon the enemy's works, which were the outposts for the defence of Petersburg. The Second Corps was to make the assault, assisted by the Second Division of the Ninth Corps. General Griffin with his brigade reported to General Barlow of the Second Corps, and at 6 p. m. the advance was made in the face of a murderous fire. The Eleventh and Second Maryland succeeded in getting close under a rebel battery. They were soon after joined by the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire, and later by the remainder of the brigade. The firing was continuous for several hours, and many men were wounded and a few killed.

At midnight General Griffin received an order to carry

the works by assault, the troops to be ready to move at 3 a. m. The Eleventh New Hampshire, the Seventeenth Vermont, and the Thirty-first Maine were detailed to make the charge, supported by the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire, the Second Maryland, and the Thirty-second Maine. The men were divested of everything that would make unnecessary noise, and as the watch ticked three o'clock, with a bright dawn in the east, the order was silently given to advance. Forward the men went with a stealthy, quick step. The top of the little knoll was gained, and with a rush the little plain was crossed. The men jumped upon the intrenchments before the enemy had time even to discharge their guns already loaded. "Surrender, you d—d rebels!" shouted Lieutenant Frost, in the face of twenty guns levelled at him. In five minutes from the time the advance was begun the fort was ours, with its four guns, four stands of colors, twenty-four horses, six hundred men, and fifteen hundred stands of small arms. It was one of the finest assaults of the whole war. Lieutenant Dimick, of Company H, was taken prisoner, and several were wounded, among them Sergeant Will C. Wood, of Company H.

As soon as the works had been taken, the brigade pushed on for the crest of a hill a short distance away; but, just as the open plain near it was reached, a terrific fire was opened from masked batteries, and the troops fell back to the line that had been captured. The fighting this day was mostly done by the Ninth Corps, assisted by a portion of the Fifth and Second corps. All the lines captured in the early morning were held and intrenched.

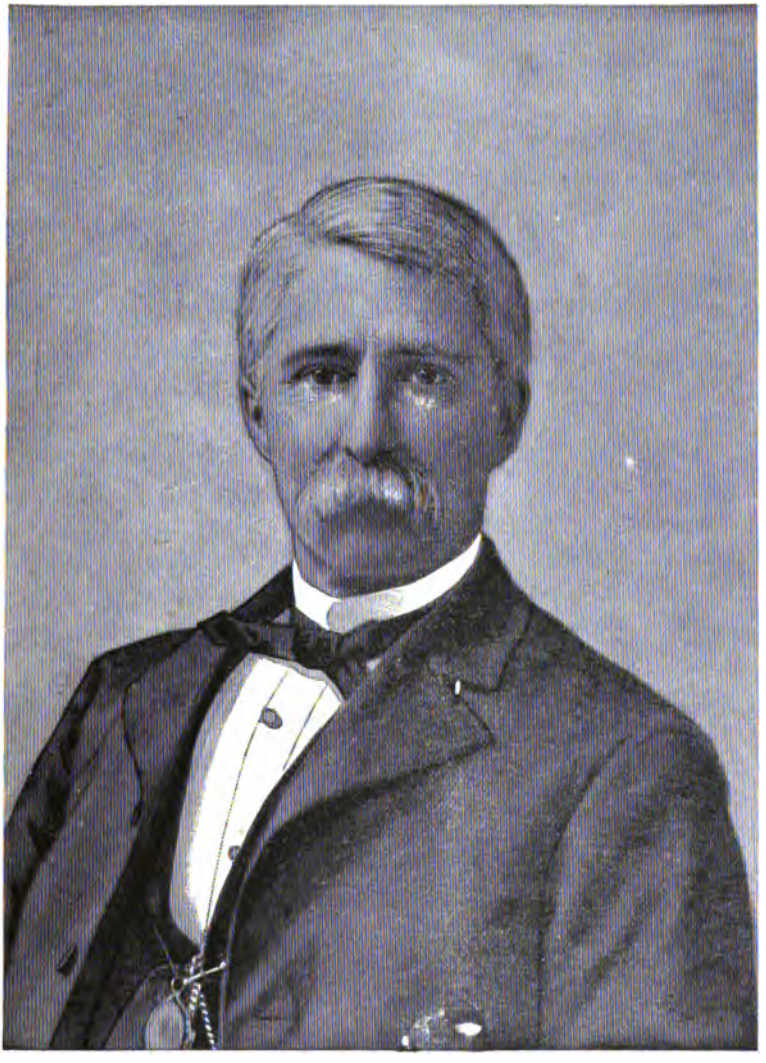
We give the following graphic account of this brilliant charge by the well known war correspondent, Charles C. Coffin:

"On the night of the 16th, Burnside arrived with the Ninth Corps. Neill's division of the Sixth also arrived.

Burnside attacked the rebels, but was repulsed. The lines were reconnoitred, and it was determined to make a second assault. About half a mile south of the house of Mr. Dunn was the residence of Mr. Shand, held by the rebels. During the cannonade which preceded the assault, a rebel officer entered the house and sat down to play a piano. Suddenly he found himself sitting on the floor, the stool having been knocked away by a solid shot, without injury to himself.

"The house was a large two-story structure, fronting east, painted white, with great chimneys at either end, shaded by buttonwoods and gum trees, with a peach orchard in rear. Fifty paces from the front door was a narrow ravine, fifteen or twenty feet deep, with a brook, fed by springs, trickling northward. West of the house, about the same distance, was another brook, the two joining about twenty rods north of the house. A Rebel brigade held this tongue of land with four guns beneath the peach-trees. Their main line of breastworks was along the edge of the ravine east of the house. South, and on higher ground, was a redan—a strong work with two guns, which enfiladed the ravine. Yet General Burnside thought that if he could get his troops into position unperceived, he could take the tongue of land, which would break the Rebel line and compel them to evacuate the redan. Several attempts had been made by the Second Corps to break the line farther, but without avail. This movement, if not successful, would be attended with great loss. Nevertheless it was determined to make the assault.

"It was past midnight when General Potter led his division of the Ninth into the ravine. The soldiers threw aside their knapsacks, haversacks, tin plates, and cups, and moved stealthily. Not a word was spoken. The watches of the officers in command had been set to a



Will C. Wood.

second. They reached the ravine where the pickets had been stationed, and moved south, keeping close under the bank. Above them, not fifteen paces distant, were the rebel pickets, lying behind a bank of sand. If their listening ears caught the sound of a movement in the ravine they gave no alarm, and the troops took their position, undisturbed. The moon was full. Light clouds floated in the sky. Not a sound, save the distant rumble of a wagon or an occasional shot from the pickets, broke the silence of the night. The attacking column was composed of Griffin's and Curtin's brigades, with Griffin on the right. He had the Seventeenth Vermont and the Eleventh New Hampshire in his front line, and the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire and the Thirty-second Maine in the second. Curtin had six regiments,—the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, and the Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania in his front line, and the Seventh Rhode Island, the Twelfth New York and the Fifty-eighth Massachusetts in his second. The soldiers were worn with hard marching and constant fighting, and had but just arrived from City Point, yet they took their position without flinching.

"The officers looked at the hands of their watches, in the moonlight, and saw them move on to the appointed time. Fifteen minutes past three! Twenty paces! A spring up the steep bank would carry the men to the rebel pickets! Fifty paces to the muzzles of the enemy's guns.

"'All ready!' was whispered from man to man. They rose from the ground erect. Not a gun, not a lock clicked. The bayonet was to do the work. 'HURRAH!' The lines rise like waves of the sea. There are straggling shots from the rebel pickets; four flashes of light from the rebel cannon by the house; two more from the redan; one volley from the infantry, wildly aimed, doing

little damage. On, up to the breastworks! Over them, seizing the guns! A minute has passed!

"Four guns, six hundred and fifty prisoners, fifteen hundred muskets, and four stands of colors are the trophies. The rebel line is broken. The great point is gained, compelling Lee to abandon the ground which he has held so tenaciously."

General Griffin, in a paper contributed to the Massachusetts Historical Society, says that General Potter entrusted him with the direction of the assault, assigning Curtin's Brigade to his support. He says, —

"I then spent the entire night, moving my troops through the felled timber, getting them in proper position, and preparing for the attack. I placed my brigade on the left of the Second Corps in a ravine, immediately in front of the Shand House, which the enemy held, and within one hundred yards of their lines. Curtin was on my left, and a little farther to the rear on account of the conformation of the ground. We were so near the enemy that all our movements had to be made with the utmost care and caution. Canteens were placed in knapsacks to prevent rattling, and all commands were given in whispers. I formed my brigade in two lines. Colonel Curtin formed his in the same manner. My orders were not to fire a shot, but to depend wholly on the bayonet in carrying the lines.

"Just as the dawn began to light up the east, I gave the command, 'Forward!' It was passed along the lines in whispers. The men sprang to their feet, and both brigades moved forward at once in well formed lines, sweeping directly over the enemy's works, taking them completely by surprise, and carrying all before them.

"One gunner saw us approaching, and fired his piece. That was all we heard from them, and almost the only shot fired on either side. The rebels were asleep, with

their arms in their hands, and many of them sprang up and ran away, as we came over. Others surrendered without resistance. We swept their lines for a mile from where my right rested, gathering in prisoners and abandoned arms and equipments all the way. Four pieces of artillery with caissons and horses, a stand of colors, six hundred prisoners, fifteen hundred stand of arms, and some ammunition fell into our hands."

General Humphreys, in his "Virginia Campaign," says this of the assault at the Shand House:

"The Petersburg intrenchments ran from the Appomattox river east a mile to the City Point Railroad, then south three miles to the Norfolk Railroad, then west four miles to a point west of the Weldon Railroad, then north two miles to the Appomattox river. The length of the intrenchment from the Norfolk Railroad west to the Jerusalem plank-road was a mile and a half. On the morning of the 16th, General Hancock, who was placed in command of all the troops that were up, made reconnoissances in his front, in the course of which, as he says, General Egan's brigade made a spirited attack upon a redoubt on Birney's left (Redan No. 12), and carried it in his (Egan's) usual intrepid manner. General Hancock was now ordered to attack in his front at six p. m., General Meade having arrived on the ground.

"This programme was carried out, and a spirited assault was made by the Second Corps, supported by two brigades of the Eighteenth on the right and two of the Ninth on the left, which resulted in the capture of Redan No. 4 on the right, and Redans Nos. 13 and 14 on the left, together with their connecting lines, and in driving back the enemy along the whole line. The attacking party suffered severely. The heavy fighting ceased at dark, but several vigorous attempts were made by the enemy during the night to retake the ground. The

gallant commander of the Irish Brigade of the Second Corps, Colonel Patrick Kelly of the Eighty-eighth New York, was killed while leading his command, and Colonel Beaver of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania was severely wounded.

"At the first dawn of day on the morning of the 17th, the division of General Potter (Ninth Corps) carried, in the most gallant manner, the redans and lines on the ridge where the Shand House stood, capturing four guns, five colors, six hundred prisoners, and fifteen hundred stands of small arms. The troops (Griffin's and Curtin's brigades of Potter's Division) were formed in two lines in a deep ravine with precipitous slopes, close up to the works they were to attack. The command "Forward!" was passed along the lines in whispers, and the line, without firing a shot, at once swept over the enemy's works, taking them completely by surprise, and carrying everything before them. The Confederate troops were asleep, with their arms in their hands. The ground in the ravine from which General Potter made his attack was covered thickly with slashed timber, making it difficult to get up Ledlie's Division to follow up Potter's success. Potter, however, pushed forward until he found the enemy in a new intrenched position on the west slope of Harrison's creek, which extended from Redan No. 3, near the Appomattox, to the works at and in the vicinity of the Norfolk Railroad.

"On the 18th an advance was ordered along the whole line. The Ninth Corps, on the left of the Second, had to advance a mile or more, when it found itself in front of a heavy force of the enemy occupying a cut in the Norfolk Railroad,—a large ravine running parallel with the enemy's main line. General Burnside found it necessary to drive the enemy from this cut in order to get close enough to the intrenchments to assault them.

General Meade again ordered a general assault by all the corps, and after some heavy fighting Burnside succeeded in establishing his men within a hundred yards of the enemy's main line. He gave the men of Potter's Division, in which the Eleventh New Hampshire bore a prominent part, great praise for their work."

Rev. Mr. Woodbury, in his "Ninth Army Corps," thus vividly describes this attack:

"General Potter's Division was selected from the Ninth Corps for the assaulting column. General Ledlie was to support the attack with the First Division. To General Griffin's Brigade was assigned the field of honor and danger, and to General Griffin himself was given the duty of planning and executing the immediate attack. Colonel Curtin's Brigade was to support. General Griffin arranged the movement with great daring and skill. Under cover of the night he led his troops to a ravine within one hundred yards of the enemy's position, and there formed his column of attack, his brigade in two lines, the Seventeenth Vermont, the Eleventh New Hampshire, and the Thirty-first Maine in front, and the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire, the Thirty-second Maine, and the Second Maryland in support. Colonel Curtin formed his brigade with the Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania and the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts in front, supported by the Seventh Rhode Island, the Second New York Rifles, and the Fifty-eighth Massachusetts.

"The enemy occupied an estate at the head of the ravine belonging to a Mr. Shand, and had his headquarters in the house, his artillery commanding the approaches.

"So near were the enemy's lines, that only in whispers could the necessary orders be communicated. General Griffin enjoined the strictest silence upon his men, and ordered them, when advancing, not to fire a shot, but

to depend upon the bayonet for clearing the works. Even the canteens were placed inside the haversacks to prevent their rattling. At the first blush of the morning the word "Forward!" was passed quietly along the column. The men sprang to their feet, and noiselessly, rapidly, vigorously moved upon the enemy, Griffin to the right, Curtin to the left. They burst upon him with the fury of a tornado. They took him completely by surprise. They swept his lines for a mile, gathering up arms, flags, cannon, and prisoners all along their victorious pathway. A stand of colors, four pieces of artillery with their caissons and horses, fifteen hundred stands of small arms, a quantity of ammunition, and six hundred prisoners were the fruits of this splendid charge."

Rev. Mr. Woodbury, in another place in the same book, has these earnest, truthful words for the Army of the Potomac, of which the Ninth Corps was a prominent part:

"In reviewing these grand movements, extending over more than five weeks of time, almost every hour of which witnessed a combat at some point, it is impossible not to admire the wonderful resolution and bravery displayed on both sides. General Grant, in one of his dispatches, says that the enemy seemed "to have found the last ditch." But if General Lee exhibited great capacity for defence, he soon discovered that he had met with more than his match in the tenacity, the determination, and the skill with which Grant pushed on his aggressive operations. General Lee was greatly aided by the peculiar formation of the country,—rivers crossing the lines of march at almost right angles; forests of vast extent, which afforded concealment for the movements of an army on its defence, or retreating; marshes, which could be used for the protection of positions selected for a stand; hills, each one of which could speedily be made

to become a fort: and all these strengthened by all the appliances of engineering skill, which had leisurely constructed defensive works in view of just this contingency, or had hastily thrown them up as the emergency demanded. But all his skill, his ability, his resources, the advantages of his chosen positions, the very favorable opportunities which the natural features of the country supplied, were of little avail except to postpone defeat for a season. In the end they were compelled to give way before the indomitable will, the resistless and steady advance, the undaunted spirit, the matchless persistence and energy of General Grant and his army.

"It is true that the advance was slow, and that every mile was marked with brave men's blood. But still the advance was made. Positions which could not be successfully assailed without vast expenditure of human life, were turned by those flank marches in the face of an enemy, which, under the lead of unskilful men, are sure to result disastrously, but which, when made by a man of genius, are as successful as great battles won. In all those operations, the Ninth Corps participated in a manner to reflect the highest honor upon all its officers and men, and especially so upon its hopeful general and his division commanders. No campaign during the progress of the war was at all so severe in its demands upon human endurance and human courage as those forty days of marching and fighting. To say that the Ninth Corps in every position did all that was required of it, and commensurately suffered, is to declare sufficient praise for the living and the dead. More than one fourth of the number of those who had crossed the Rapidan had been killed or disabled from service.

"In the Second and Third divisions, the reports of Generals Potter and Willcox state the losses to have been four thousand five hundred and thirty-two killed,

wounded, and missing. The losses in the Third Division were proportionately great. The remainder of the Army of the Potomac suffered in an equal degree."

The carrying of the advanced out-works in front of Petersburg by the Ninth Corps was gallantly done, and Grant in an order complimented the men for their bravery and their daring deeds. During the night of the 17th the rebels fell back, and a general assault was ordered by Meade to take place at four o'clock the next morning; but the larger portion of the fighting during the day was done by the Ninth Corps. The corps this day was under the command, or rather the direction, of General Parke, and in his report to Burnside he said, "No better fighting has been done during the war than was done by the divisions of Generals Potter [the Second] and Willcox [the Third] during this attack." The fighting of the 18th resulted in establishing the lines so long held in front of Petersburg.

And now for a moment let us see what had taken place during the past few weeks. From the 6th day of May, when the Eleventh Regiment engaged in the fight at the Wilderness, until it established its line in front of Petersburg, there were forty-three days, thirty-six of which had been spent in marching, skirmishing, fighting, and intrenching. The battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Tolopotomoy, Bethesda church, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg had been fought. A long and wearisome distance had been passed over, fighting for every rod of it, often marching fifteen to twenty miles in a day. By intrenching at night, marching or fighting the next day, and the night following throwing up intrenchments, the men became so weary that at every halt for rest they fell asleep as soon as their motion stopped. No pen can adequately describe the heroism, the bravery, the endurance, and the indom-

itable pluck of the lion-hearted, true, loyal men of the Army of the Potomac, of which the Sixth, Ninth, and Eleventh New Hampshire regiments were conspicuous members, each doing its duty so manfully and faithfully as to reflect great honor upon itself and upon the state from whence it came.

CAPTAIN DIMICK'S CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, AND ESCAPE.

The following from the pen of Captain Dimick, giving an account of his capture and treatment while a prisoner, and of his marvellous escape whereby he again reached the Union lines, is full of thrilling interest. It shows in a wonderful degree the determination and character of the men whom New Hampshire sent into the service. They were always brave and faithful, full of resources, and cool in danger, and of them Captain Dimick is a fine example:

"Owing to the scarcity of officers I was placed in command of the two left companies (A and H) of our regiment, in the advance before light, June 17, 1864. We soon reached the Shand House, and my command divided, part going to the left, and part, with myself and the regiment, to the right. After passing the house, in the attempt to keep my line connected, I approached a squad of men whom I supposed to be Union men, who had gone to the left of the house. On coming to them I found myself in the midst of a party of "rebs," who brought their guns to an aim and ordered me to surrender. I was immediately taken to the rear and into Petersburg, and put with Second Corps officers captured the night before. The only other man captured from the Eleventh was Corporal Huse of Company H, who after-

wards died in Andersonville. In the afternoon of the same day we were loaded into box cars with five hundred enlisted men, and started for Georgia. We reached Andersonville, June 23. The enlisted men were put into the stockade, but the officers were taken back next day to Macon and put into Camp Oglethorpe—an enclosure of about three acres once used as a fair ground. It was surrounded by a tight board fence about twelve feet high, near the top of which was a narrow platform for sentinels. On each of two sides, two twelve-pound brass pieces were posted to sweep the camp in case of an outbreak, and near the last of June three others were added. Twenty feet inside from the high fence was an ordinary picket fence called "dead line," which no prisoner was allowed to touch. There were about eighteen hundred officers in this enclosure. Colonel Harriman had been taken from there only a few weeks before, and put under fire at Charleston with fifty other officers. There was one frame building in the middle of the camp. This was used for quarters, and was packed full, so that some rough sheds had been built for the same purpose. The ground was all occupied when I arrived, and so two Pennsylvania officers of the Second Corps, who had been captured the night before I was, and myself dug a hole under the frame building, and burrowed there throughout the six weeks of our confinement in Macon. Many of the prisoners went bareheaded and barefooted, wearing only undershirts and drawers. They used economy in clothing, not knowing when or where they would get any more.

"Prison life was very monotonous, and yet not without diversions,—cards, checkers, chess, ball, wicket, cricket, etc., and a very few books. The sense of confinement was terribly depressing. Prisons were very much alike, and life was much the same in them all.

Attempts to escape were made in all, mostly by tunnelling, except at Columbia where there was no fence. Each man's rations at Macon for five days consisted of seven pints of corn meal, one half pint sorghum, one eighth pound maggoty bacon, two tablespoonfuls beans (buggy), and two tablespoonfuls of salt. Until the last of June water for the eighteen hundred was obtained from a single spring. Three wells were then dug, and supplied with wooden pumps.

"We were counted every morning. A sutler was allowed to come inside, and sell to those who had money at the following prices: Flour $1.00 per cupful (not a pint), molasses $3.00 a cupful, vinegar $1.75 a cupful, onions $2.50 per dozen, coffee $18.00 per pound, eggs $4.50 a dozen, butter $6.50 per pound, lard $7.00 per pound, paper 50 cents a sheet, and envelopes 35 cents each. All prices were in Confederate money. At this time the rebels were willing to give seven dollars in their money for one in greenbacks. Religious services were held on Sunday and during the week, conducted by the prisoners.

"On July 28, with six hundred other prisoners, I arrived in Savannah, where we were confined in the United States Marine Hospital yard. The remainder of the camp was carried to Charleston, S. C. At Savannah we had the best treatment, best quarters, and the best food during our prison life. On September 13 we were taken to Charleston at the city jail yard. Here General Gilmore's shells daily passed over our heads and exploded in the city, but no prisoners were ever injured.

"On October 5 we were taken to Columbia, and located about two miles from the city, on the south side of the Congaree river, in an open field of about four acres with no enclosure but a line of guards. Ten or fifteen feet inside their beat was a line of stakes, which consti-

tuted our "dead line." Four pieces of artillery were just outside, bearing on the camp, which we called Camp Sorghum, as this, with Indian meal and a little salt, was our only diet. There was no shelter save what the prisoners could construct of sods and boughs. No axe, spade, or shovel, and no cooking utensils were furnished us. Except for a few dishes, owned by some of the prisoners and loaned through the camp, we must have eaten meal and sorghum raw. After we had been there two weeks, eight axes and eight shovels were issued to the fifteen hundred officers. A small brook ran through the camp, from which water was obtained. Wood for cooking and for warmth was obtained from a piece of felled timber near by. A line of guards was thrown around a portion of it, and we were allowed to bring away what we could.

"Escapes here were frequent. Men would choose a dark night, crawl as near the dead line as possible, wait until the two guards were at the farthest ends of their beats, then run for dear life. Guards would usually fire. Some were hit, but most were not. Many of those who escaped were retaken and brought back.

"At this camp we were formed for the morning count in two ranks. Two Confederate officers would then commence at the right and pass down the line, one in front and one in rear. Whenever an escape had been made, a comrade would get into the right of the line, and after being counted would leave it, pass through the camp to the left, and get a double count, so that his comrade should not be missed. Myself and two comrades, who had messed together all this time, had planned to run the guard, and were waiting for a dark night. I had made a map of the route from Columbia to Knoxville, on the back side of the only letter I received while a prisoner. A better opportunity for escape offered itself on

the 3d of November. The wood in the lot above mentioned having all been used, the officer in charge, whose tent was just outside our camp, allowed men to go there, give their parole, and then go to a piece of woods near by and get wood. Probably fifty men escaped, but because of the double counting it was not discovered, and the same privilege was given the next day. We decided to try it. So we gave our parole, got what wood we wanted, put on all the clothing we had, and then went to the officer's tent and took up our parole. Then instead of going back to camp we started for the woods, hid ourselves, and waited till dark, when we commenced our journey to Knoxville. We were joined by Lieutenant W. C. Holman of the Ninth Vermont, and a major and a lieutenant from the One Hundred Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, and so had six in our party. We travelled about six miles, wholly by a compass which I always carried during the war, and which was not taken from me when captured. The second night we made about twelve miles. The next day, November 6, was Sunday, and Lieutenant Holman, being ill, decided to surrender himself, and left us. Soon after starting out Sunday night, we were captured by an orderly sergeant from Early's army, home on a furlough. Having heard of the escape of prisoners from Columbia, he was on the watch, and he caught us and six others the same night. We were all taken into a large house, and into a square room with a large open fire. We were fed, and made very comfortable through the night, although sleeping on the floor. The next morning a big mule team was harnessed, and it was prepared to take eleven Yankee officers back ten miles to Lexington, the county seat, and then turn them over to the authorities. Our guard consisted of the sergeant on horseback with revolver, a young man about twenty-five, and an old man about sixty, each

of the two latter having a gun. A small boy drove the mules. Two Pennsylvania officers and myself decided that that guard should not be sufficient to take eleven Yankees ten miles to prison, and, after going about five miles, at a favorable time we jumped into the woods and ran. After running some ways, I stopped to take breath and listen, but could neither see nor hear anything of the men who were with me. I have never seen them since, but learned, through a letter from one of them while we were waiting for the grand review in 1865, that they were both recaptured the same day.

"I did not attempt to travel that day or the following night, but the next day I hunted for a negro, and having found one, received from him the first "square meal" for four months. I had concluded to stop with him two or three days for the repair of my shoes, now nearly gone, and had just lain down in a barn, when he called me saying there were more Yankees outside who wished to see me. I went out, and found the following who had escaped from Camp Sorghum, November 3: Lieutenant Charles G. Davis, First Massachusetts Cavalry; Captain Charles S. Kendall, First Massachusetts Infantry; Captain V. K. Hart, Nineteenth United States Infantry; Lieutenant William Nelson, Thirteenth United States Infantry; and Lieutenant Thomas B. Dewees, Second United States Cavalry. I joined this party, and with them entered Knoxville, December 5, just one year from the day Longstreet raised the siege of the Ninth Corps.

"We travelled nights, and depended altogether upon the negroes till we reached the western part of North Carolina, near the Tennessee borders. There we made ourselves known to a Henry B. Grant, who proved to be a loyal man. He had been twice conscripted into the rebel army, and had deserted each time. He did not dare to sleep in his own house, but for eleven months he

had taken his blankets and slept in the woods. He and his wife were very hospitable, feeding us bountifully, and giving us blankets for a night's lodging in the bushes. In another part of the same house lived his elderly sister, whose young son (about sixteen) was in that rebel army that guarded a road which we wished to take to Knoxville. While we were there, he came home on leave. We in dismay finally decided to tell him the truth, and keep a sharp watch of him. The next day he piloted us across the mountains, and at night put us on a road beyond his company, even pointing out to us the outer sentry, and then returned to his command. Grant directed us to another Union man, whom we woke at midnight. He fed us, and the next day went ten miles with us across the mountains and put us on a path leading into Cordis Cove, a Union settlement in East Tennessee.

From there we were guided to Tuckaluchee Cove, and thence to Knoxville, which we reached as before stated. From there I proceeded by Cumberland Gap into Kentucky, and thence to Washington, where I received a leave of absence, which I spent at home in New Hampshire. I returned to the regiment at Petersburg, March 6, 1865.

REMINISCENCES.

(FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.)

Among the many humorous scenes that transpired in our army life, one quite laughable occurred while the Eleventh was stationed at Newport News, in March, 1863.

Colonel Harriman had allowed his name to be used as a candidate for governor of New Hampshire, for the

purpose of securing the votes of those in the Republican party who would not vote for the regular candidate, J. A. Gilmore. Company C, taking in the situation, and, like every other company in the regiment, having one or more men whom all the rest could utilize for the purpose of fun, concluded to have a meeting to indorse the colonel's nomination. Moses Richardson was notified of the nomination, that a meeting was to be held, and that he was expected to make the speech. He readily gave his consent, being always ready for duty. Sergeant Emerson instructed him what to say, and how it must be said, and Moses tried hard to learn his lesson.

When the appointed time came, a beef barrel with one head was furnished as a platform for Moses, and placed directly in front of Colonel Harriman's headquarters. The remaining head had been loosened, a hole made, and a plug inserted. The Colonel, hearing the hum of voices, came out to see what was going on. Just then Moses mounted the barrel, and made his bow to the audience, as he had been instructed to do. He then said,—"Fellow-citizens: I hear that Colonel Harriman is a candidate for governor of New Hampshire. Colonel Harriman is a good man, and I would as soon see him governor as——" Just then some mischievous fellow pulled the plug, and Moses disappeared, as if by magic, inside the barrel.

The colonel laughed, and passed into his tent; the boys shouted, and the crowd disappeared. Moses crawled out of the barrel with the remark that he could n't understand why that head, which had sustained the weight of two hundred pounds of beef, would n't hold him.

During the siege of Petersburg and while Captain Tilton was in command of the regiment, an incident occurred, which shows the coolness of Captain Locke.

One day, in the discharge of his duty, Captain Tilton visited the front line of the works, then in command of Captain Locke. As the two men stood behind the intrenchments, engaged in conversation, the dull thud of a bullet, sent by some rebel sharpshooter, was heard near them. Each thought the other wounded, but finding that neither was hit, took off their hats. It was then found that a bullet had passed through Captain Locke's hat, just above the forehead. Looking at it in a quiet manner, Captain Locke said, in his own inimitable way, "By godfrey, if I had had on a low hat, they would have got me sure, would n't they."

Comrade Timothy B. Eastman, of Company D, gives the following reminiscences:

On the 7th of July, 1863, three days after the surrender of Vicksburg, the main army crossed the Big Black on a pontoon bridge, but the wagon train that I was with made a detour and crossed the river at Messenger's. About ten p. m., as the train was passing through a dense piece of woods and timber on its way to Messenger's, a severe thunder-storm broke upon us, and raged with great severity for an hour. The wind blew, the rain came in torrents, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed,—in fact, it seemed as if all the elements of heaven and earth had combined to make that one storm the severest ever witnessed by man. Darkness reigned supreme, and we were obliged to come to a halt until morning. Quartermaster Hawes, of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, was in charge of the train. He did not make his appearance after the storm, and, a search being made for him, his lifeless body was found in the rear of an army wagon. He had been killed by a falling tree, that had demolished the wagon in which he had sought shelter. The next morning he was given as good a

burial, as the circumstances permitted, after which we resumed our march.

On the morning of the 12th of July, 1863, the Eleventh was doing skirmish duty in front of Jackson. The cooks camped some distance in the rear, and were ordered to issue rations to their several companies. Company D's cook arrived in due time, and commenced issuing rations on the right of the company, passing down towards the left. Sergeant George E. Davis was found seated upon the ground, back to the enemy. I took a seat beside him, and passed him a canteen of water. As he raised it to his lips, he received a severe rifle-shot wound in the back from a rebel sharpshooter. Four men were detailed to carry him to the hospital in the rear. In doing so, we were for a distance of one hundred and fifty yards directly in range of the enemy's fire. Bullets flew thick and fast about us, but not a man received a scratch.

Late in the autumn of 1864, in front of Petersburg, a very singular accident occurred by which a Union soldier lost his life. Soon after the battle of Poplar Grove church, a cook picked up a rebel gun-barrel and used it as a crane to hang kettles upon for cooking purposes. One Sabbath morning, having a hotter fire than usual, the contents of the barrel were discharged, killing a soldier who sat directly in range, engaged in cleaning his musket for Sunday inspection.

During some portions of the winter of 1864-'65, in fine weather, the officers and men of the Eleventh often indulged in a friendly game of ball together. As they were playing one day, just before the final move, some general officers passed them on horse-back, and one of them was overheard to remark, "That's a good regi-

ment, for the men and officers play ball together." Whoever that officer was, he never uttered truer words.

The march of the Ninth Corps up the country into Morristown was a curiosity to the people in that section. They had heard a good deal about the Yankee soldiers, but had never seen any before. As the Eleventh on its march halted near Mossy creek, a group of women eyed them intently; finally, one of them said to one of the boys of the Eleventh standing near, "I suppose them 'ar is right plumb Yanks."

When on the march near Winchester, Kentucky, a small school-house was passsed. The teacher, a young man, and his pupils were standing by the side of the road gazing at the soldiers, and one little fellow said to one of the boys of the Eleventh, "Whar did yer come from?" "From New Hampshire," was the answer. "Whar's that?" "Didn't you ever study geography?" asked the soldier. "I reckon so," said the boy; "I have studied a right smart lot of curious things."

One day while the regiment was resting at Jackson, Miss., a colored woman passed by, carrying a pail of water upon her head, that being the manner of carrying burdens there. The path upon which she was walking was lower than the ground upon which the regiment was lying, and J., who was always full of his fun, picked a green peach from a tree near him, and threw it at the woman. He intended to have it fall into the pail of water and spatter her, but, instead, it hit aunty on the side of her head. She at once stopped, set her pail of water down on the ground, rolled out her eyes like door-knobs, and exclaimed, "God A'mighty! who frow'd dat?"

The four guns of Benjamin's Battery, for so long a time attached to the Ninth Corps, were all marked on the breech, and their names were Minnie, Nannie, Maggie, and Louise.

On the march from Vicksburg to Jackson, many houses were burned. These were set on fire largely by Western troops, who had a greater spite, if that were possible, against the rebels than the Eastern troops had. During a halt a fine residence was set on fire. The old lady of the house desired very much to save a large and valuable mirror in one of the chambers, and as there was no male member of the family about the house, all being in the rebel army, a soldier of an Iowa regiment offered to bring it down. Going up stairs he shouldered the great mirror, and started down the stairs. When near the bottom he saw some chickens run past the door, chased by several members of his company. This so excited him that he forgot all about his valuable load, and he said to his companions, "Give 'em h—l, boys. I'm with ye;" and he dropped the mirror, smashing it into a thousand pieces. "Oh, Lordy, Lordy! my mirror! my mirror that I've had all these years, all smashed to pieces!" and the old lady was led away to a tree, under which she sat and saw her house burn.

Comrade Eaton says that as the brigade was marching along the Crab Orchard pike one lovely morning, a good many ladies were to be seen at the farm-houses, and at one place several had ranged themselves by the roadside. A comrade of the Eleventh Regiment, who was of small stature, a dry joker, and a genuine wag, left the ranks, walked straight up to the ladies, and with a very sober face, addressed them thus: "Say, ladies, I'm very warm and sweaty this morning. Can't

some on ye give me an apron, a handkerchief, a feather, or something that I can wipe my face with?" The ladies eyed him with a peculiar look, and then looked at each other, not knowing what to do or say. They surmised that he did not mean what he said, or else they took him for an insane man. At all events they made him no answer. As soon as he joined the ranks his captain asked him what they said. "Oh, they said they had n't any apron, handkerchief, or feather, but that they were all for the Union to a man."

George W. Currier, of Enfield, enlisted in the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, in 1861, when but little more than sixteen years of age. His brother, Lewis D., then fifteen years of age, wished very much to enlist, but his father would not let him, deeming him too young. One year later, when the Eleventh Regiment was recruited, Lewis informed his father that he wanted to join it, but his father again objected. But this time Lewis said, "You let George go, and I can lick him"—and Lewis went.

At Lancaster, Ky., among the camp-peddlers was an old lady who came daily with her cakes, pies, and canned peaches. She did her trading largely with the band boys, to whom she took a great fancy. Like so many others, she preferred coffee for her articles to money. The old lady charged good prices for her wares, but as the prices increased the wares grew poorer. So the band boys made up their minds they would get even with her, and for a number of days they steeped their coffee, without grinding it, and then dried it in the sun.

One of the members of the band was delegated to trade this coffee with the old lady, and the next time she made her appearance, he did so in this way: After she had arranged her articles for sale, P. stepped up and said,

"Well, auntie, what have you got to sell this morning?" She replied by stating what she had, and how very nice everything was. "Well," said P., "I have no money, but I will let you have a little coffee." "That 's just what I want," replied the old lady. "What a nice lot of it," said she, as P. turned a haversack full into her apron, "but what makes the kernels look so large? and they seem kinder wet; it ha'n't been biled nor nothin', has it?" P. straightened himself up, tipped his cap on his head, and said, "Madam, do you mean to insinuate that I would sell you coffee that has been 'biled?' Do you think I would imperil the honor of my country and bring disgrace upon the service by doing such a d—d mean trick? Do you think I have no love for the old flag that floats so proudly over our heads to-day, and will ere long float over this entire land, when the American eagle will once more be heard screaming as he used to? No, madam, and if you were a man, I should demand of you satisfaction for your blasted insinuation [and he brought down his fist so hard upon the board upon which her wares were displayed that several cans of peaches fell to the ground], but since you are a woman, I will call it square, if you will say you are sorry and will give me a can of peaches." "Lordy sakes alive," said the old lady, "I did n't mean nothin', sonny, now I did n't." "Your apology is sufficient," said P.; "now we 'll attend to the business." The can of peaches was delivered, and she went to her home, saying to herself, "I 'm dreadful sorry that ere soldier got so awful mad, but his coffee had been biled. I know it had. It was a mean Yankee trick, but I 'll get even with 'em."

On the way to Kentucky, the regiment partook of an excellent supper provided for them by the people of Pittsburgh, Pa., in the city hall. After the supper

Colonel Harriman was called upon for a speech, to which he responded. The ladies and gentlemen present gave three cheers for him, and then Colonel Harriman jumped up on a seat and said, "We do a little cheering sometimes, when an occasion like this calls for it. Boys of the Eleventh New Hampshire, let us give these ladies and citizens three of our cheers!" The hall trembled with them.

On this same trip the cars were very much crowded, and H., of Company D, said in his dry way, "If I'd er' known I was going to travel all over the country in these cattle cars, d—d if I believe I'd have joined."

At Mount Sterling, Chaplain Stratton was invited into the pulpit of one of the leading churches on Sunday, the pastor of which was a notorious rebel. At the close of the sermon by this divine, Chaplain Stratton was asked to make the closing prayer. He prayed earnestly for the success of the Union army, then for those who were in arms against the government and the old flag. The rebel clergyman could n't have looked or felt much worse had he been hit by a Yankee shell.

Very many things sent to the Christian Commission fell into the wrong hands. While we were lying at Lee's Springs, a sick man sent a friend to the sutler for some little delicacy, if it could be found. A small bottle of nice jelly was found, and three dollars was paid the sutler for it. When it was delivered to the sick man, he found his own wife's name on the paper that was about the bottle. The jelly had been intended for him, but some one had sold it to the sutler.

The regiments of the brigade were occasionally inspected by some officer other than from their own regi-

ment. The Eleventh was at one time inspected by Major Wales of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts. The knapsacks were opened on the ground in front of the men, and very many of the boys took out their testaments and laid them upon their knapsacks. Major Wales saw the joke, and said, "I am very glad to see the men of the Eleventh New Hampshire so religiously inclined—for once in their lives.

Among the many incidents of the siege of Knoxville, the following is given:

One night during the siege, one of the rebel pickets in front of the Eleventh sang out, "What regiment are you?". "Eleventh New Hampshire," said one of the men. The following conversation then took place:

Rebel. "Where is Parson Brownlow?"

Yankee. "Here in town."

Rebel. "That's a d—d lie, for we 've got him. Who 's in command over there?"

Yankee. "Come over and see."

Rebel. "Come out of your rifle-pits, and we 'll fight you."

Yankee. "We will meet you half way."

Rebel. "Go to h—ll! You Yanks are too much for us. Good-night."

The following incidents are related by Rev. Dura P. Morgan, of Beverly, Mass., who enlisted as a private from New London, in Company F, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, but who, after two years in the field as clerk, reënlisted in the United States army, and was appointed hospital steward with the rank of ordnance sergeant. After the war he entered the ministry, and for several years resided in Beverly, Mass., as pastor of the First Baptist church there. He did valiant ser-

vice, working so incessantly and faithfully that his health became very much impaired, and he has been obliged to desist from his labors. His church at first refused to release him, and looked forward to the time when he would be able to resume his duties as their pastor, but he has as yet been unable to do so.

Here is an example of the red-tape captain: Soon after the bloody battle of Antietam, the Ninth Army Corps was camped in Pleasant valley. While I was there I had a severe attack of jaundice, which weakened me exceedingly. Before I had fully recovered, the onward movement of the troops across the Potomac and through Virginia began. On the first day, in consequence of my weakness, I was not able to keep my place in the ranks with my company, and was obliged to fall behind—the first and only time that I recall during nearly two years. I did not reach camp till dark, and was too exhausted to make much provision for myself in the way of shelter or food. In the morning I saw, not far away, a large farm-house and buildings. This indicated an abundance of food, and as the troops were remaining in camp for the day, I thought I would have time to secure on the plantation something more palatable than pork and hard bread. So I started for the buildings. There was nothing to indicate that I was doing anything out of the way, but when I came up to the buildings I found them in charge of the commander of the brigade, and to my utter amazement I was halted, arrested by the soldier on duty, and put under guard. This was in the forenoon. I was marched to an old corn-barn and compelled to remain there all day. I was not alone, however. Several men approached in the same manner that I did, and were arrested, and served in the same way. Our hope of milk or other food was suddenly crushed. We could buy

nothing, nor could we return to camp. All we could get to eat was parched corn. It was a bitter disappointment. When night came, we were put in charge of some officers, marched to the Eleventh New Hampshire head-quarters, and turned over to the tender mercies of the manly Colonel Harriman, by whom we were promptly returned to our quarters. It was an instance of short and narrow red-tape, strung out through the fingers of an officer who had more regard for dignity than for decency. Such nonsense soon died out when real service began. I did not suffer, however, by being thus victimized, for I was soon able to eat raw pork with a relish.

There was a providential deliverance during the battle of Bethesda church, which occurred June 3, 1864, after the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, when the wagons belonging to the head-quarters of the Second Division had been moved to a deep ravine in order to escape rebel shells, which were coming over the Union lines and striking too near for comfort. Having charge of the papers, I was near our head-quarters, and with a companion was lying flat on the ground under the protection of the shoulder of the ravine. Soon it was observed that the shells were striking nearer to us, and my friend suggested that we move to a place of greater safety. At once I fell in with the idea, and we hastened down a few steps. Fortunate was it that we did so, for we had hardly put ourselves in position, when a screaming shell passed us, and, with a plunge and a thud which I can almost hear now, buried itself in the earth near by where I had lain. Such was its direction that I verily believe if I had not moved the instant I did my head would have been torn from my body. I felt as if I had been gently, as by an angel's hand, snatched from a horrible death.

A startling and at the same time rather amusing incident occurred June 7, 1864. Our head-quarters were located in a house, and in the little peach orchard about it, close up to the rebel lines. The desperate battle of Cold Harbor had occurred four days before. Both Union and rebel forces felt sore, and meant mischief. In the house spoken of were an old man and his wife, bravely and desperately refusing to desert their home, though in a place of extreme peril. Perhaps their attachment to the place was accounted for by the fact that in a strong log-hut near the house was confined a son suffering from insanity. This hut seems to have been the only asylum which these poor people could provide. It was a hot day. I had some writing to attend to, and had put up my desk under a "stoop" or veranda behind the house in the shade. Everything had been comparatively quiet about the house and the grounds, but suddenly, without warning, shells from three rebel batteries began to rain upon us. The gunners had found the range, and decided to make things lively.

"There was hurrying to and fro, and tremblings of distress."

The revellers at Brussels on that fatal night when Napoleon swept down upon Belgium's capital were not more startled than we were then. Some of us rushed pell-mell for the cellar; others leaped to their horses and ran. Officers, orderlies, clerks, hostlers—all were in confusion. Shells or rebel shot ploughed through the house, and mowed down the trees that stood over it. My desk was partially knocked down. The insane man was in a frenzy of excitement. And amid it all, and through it all, the old man and his wife were in prayer, crying out in agony for deliverance And they were delivered. I don't remember that any one was killed, though I think

some were wounded. As soon as the storm had partially subsided, we made good use of our legs in providing for ourselves more congenial quarters. If the rebels could have seen our consternation, I am sure they would have concluded that they were not wasting powder.

What a horrible night on picket it was! No person who has not seen military service in the field can fully appreciate the trying experiences of men compelled to go on picket. The most sympathy is given, doubtless, to those soldiers who are required to face an enemy in open battle. But oftentimes the man on picket is deserving of the greater consideration for real bravery shown, real trials endured, and real victory gained. A great part of picket work is done in the night, amid all the exposure that comes from chilly and oftentimes miasmatic air, when limbs are weary and brain is tired. Sometimes the duty is in pits, close up to the enemy, where every movement is liable to invite a bullet, where the body is cramped, the clothes soiled, the water scarce, the food scanty or half cooked, and where wakefulness must be preserved upon penalty of death for sleeping on the post. Captain Woodward of Company F tells us of a horrible night he had on picket during the siege of Knoxville, in November, 1863. He says,—"I had been stationed with about forty men in a freight depot directly in front of the city on the north side opposite the river. This depot was built of brick and roofed with iron. During the siege it came to have an isolated position. Between it and the main part of the Union forces in the city was a ditch or gully filled with water, and impassable except where a bridge had been reserved for the use of the pickets as they went back and forth to their positions near the rebel lines. Near this bridge or passage-way was a lot of wagons and stuff to be used, if necessary, as a kind of portcullis for stopping a

possible advance of an enemy. In the opposite direction was the open country with its seventy houses. Through the outer verge of these houses ran the Union line of pickets, and close by the rebel lines. These houses, deserted by their loyal or disloyal owners, had been prepared by kerosene and other inflammable material for burning quickly, in case the rebels should advance in the night. A soldier was put on guard there every night, to fire the buildings if necessary.

"One night in November, while in this lonely spot, confined in the depot, suddenly the rebels advanced. They seemed to be in force. The Union pickets retreated in haste. The men who had been stationed to fire the buildings applied the torch and ran. Suddenly, as when a rocket is fired, those buildings were burning. The whole region was ablaze with light. Colonel Hartranft, alert to avert the danger, hastened down to us in the depot. He was trembling with excitement, and his face was pale. Eagerly he asked me,—'What are your orders, captain?' I replied, 'We are ordered to hold this place at all hazards.' 'That's right, that's right,' said he; 'hold it at all hazards, even if you are captured. Bar the doors, and hold it.'

"Leaving this command, he hastened to other points of danger. Soon the bridge was closed, as had been planned. And there we were, shut into that building, doomed to a possible capture, if not to death. Through loopholes in the brick walls we could see the rebels working like beavers, throwing up breastworks only a few rods away. To fire would be useless, for that would merely invite cannon shot and speedy destruction. The rebels did not know we were inside, and few of our own soldiers had any knowledge of our position. The rebel bullets kept striking on the wall and roof during the night. The fear of nameless horrors, whether by capture or slaughter,

combined to fill the night with dread. We did not dare to speak aloud, or fire a gun. We were ordered to hold the place. But the place held us: there was no getting out. When morning dawned, and the Union troops advanced in force and drove the rebels back to their old pits, relief came, and we were the happiest men in Knoxville."

If you wish to shoot rebels with ramrods you may talk about the necessity of keeping cool in battle, but it is another thing to keep cool while the battle rages. It was no uncommon thing in the late war for some volunteer, when first required to prepare for action, to put his cartridges in the rifle wrong end first, and the powder in front of the ball rather than behind it. An amusing anecdote, related by Captain Woodward, is based upon the experience of a good soldier in Company F. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, this soldier soon became so excited that in his haste to fire he forgot to take out the ramrod from his rifle, and the captain says, "While I was busy looking after the wants of the men, one of the company crept up to me as we were lying close to the ground, under that awful shower of bullets, and said, "Can't you get me another ramrod? I've fired mine away." I got one from a rifle lying near by, and gave it to him. Very soon after he came for another: he had fired away a second one. Fortunately for him, but unfortunately for the dead and wounded men lying near, it was easy to secure another. It was not long, however, before he came for a third one; but when he applied, I told him he must provide his own ramrods if he intended to fire them off in that style. How many of those fired did execution on that fatal day no one can tell. One thing is sure, however: That soldier intended to do his duty. Several months after that battle, when

we were down in Mississippi, the same soldier came to me and surprised me by asking, "Captain, how many rebels do you think a man could string on a ramrod?" I said, "I don't know: perhaps two." "Well," he says, "I think you could string on three, and if that is so, I must have strung on twelve rebels at the battle of Fredericksburg." I did not know at first how he got such a notion in his head, but I soon found out he was working his excitable brain under the influence of an overdose of quinine. In his mild delirium he was going over that historic battle, and fancied himself killing rebels by the wholesale in that novel manner. Company F never claimed that it subdued the Rebellion, but it does claim that few soldiers really did more execution with bullets in a short time than that soldier thought he did with ramrods.

CHAPTER XIII.

WEARY WITH WAITING—THE PROJECT OF COL. PLEASANTS—THE SUCCESSFUL EXPLOSION OF THE MINE—FAILURE OF THE ASSAULT—GENERAL MEADE AND THE NINTH CORPS.

The placing of his army by Grant upon the south side of the James, menacing Richmond from the south and by way of Petersburg, is considered by the highest military authorities, not only of this country but of other nations, as a wonderful thing. No one but a Grant could have executed it at that time. He had unlimited confidence in his army, both officers and men. He had only to issue an order, to have it obeyed with wonderful alacrity and promptness. No one questioned his ability, or, if he did, it was done respectfully, in comparative silence. The subordinate commanders, who had often failed to participate in a movement or battle at the right time, were out of their element in the army of the Potomac with Grant at its head, and they found their level elsewhere.

When Grant decided to transfer his army to the south side of the James, he evidently intended, if possible, that Petersburg should be easily captured,—and it could have been, had his orders been implicitly obeyed. (That they were not is a matter of history, and not germane to the history of the Eleventh Regiment.) And yet the stubborn fact remains, that when the lines were drawn about Petersburg, June 18 and 19, 1864, the place could hardly have been captured except by a siege. For this, preparations were at once commenced, and the men were busy both day and night. Earthworks were thrown up at different points, and manned with batteries supported by infantry; parallels were laid out, covered ways were built,

trenches were opened, and that, too, amidst a constant firing from the enemy. Later on, when the enemy's mortars were fired with greater precision, bomb-proofs of logs, stones, bricks, and earth were constructed all along the picket line. These had been pushed close up to the enemy's lines. Sharpshooters were on the alert for the officers and men, and no one dared show his head on either side at any time, save with the almost certainty that his life would pay the penalty. The pickets were relieved during the night, and all communication with the front was closed during the day, save such as was absolutely necessary. In front of some of the corps there was little firing on the picket line, and men walked about freely. In front of the Ninth Corps the firing was almost continuous, and, although the utmost caution was taken, General Potter reported that from twelve to fifteen officers and men in his division alone were killed or wounded daily. On the line of the Ninth Corps there were two batteries of eight guns each, one of six, one of four, two of two, and one of fourteen. Beside these there were several mortar batteries.

And so the tiresome weeks wore along: the men were worn and exhausted from their long and constant watching and almost incessant fighting. The month of July was a weary one for the Ninth Corps. The Second Division was in the extreme front. Each brigade was in the trenches forty-eight hours; then was relieved for as long a time by the other brigade. There was a continual fire day and night, and the utmost care was required in keeping under cover as much as possible to save one's life. The weather for most of the month was sweltering hot, and it was very dry and dusty, so much so as to be almost unendurable. No rain fell from June 2 until July 19. The Sanitary Commission did all it could to keep the boys alive. The first week in July they procured some

farina, corn-starch, maizena, canned meat, and pickles. Among the agents were Dr. Locke of Nashua, Dr. Abbott of Salisbury, and Rev. Mr. Patterson of Portsmouth. The ice-houses in the country about were put under guard, and the ice was reserved for the hospitals.

During the evening of the 3d of July word was passed along the entire front requiring double vigilance, as an attack was anticipated early the next morning, it being the 4th. But no demonstration was made, and our boys contented themselves with cheering for Sherman, from whom good news was received that day, and in the evening anything and everything that could answer for fireworks was displayed. July 8 was one of the warmest days of the summer. About 4 p. m. the enemy attempted to charge upon a battery belonging to the Eighteenth Corps. A sharp fire ran along the lines. Artillery upon both sides opened severely. The firing was very rapid for half an hour, when it ceased, and all was quiet again.

This was an almost every-day or night occurrence. On July 15, for some unexplained reason, the enemy was cross and ugly. In the early morning their mortars opened all along the lines, and were responded to in earnest from the Union lines. In the afternoon they repeated the firing, and for two hours before dark the mortars and artillery upon both sides kept up a continuous, rapid firing. All through the siege most of the firing was done by the Ninth and Eighteenth corps. The other corps had a comparatively easy time. The boys at the front and rear lived under ground. Officers' quarters were barricaded, and every precaution taken to preserve life. On July 19 the first rain since June 2 fell. It was very refreshing. On that day there was but little firing along the lines. Several deserters came in, who said an attack was to be made upon our lines;

that Johnston was calling for reinforcements, and none could be sent unless we were driven back. Whether it was a ruse or not, every precaution was taken to meet an attack, should one be made. The Eleventh Regiment occupied the extreme advance works, supported by the rest of the brigade. Every man was eager, defiant, and in earnest. No attack was made, but due vigilance was used for some time. A colored boy from Petersburg came into our lines, where the Eleventh was stationed, and said, "They be libbin mighty short ober dar, but Beauregard says he shall hold de city as long as he hab a man, an den he will hold it wid de corpses." Thus the days and weeks passed, until the explosion of the mine upon July 30, a full account of which follows:

THE MINE.

In front of the Ninth Corps, and immediately in front of the Second Division, the enemy had constructed a strong earthwork just under "Cemetery Hill." In the rear of this work was a high ridge, which, if captured, would be of great value to the Union troops, and perhaps might cause an evacuation of the city of Petersburg just beyond, as the city was being shelled at times from different points of the Union lines.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry M. Pleasants, of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, a regiment composed mostly of miners in the coal regions, himself an engineer of undoubted ability, conceived the idea of running a mine from the Union lines, occupied in turn by the Eleventh Regiment, to and under this redoubt, and destroying it. The distance was about five hundred feet. He talked the matter over with his regiment, and the men immediately became enthusiastic over it. Colonel Pleasants then had an interview with General Potter, who had

become interested in the scheme. On the 24th of June following, the matter was laid before General Burnside, who upon further consideration approved the plan, and directed that the work be commenced. General Meade was consulted, but he was not favorably disposed. The idea of such a thing being done by any one outside a regular army engineer could not for a moment be tolerated; but Burnside was confident, so Meade gave his consent, and hoped something might come from it.

All assistance from the engineer corps of the Army of the Potomac was refused; but Colonel Pleasants succeeded in securing elsewhere the instruments needed for his observations and all necessary preparations. At noon of the 25th of June the work was commenced, and was carried forward so rapidly that by the 23d of July a main gallery five hundred and ten and eight tenths feet in length was finished, together with two lateral galleries under the earthwork, one of thirty-seven and the other of thirty-eight feet in length. Four magazines were placed in each of these lateral galleries, and each was charged with more than a half ton of powder. These magazines were connected with each other by troughs of powder, and with the main gallery. Some five or six lines of fuses and wires were run to the mouth of the gallery, there to be fired. The wires were charged from a galvanic battery. The powder—about eight thousand pounds—was put into the magazines on the 27th of July, and was tamped during that night and the following day.

But how had all this labor been performed without the enemy in some way ascertaining what was being done? From the testimony of Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, I make the following interesting extracts: "General Burnside told me that General Meade and Major Duane,

chief-engineer of the Army of the Potomac, said the thing could n't be done; that it was all clap-trap and nonsense; that such a length of mine had never been excavated in military operations, and could not be; that I would either get the men smothered for want of air, or crushed by the falling of the earth, or that the enemy would find it out and it would amount to nothing. I could get no boards and lumber supplied to me for my operations. I had to get a pass, and send two companies of my own regiment with wagons outside of our lines to rebel saw-mills, and get lumber in that way, after having secured what lumber I could by tearing down an old bridge. I had no mining picks furnished me, and had to take common army picks and have them straightened for my mining picks. The dirt had to be carried the whole length of the mine before it could be deposited, and every night I had to get the pioneers of my regiment to cut bushes and cover up where it had been deposited, otherwise the enemy could have climbed up the trees in their lines and seen the pile of newly excavated earth.

"The material excavated was carried out in hand-barrows made of cracker-boxes. The great difficulty I had was to dispose of the material got out of the mine. I found it impossible to get any assistance from anybody. I had to do all the work myself. I got pieces of hickory and nailed them on the boxes in which we received our crackers, and then iron-cladded them with hoops of iron taken from old pork and beef barrels.

"The work progressed rapidly till the 2d of July, when extremely wet ground was reached, the timbers gave way, and the gallery nearly closed, the roof and floor of the mine nearly meeting. I re-timbered it, and started again. From this point I had to excavate a stratum of marl, whose consistency was like putty, and this

caused our progress to be necessarily slow. The triangulations were all made on our most advanced line, and within one hundred and thirty-three yards of the enemy's line of sharpshooters."

The men of the Eleventh will remember this marl which was excavated. It could be whittled as easily as chalk, and the many pipes and other things which were manufactured from it, after a few days' exposure to the sun and air, became as hard as a flint. They will also remember the large pile of dirt dumped into the little ravine in the rear of the bomb-proofs of the Eleventh's picket line, which ravine afforded quite a shelter from the enemy's view. About the middle of July some deserters from the rebel lines reported that the enemy knew of the mine, and had commenced countermining. Work ceased until the 18th, but was afterwards resumed.

As the mine drew near its completion, the question of attack at its explosion began to be considered. General Burnside desired that the Fourth Division (colored troops) of the Ninth Corps should lead the advance. This division had been lying in the rear of the remainder of the Ninth Corps since it joined it on the 18th of June preceding, and, having no picket duty to perform, had been drilling with the view of making the attack at the explosion.

General Meade overruled this, and desired that some one of the other three divisions should be selected for the purpose. A great deal of correspondence passed between Meade and Burnside, and finally Burnside called together his other division commanders,—Generals Potter, Willcox, and Ledlie,—when the matter of attack was fully discussed, and Burnside decided that the leading division should be selected by lot by the three commanders, which was done, and the choice fell upon the First Division, General Ledlie commanding. Everything being

in readiness, General Meade issued his battle order. Major-Generals Warren of the Fifth Corps, Ord of the Eighteenth Corps, and Hancock of the Second Corps were ordered to reduce the number of men in the intrenchments and march to a point near the Ninth Corps as reserve. General Sheridan, commanding the cavalry, was ordered to move with his whole command "against the enemy's troops, defending Petersburg on their right."

The mine was ordered to be sprung at 3:30 on the morning of July 30, when the assaulting columns were to move rapidly forward, seize the crest in the rear, and secure a lodgment there. Ord was to support on the right and Warren on the left. General Potter at once made all suitable preparations, and General Griffin, who was to follow the First Division with his brigade, was on the alert, and nothing was left undone that could be done to make the advance a success. During the night previous to the explosion his brigade was massed close to the outer lines, ready to spring at the command "Forward!"

At 3:30 a. m. the mine was fired. All were anxiously awaiting the report of the explosion, but it came not; minutes, which seemed almost hours, passed away, and valuable time was being lost. Daylight was increasing, and the enemy would soon be able to see the troops massed in the rear. Commanders were all uneasy, and the question, "Why doesn't the mine explode?" was on every lip. The cause of the delay could not be found, as the fuses had been lighted, and any person entering the gallery to ascertain whether or not they were still burning would incur the risk of losing his life. Two men from the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteered to enter the gallery, and they found that the fuse had gone out at the junction one hundred feet from the entrance

where two pieces had been spliced together. It was relighted, and at 4:44 a. m., eleven minutes from the time of lighting, the explosion took place. Those who witnessed the scene will never forget it. With a deep, heavy thud, the entire redoubt was lifted into the air with all of its occupants and guns, making a grand and impressive sight; then it came down, and, swaying back and forth, formed the crater, from which protruded the legs, arms, and heads of the poor victims who had been buried in the débris as it came down. Colonel Pleasants, who stood on the outer breastworks at the time of the explosion, estimated the dimensions of the crater to be two hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep.

THE ASSAULT.

Immediately upon the explosion, the troops of the First Division rushed forward, but after reaching the crater most of them remained there; the Second Division immediately rushed for the right, the pioneer corps that had been organized from General Griffin's Brigade clearing the way. Fully two hundred yards beyond the crater they were met by a terrific fire and a large force of the enemy, and they retired to the crater. Other troops had failed to join them as ordered. The very difficulty which had been foreseen—that of the disposition of the troops to close in in the crater—was now encountered, and the troops were thrown into great confusion. Orders were received to "Push forward at once!" but that was simply an impossibility, for by this time the enemy had rallied in force, and an enfilading fire was poured upon the heads of the men. Then the colored troops were ordered in; they passed into, and some of them out of, the crater, fighting bravely for a few

minutes; then they fell back. Thus was the Ninth Corps with its brave commander sacrificed. Fifty thousand troops lay almost within sight of what was going on, but none were ordered in, and for any practical purpose might have been miles away.

It was soon evident that the day was lost, and that the explosion, a magnificent success, had preceded a disastrous failure. At a little past noon the troops, with shattered ranks, fell back from the crater as best they could. The Eleventh had less than sixty men for duty on its return to camp, having had a large number killed, wounded, and captured. Among the officers wounded were Captains Tilton, Locke, and Bell, and Lieutenants Caswell and Davis. "What was the cause of the failure?" was the question asked by every loyal person in the country. The men of the Ninth Corps knew full well the cause of it. The Committee on the Conduct of the War investigated the matter thoroughly. All of the prominent officers, not only of the Ninth Corps but of other corps, as well as Meade himself, were placed upon the stand. Statements were made; letters and telegrams were produced; and questions almost innumerable were asked and answered; and after a careful consideration of the matter the committee came to the following conclusion:

Your committee would also call attention to the fact that General Grant attributes the disastrous result of that assault, to a greater or less extent, to the troops being sent in unaccompanied by any of the division commanders. How far the division commanders would have been able, by their presence, to overcome the confusion and disorganization into which the troops were thrown from the causes heretofore referred to, your committee are unable to say. None of the witnesses examined previous to General Grant made any reference to that fact. It was first brought to the notice of the committee near the close of the investigation, when they were unable to direct their attention to that particular point. They refer to it here, however, as the opinion of the highest

officer in the service, and also because they deem everything relating to this most disastrous affair worthy of consideration.

Your committee desire to say, that, in the statement of facts and conclusions which they present in their report, they wish to be distinctly understood as in no degree censuring the conduct of the troops engaged in this assault. While they confidently believe that the selection of the division of colored troops by General Burnside to lead the assault was, under the circumstances, the best that could have been made, they do not intend thereby to have it inferred that the white troops of the Ninth Corps are behind any troops in the service in those qualities which have placed our volunteer troops before the world as equal, if not superior, to any known to modern warfare. The services performed by the Ninth Corps on many a well fought battle-field, not only in this campaign but in others, have been such as to prove that they are second to none in the service. Your committee believe that any other troops, exposed to the same influences, under the same circumstances, and for the same length of time, would have been similarly affected. No one, upon careful consideration of all the circumstances, can be surprised that those influences should have produced the effects they did upon them.

In conclusion, they, your committee, must say that in their opinion the cause of the disastrous result of the assault of the 30th of July last is mainly attributable to the fact that the plans and suggestions of the general who had devoted his attention for so long a time to the subject, who had carried out to a successful completion the project of mining the enemy's works, and who had carefully selected and drilled his troops for the purpose of securing whatever advantages might be attainable from the explosion of the mine, should have been so entirely disregarded by a general who had evinced no faith in the successful prosecution of that work, had aided it by no countenance or open approval, and had assumed the entire direction and control only when it was completed and the time had come for reaping any advantages that might be derived from it.

This was a most righteous decision. No committee, composed of intelligent, unprejudiced men, with all the facts presented, could have come to any other conclusion. The mine and its explosion were a subject of ridicule at Meade's head-quarters while the galleries were being excavated. There was no sympathy with it there,

and not only Burnside but the whole Ninth Corps was cognizant of the fact. The men of the Ninth Corps believed in General Grant and General Burnside. General Meade had never recognized the Ninth Corps as being in the service, save in the issuing of orders.

After the disastrous affair had terminated, Meade, not being content with what he had done, sought further to humiliate Burnside and his detested corps, and immediately preferred charges against General Burnside, which Grant thrust aside with the remark, "They are too frivolous for notice." But Meade, not satisfied, instituted a court-martial of four officers of his own selection, one of them being a member of his own staff, before whom Meade and his officers were allowed to air themselves to their hearts' content. Burnside protested against the court and its formation, appealing directly to the secretary of war, who assured him that he should not be harmed, saying, in so many words, that the whole affair was merely boys' play; and so it proved, for no notice was ever taken of its action.

Being unwilling to serve longer under a man whom he felt had tried his best to injure his fair fame as a man and a soldier, General Burnside bade adieu to the Ninth Corps, which he had so long and so ably commanded, and between whom and himself there was such a strong attachment, and returned to his home in Providence. President Lincoln would not accept his resignation, and he remained in the service without a command until the 15th of April, 1865, when his resignation was accepted.

Although the command of the Ninth Corps devolved upon a very able man, General John G. Parke, who had been connected with it almost from its formation, there was, so far as the writer knows, only one opinion at that time in the whole corps, and that was, that the action of General Meade during the entire mine affair

was such as to warrant the belief that the Ninth Corps was to be humiliated, and its beloved commander driven from the service.

That the assault upon the enemy's lines would be a success, was hoped for by the entire Ninth Corps. That it would have been a success had General Burnside been allowed to have the direction, was then and is still thought by the same corps to be true. Yet there were some commanders in the corps that shirked their duty that day. The writer of this was, at that time, acting inspector-general upon the staff of General S. G. Griffin, commanding the Second Brigade of the Second Division (Potter's) of the Ninth Corps.

General Griffin's Brigade, in which was the Eleventh, went quickly to its work after the explosion, and would have done much more than it did had the First Division obeyed orders; but it had no commander near it. He was sitting in a bomb-proof in the rear of the Union lines. There was no division commander in the crater, and only one (Potter) at the Union lines. He remained there for a short time, and then joined Burnside in the rear. He was a brave, meritorious officer, and always ready for duty. The First Division halted in the crater, and thither the other troops congregated for a partial shelter from the enemy's fire, which commanded not only the crater, but the approaches to it from the Union lines; and a little later on, this space of thirty rods was passed over by no man save at the peril of his life. The writer carried a report from General Griffin to General Potter, stating the action of his brigade, shortly after the attack was made. He found General Potter at General Burnside's head-quarters in the field, which were near the Fourteenth gun battery, and there were found, also, Grant, Meade, Hancock, and many other officers of lower grade. General Potter reported to General Burn-

side, and he to General Meade; and the writer heard General Meade say to Burnside, "Push forward to the crest at once!" Burnside communicated the order to Potter, who, taking from a pocket some straw-colored silk paper, and using his hat for a support, wrote the order, and I carried the same to General Griffin, who, in connection with General Hartranft, proceeded to put the order into execution as far as it was in their power to do so. Just then the Colored Division came in without any commander, for he, too, was in a bomb-proof inside the Union lines, and at once all formation was lost.

Generals Griffin, Hartranft, and Bartlett, the latter with one leg, having lost the other in one of the battles of the Peninsular campaign, were the only generals in the crater, and they did everything possible to make the assault a success. General Griffin escaped unharmed, although several bullets passed through his hat and clothes. General Bartlett, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, was cool, calm, and courageous. I passed over the space between the Union lines and the crater four different times, and escaped with only a few bullet holes in my clothes and hat. Returning with the order from Potter, I saw Generals Ledlie and Ferrero in a bomb-proof several rods in rear of the breastworks, sitting as unconcernedly as though nothing were taking place. These two generals were severely censured by General Meade's court-martial, which was the only redeeming feature of their report.

The crater was known in the rebel lines as Elliot's Salient. At the explosion, on July 30, 1864, the men in the fort were awakened, and the larger part of them were killed. The whole of the Eighteenth and a portion of the Twenty-third South Carolina Regiments were in the fort. General Elliot was wounded in forming a line

in our front. General Johnson was in command of the division.

The Second Brigade of Potter's Division, General Griffin commanding, moved towards the right of the crater after the explosion, and took possession of some partially abandoned intrenchments of the enemy, who had most intricate works at that point, the ground being fairly cut up with rifle-pits and covered ways. He began the attack, and these intrenchments were held for some time; but the enemy massed in numbers, and the works were abandoned. General Mahone says 1,101 men were captured in the crater. Burnside gave the order to fall back at 12:30 p. m. Meade says the loss was 4,400 killed, wounded, and missing, and all but 100 were from the Ninth Corps. The rebels reported a loss of 677 in Elliot's Brigade, and that this was more than half their loss.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONTINUATION OF THE CAMPAIGN—THE ATTACK AT SIX-MILE STATION—ADVANCING THE LINES—THANKSGIVING DAY IN CAMP—A TRICK BY THE ENEMY—CAPT. DUDLEY'S AFFIDAVIT—THE FINDING OF LIEUT. LITTLE.

After the mine affair, the Eleventh Regiment, although reduced to a handful of men, resumed its duties of the siege. No favors were shown the Ninth Corps; it seemed at times almost as though it was the determination of some one high in command, that, having driven its beloved commander—one of the bravest, most efficient, and unselfish officers in the service—into retirement, his corps —of which he had been so long the commander, and in whom the troops had the most unbounded confidence—should be wiped out entirely. But the man who was understood to be the Ninth Corps' greatest enemy was not liked or respected by the other corps of the army any more than he was by the Ninth. He was almost the only prominent officer in the service who received no kindly greeting when he rode along the lines. When this man made his appearance, every one let him pass in contemptuous silence; a graveyard atmosphere followed him wherever he went; cold, austere, selfish, wrapped in egotism, there were none so poor as to do him reverence as he passed sullenly and sadly along.

Saturday, August 13, General Burnside was granted leave of absence from the Ninth Corps, and returned to his home in Providence, R. I. He was not called into service again, although President Lincoln refused to accept his resignation. General Parke was placed in

command of the corps. The Union lines were gradually extended step by step, every inch of which was most stubbornly resisted by the enemy.

Sunday, August 14, at 2 a. m., the Eleventh Regiment, with its brigade, received orders to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice. We rested on our arms until 8 p. m. of the day following, when we relieved the First Brigade in the trenches. At midnight our brigade was relieved by troops of the Eighteenth Corps, and we began our march towards the Weldon Railroad, halting at a distance of three miles and relieving the Fifth Corps. By agreement, there had been but little firing between pickets of the Fifth Corps and the enemy; but as soon as the rebels knew that the Ninth Corps had relieved the Fifth, the firing became furious; rebel deserters said there was no corps in the Union army that fought them with such determined resistance as did the Ninth, and there was none they feared so much.

The night of August 17 was dark and rainy. About midnight the rebels began a fearful shelling of our lines, which was quickly responded to. The earth trembled with the thunder of guns in "Fort Hell" and "Fort Damnation;" the enemy attempted a charge, shouting, "We 'll clean you d——d Yanks out!" After shelling us a couple of hours and finding that the old Ninth Corps was really in their front, their firing ceased, and quiet reigned once more. But hard work was at hand. The Fifth Corps struck the Weldon Railroad on the morning of August 18 at Six-Mile station; they immediately tore up the track, destroying it for a long distance right and left. About noon the enemy appeared in force, making a spirited attack and forcing back the Fifth Corps at some points. Being hard pressed, General Warren called for assistance, and General Parke sent the First, Second, and Third divisions of the Ninth Corps to his aid. At 3

p. m. the Second Brigade was under way, and after a march of five miles went into position at dark, connecting its picket line with the Union line to the right. A staff officer of General Warren assisted in extending the lines, the ground occupied having just been taken from the enemy. The next day was one of heavy fighting.

Rev. Mr. Woodbury, in his "Ninth Army Corps," says,—

"At four o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy under General A. P. Hill made a furious charge. General Mahone's Division was directed upon General Willcox's command. General Hartranft's Brigade was formed upon the right and Colonel Humphrey's on the left. They steadily held their ground, and beat back every attempt to break their lines. The Fifth Corps, however, was not so fortunate, and General Crawford's Division suffered a severe loss. Our centre was in danger of giving way, when General Potter and General White arrived most opportunely on the ground. Their troops had had a most wearisome march, but were immediately formed, charged the enemy, and restored the battle. The presence of the Ninth Corps at once decided the conflict in our favor, and the enemy was repulsed. The corps captured two hundred prisoners and a color. The position was secured and strengthened during the night. The Ninth Corps occupied the line extending from the Fifth Corps on the Weldon Railroad to the left of the Second Corps near the Jerusalem plank road. The ground thus gallantly wrested from the foe was intrenched, and became a part of our defences. But the enemy was unwilling to rest easy under the loss he had suffered. On the 21st he came down upon our lines, and attacked with renewed vigor, charging nearly up to the breastworks. Once and again he advanced, only to be repulsed with great slaughter. It was a desperate

contest, and a decided victory for our troops. General Potter's Division participated in this brilliant defence."

During a portion of this time it was very stormy: the rain came down in heavy showers. The ground became so thoroughly soaked that it was very difficult to move artillery and wagons. Severe duty was required of the men because of the close proximity of the enemy, who seemed determined to recover the Weldon Railroad if it were a possible thing. Strong intrenchments were thrown up, and behind these the men watched for the oncoming of the foe, having had but little sleep for ten nights. The weather was cooler, and some nights were uncomfortably so.

The grip upon Lee was growing stronger: little by little the Union lines were being extended, making it necessary for Lee to thin his old lines to get men for the new ones. The old regiments of Union troops were being gradually reinforced by the return of men who had been sick or wounded. Good news was received from Mobile and other points south. A great many deserters came into our lines. A North Carolina regiment in front had to be taken to the rear, desertions from it being so frequent.

The month of September was a quiet one for the most of the time. The men of the Ninth Corps, who had been on incessant duty of the most wearing kind for several months, had an opportunity for a little rest, although there was almost constant fatigue duty, which was done largely by detail. Towards the last of the month it was determined to advance the Union lines farther, and the Ninth Corps was selected to take part in the movement. On the 28th the First and Second divisions were ordered from camp, were massed ready for the advance, and on the 30th commenced their movement. The object was to secure, if possible, both the Poplar Spring and

Squirrel Level roads. This accomplished, a road was to be opened across a swamp in the rear of the Pegram farm, below the Poplar Spring church. This was to be done by the Fifth and Ninth corps acting in concert. General Warren, with his corps, was already on the road, and struck the enemy at Peeble's farm. A charge was made, and the lines were forced, though with small loss to the enemy, who fell back to an intrenched line. General Parke moved promptly to Warren's assistance, and Potter's Division, in which was the Eleventh New Hampshire, moved beyond the Pegram house, and General Griffin, with his brigade, attacked the enemy with great spirit, but was met by them with superior numbers. The enemy's line being the longest, they broke in between the Ninth Corps and the Fifth, throwing Potter's line into confusion, with a loss of several hundred men taken prisoners. The line was promptly reëstablished, when a division of the Fifth Corps came to his assistance and the enemy was checked. Night prevented any further movement. The Union line was advanced, and held some three miles from the Weldon Railroad. The Ninth Corps lost heavily, its largest loss being from the Second Division.

The Eleventh Regiment in this engagement was under command of Captain Locke, who was severely wounded, and the regiment lost nearly as many men as at the mine explosion. Six men were killed, and six officers wounded—Captains Locke, Currier, and Bell, and Lieutenants Brown, Bean, and Davis—all very severely. The regiment went into the fight with two hundred guns, and at the close of the day's work had one hundred and eighteen men for duty. Captain Shepard was placed in command of the regiment. Lieutenant Emery, of the Ninth New Hampshire Volunteers, on the staff of General Griffin, was killed, and his place was taken by Lieutenant Saw-

yer, Company K, Eleventh New Hampshire. General Griffin's horse was shot twice, and Lieutenant Wilkins, of his staff, came near being captured. At the close of this fight Henry Osgood was the only original member of Company D left, and some other companies were in nearly the same condition.

October 2d a reconnoissance was made in force by the Ninth and Second corps, when the enemy were found intrenched across the Boydton plank road. A demonstration was made on the 8th on the Squirrel Level road, but nothing came of it. The regiments in the Second Brigade were being made larger in numbers by the arrival of conscripts and bounty jumpers, but few of whom were of any worth as soldiers.

During the month of October no further demonstrations were made by either side, and the month was spent in strengthening the intrenched lines, and in guard and picket duty. The Union lines were now within three miles of the much coveted South-Side Railroad, held by the enemy. Grant determined to make another movement on the left, hoping to turn the defences at Hatcher's Run. Hancock, with his Second Corps, was to make the attack, the Ninth Corps to make a demonstration in front. The army was in motion early on the morning of the 27th. The Ninth and Eleventh regiments were thrown out as skirmishers for the brigade, and advanced one mile and a half, sustaining a severe shelling. The Second Corps made an attack, but the enemy were alert and fought stubbornly, and both armies fell back to their old position. When the Eleventh reached its old camp the boys found it had been sacked, and the chimneys and boards of their winter huts gone. The One Hundred Eighty-sixth New York, a new regiment, joined the Second Brigade about this time, and proved a valuable acquisition. No other demonstrations were made, and

early in December the Ninth Corps returned to near their old quarters in front of Petersburg.

General Griffin's Brigade occupied the left of the line, and included in it was Fort Sedgwick,—called by the boys "Fort Hell,"—Forts Davis and Hayes, and the battery. The Fourth Division (colored troops) was separated from the Ninth Corps and moved to Bermuda Hundred. It is but justice to say that these troops had done bravely whenever an opportunity was given them to perform any service. But the most Meade had allowed them to do was the guarding of trains and the intrenching, notwithstanding which they received many good words from their comrades in arms.

Tuesday, November 8, an election was held in the army for President. The vote of the Eleventh Regiment was about 130 for Lincoln, 50 for McClellan; the majority for Lincoln in the brigade was about 380, and in the Ninth Corps 2,000. Monday, November 21, Colonel Harriman arrived at the camp of the Eleventh Regiment, and was heartily welcomed back. He had been absent from the regiment six months and a half. November 22 was Thanksgiving Day, but the turkey and other good things did not arrive until the next day. There was a turkey for every four boys, and with them were cranberries, onions, butter, crackers, and apples. Several ladies and gentlemen from New Hampshire came as distributers of the good things. November 29 the Ninth Corps moved five miles to the right, and went into camp in front of Petersburg and near Hancock station. This corps relieved the Second, the Ninth occupying the line from the Appomattox. The Eleventh Regiment was on the extreme left joining the Fifth Corps. The right of our division reached nearly to the crater, and the boys came back to bomb-proofs and covered ways again. The men of the Eleventh found good huts

awaiting them, of which they were very glad. The Eleventh was camped about half a mile from Hancock station, and about the same distance from the Jones house. Shortly after this line was reached, an artillery duel resulted in the killing of several rebels, among whom was General Gracy, who was one of the rebel commanders at the assault at Fort Sanders near Knoxville a little more than one year before. December 6, General Warren with a portion of his Fifth Corps made a reconnoissance near Nottoway Court House, and on the 10th, Potter's Division of the Ninth Corps went down to reinforce him.

The weather was very cold, the air was filled with snow and sleet, and the boys were glad to get back to camp again on the 12th. The regiments of the Second Brigade that went on the march were the Sixth New Hampshire, the Second Maryland, and the One Hundred Seventy-ninth and One Hundred Eighty-sixth New York, making forty miles in twenty-four hours in the cold. About this time several men were hung for desertion: some of them were game to the last, one man going to his doom smoking a cigar. December 18 one hundred guns were fired in honor of Thomas's great victory at Nashville. December 23, Grant sent to the army a statement from the war department at Richmond, made by a telegraph operator who came into our lines, saying that Savannah had surrendered to Sherman, that Fort Fisher had been captured, that Bragg was calling loudly for support, that Jeff Davis was quite ill with a bronchial difficulty, and that the rebel army was getting short of rations. The bands all through the army made the air resound with national airs and other music. About this time desertions from the enemy were numerous, and all rehearsed the same old story, "short of rations and of everything." And so the days and weeks wore on, with

plenty of routine duty, and with all the rumors incident to a soldier's life continually filling the air. On Sunday morning, January 29, 1865, the pickets in front of the Ninth Corps reported a flag of truce on the enemy's lines. Colonel Samuel Harriman, commanding a brigade in the First Division, was the first to learn it. He reported the same to General Willcox, then temporarily in command of the corps. This proved to be a request for Messrs. A. H. Stevens, R. M. T. Hunter, and J. A. Campbell, of Richmond, to pass through our lines. Grant gave his permission, and they were his guests until the 30th, during which time they had an interview with President Lincoln, and his secretary of state, W. H. Seward. The commissioners returned to Richmond no wiser than when they came. On February 5, 1865, General Humphreys with the Fifth and Sixth corps made a flank movement towards Hatcher's Run, and General Hartranft, commanding the Third Division of the Ninth Corps, was ordered to support the movement of General Humphreys.

Considerable skirmishing took place, but no general action was attempted, and on the 10th the troops were all back in their places again. The purpose of the movement was to force the enemy from their position near the Boydton plank road, but the time had not yet come for a general advance. The Ninth Corps remained in its position, fulfilling all its duties promptly, until the last general assault. Skirmishing took place almost daily, and many artillery duels were had. The warm breezes of the South, which began to make themselves felt in March, gave new life to the men who had so faithfully been performing their duties during the rains, snows, and chilling blasts of the winter months, and it came to be understood that the great final struggle was soon to take place; that Grant, the invincible warrior, had deter-

mined to close the grip he had upon the rebel army, and force Lee to surrender. Sherman had cut the Confederacy in twain by his magnificent march to the sea. Fort Fisher was ours, and, outside of the army confronting Grant, the enemy had no opposing force of any numbers, save the army under Johnston, and that was fleeing from Sherman's victorious legions.

During the winter months the deserters from the rebel army had been allowed to come into our lines, bringing their arms with them. Fort Stedman was a small earthwork, situated at the point where our lines crossed the Prince George Court House road. Its closeness to the enemy prevented its being strengthened during the winter months; the enemy's line was not over four hundred feet away, and our picket line extended nearly one third of this distance. The fort was manned by the Fourteenth New York Artillery, one of the best in the service. Taking advantage of the permission for deserters to bring their arms with them, shortly after 4 o'clock on the morning of March 25th squads of men began to make their appearance, and, under the pretence of being deserters, surprised our pickets, and, overpowering them, were immediately followed by several columns of General Gordon's Corps. Our main line was broken between Batteries Nine and Ten, when the enemy swept right and left, coming directly upon Fort Stedman. Major Randall made a splendid resistance, but he was soon overpowered by numbers, and the fort was captured. The enemy, flushed with this success, swept on towards Fort Haskell, but without success.

Battery Eleven fell into the hands of the enemy, but by this time the Ninth Corps, under General Parke, was alive to the situation. The Fifty-ninth Massachusetts soon recaptured Battery Eleven. General Hartranft, with his Third Division, was ordered to check the enemy

in connection with Potter's Division, and recaptured the fort. In the meantime the enemy, failing in their attempt to seize the railroad leading to City Point, withdrew to the rear of Fort Stedman. A concentrated fire was brought to bear upon the enemy in the fort and in its rear. About 8 o'clock the Union troops assaulted the fort and captured it, together with about two thousand prisoners and nine stands of colors. Something remarkable happened at this time. During the attempt of the enemy to get possession of the Union lines, General Parke telegraphed the action to Meade at his headquarters. Four times he telegraphed, but no answer nor response of any kind was sent in return until nearly 6 o'clock, when the telegraph operator said, "General Meade is not here: the command devolves upon you." Meade was on a temporary visit to Grant at City Point, and had not notified Parke, who was next in command, of his intended absence, and Parke was commanding officer of the Army of the Potomac at the time of the assault, without knowing it.

Parke immediately dispatched orderlies to City Point, and notified the other commanders of the corps to hold their troops in readiness for a general movement. Wright of the Sixth Corps, and Warren of the Fifth, were ordered to move troops towards the point assailed. It was said at the time that the corps commanders and their troops would have been only too glad to have fought a battle under Parke, who was a favorite with all, and really one of the ablest officers in the whole army; but Meade hurried back, and no battle was had. On the 27th, Meade unbent himself, and issued a congratulatory order to the Ninth Corps complimenting the officers and men for their "conspicuous gallantry."

No more deserters were allowed to come in bearing their arms.

THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRYOR.

(CAPTAIN DUDLEY'S AFFIDAVIT.)

General Roger A. Pryor, of the Confederate service, was captured by Captain Dudley on or about November 27, 1864. The Confederates having openly charged General Pryor with voluntarily surrendering himself, the following affidavit was given him by Captain Dudley to disprove it:

I, Hollis O. Dudley, of the city of Manchester, state of New Hampshire, do hereby make oath to the following facts: In November, 1864, a Captain Burridge, of the Thirty-sixth Regiment, had been captured by two Confederate officers while between the lines engaged in a sort of contraband trade which was then going on between the picket lines of the opposing armies, by which newspapers were exchanged for tobacco, etc., and both sides became informed of each others' movements. General Sherman was then on his march to the sea, and orders were issued to stop this sort of thing. Burridge had gone out alone to meet the Confederate officers, and they had walked him into their lines, one on each side of him.

The capture of Burridge was considered by the Ninth Corps as a reflection upon them, and General Parke applied for and obtained permission to capture a Confederate officer under similar circumstances, as a measure of retaliation. This was at once communicated by General Parke to his officers, and we determined to seize the first opportunity to carry his order into effect.

On or about the 27th of November, 1864, I was in command of the brigade picket line, the picket consisting of the Eleventh New Hampshire and two companies of the Thirty-second Maine Regiment. My advance picket was on a knoll in an angle of the line, and commanded considerable distance. I had just been to dinner, when I was told that a Confederate officer wished to communicate with us for the purpose of exchanging papers. I selected five men of the Eleventh New Hampshire, and numbered them from one to five, and ordered Captain Hussey of the Thirty-second Maine to pick out five of the best marksmen and coolest men of his regiment. These were numbered from six to ten. These men were sent forward to the advance post with orders to keep me in view, and to fire in rotation, commencing with No. 1 (who was T. O. Furnald, of this city), if I raised a hand or got into a quar-

rel, and to kill the rebel if they could. Pryor had been standing in front of the rebel picket for half an hour trying to effect an exchange of newspapers for tobacco. Captain Hussey had told him that an officer would soon be sent out to see him. As I walked out I took short steps, which brought Pryor more than half way to our lines. When we met he made some remark, to which I answered, demanding his surrender. He replied, "No, by —!" or some such language; but before the words were out of his mouth his right hand was grasped in my left, and a six-inch Smith & Wesson six-shooter was pressed against his shirt bosom, he wearing a low-cut vest. I at once faced towards my line, saying, "A word from you, or a particle of resistance, and I shall drop you and go to my line," keeping my revolver constantly at his breast. In that position we moved to my post immediately in front of where we stood. Resistance would have been an act of sheer folly, and the slightest offer would have been met by instant death.

As we stepped into the post, which was occupied by Captain Hussey and a Sergeant Durgin and the ten men referred to, Pryor succeeded in getting his revolver, cocked it, and made a pass to shoot me, when the revolver was knocked from his hand by Captain Hussey.

After searching him for further arms and taking his name, I immediately took him to General S. G. Griffin, brigade commander, and resumed my position in command of the picket line.

Within an hour of my return to the line, General R. B. Potter sent his provost marshal to me to present his compliments, and to congratulate me upon the greatest achievement ever accomplished by an officer of the Ninth Corps since its organization, saying if I ever had any request to make of him to command him. I returned my compliments to General Potter, saying that I had but done my duty, and that I had but one request to make, and that was, that the revolver, belt, and holster that I took from Pryor should be my property.

The request was within a few days granted, and I now have the revolver, belt, and holster in my possession.

After the close of the war it was deposited by me in the state-house at Concord, New Hampshire, as a war relic; but fearing that it might be lost or injured, I resumed possession of it.

HOLLIS O. DUDLEY.

State of New Hampshire,
April 26, 1889.

Hillsborough ss. Then personally appeared Hollis O. Dudley and made oath that the above affidavit by him signed is true.

Before me, JAMES F. BRIGGS,
Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.

THE FINDING OF LIEUT. HIRAM K. LITTLE.

LIEUT. W. A. MASON IN A LETTER TO L. W. COGSWELL.

"Your letter asking for the particulars relating to the finding and rescue of Lieutenant H. K. Little, is before me; and though more than twenty-five years have passed since the incidents I am about to relate occurred, they are still fresh in my memory, and so firmly were they fixed that they will never be effaced so long as mind and reason remain.

"You will probably remember that following the Vicksburg and East Tennessee campaigns many of our men were unfitted for duty, not only from disease contracted during those campaigns, but also by reason of exposure and the excessive hardships which fell to our lot at that time; and so ill was I on our return from Knoxville, that on our arrival at Baltimore it was decided that I should enter a hospital there. Accordingly I was sent to Camden Street United States general hospital, where I remained a short time, but was finally sent to De Camp United States general hospital, David's Island, New York harbor.

"Here, with the best of medical treatment, comfortable quarters, bracing air, and a generous diet, I soon began to improve, and in the course of a few weeks was so much better that I was ordered on light duty at headquarters. Frequent inspections and examinations of the inmates, and the sending to the front of squads of convalescents as soon as they were found fit for duty, convinced me that my turn would soon come, and accordingly I asked for, and was granted, a twenty days furlough to visit my friends in New Hampshire. I left New York about the 8th of June, and of course had a pleasant visit among friends at home.

"As the time drew to a close, I started for New York again, and while in the depot at Concord I met Comrade Thomas Little, a former member of Company F, who hurriedly told me the sad news just received from the army, that his brother, Lieutenant Hiram K. Little, was probably mortally wounded, and that no one knew his fate, or where he was sent to from the field, and that he was on his way to Washington to endeavor to find him, and asked for my assistance, as far as possible, to learn whether he was about New York. To all this I readily assented, and, bidding him a hasty good-bye, he started on his sad journey. As soon as I had made a few calls in Concord I proceeded on my journey, and arrived at David's Island on the 30th, and immediately reported to the chief clerk for duty. There was plenty to do, for the wards were all well filled, and among the papers which he gave me to work upon was one that he was very particular I should complete that day. It was a long list of names of wounded officers, inmates of the hospital, with rank and regiment, and the date of their arrival, and from this list I was to make out their bills for board. I made this my first duty, and before dark had the work completed, but found at the bottom of the list there was one without a name, denominated "Unknown." It did not occur to me at that time that this was the man of all others I should like to find; but I worked at my desk late that night, and finished what had been assigned for me to do, and left a clear desk ready for new duties in the morning.

"The 1st of July was one of the brightest and clearest one could imagine or ask for, and on my way from breakfast to my duties I fell in with the ward-master in charge of the pavilion where the wounded officers were quartered. He gave me a very pressing and cordial invitation to accompany him and see the patients in his

care, saying they were very happy, even in their suffering condition, to see visitors; and, more than this, there were some cases there in which he was positive I would be deeply interested. Upon our arrival he introduced me to several, and among others were two brothers, officers in the First Maine Heavy Artillery. One had lost an arm, and the other a leg, but neither knew that the other was wounded until they had met in that place, and now were occupying adjoining beds.

"After chatting with them for a few minutes of this very singular incident, one of them, calling my attention, and pointing down the ward to where the nurses were preparing to transfer a patient from one bed to another, remarked that that case gave them a great deal of anxiety, and that they were all very much interested in it from the fact that no one knew whether he was a Union or a rebel soldier, whether he was an officer or a private; almost completely paralyzed, unable to speak, or write his name, no name attached to his hospital clothing, there he had lain for days a silent sufferer, receiving the heartfelt sympathy of his helpless but still more fortunate comrades. At this point our conversation was interrupted by the ward-master, who came and asked me to assist in making the change from one bed to the other, as they had not quite help enough.

"Passing along to where the stranger was lying, and looking down upon the thin, pale face, his eyes closed as if in death, to my intense surprise I recognized the well known features of my friend and comrade, Lieutenant Little. After assisting in making the change, I told the ward-master and my newly made acquaintances who the unknown comrade was that they had been so deeply interested in, and they seemed nearly as happy as myself at my discovery. As soon as we had him comfortably arranged I drew a camp chair to his bedside,

and, taking his left hand in my own, and placing my right on his forehead, I called him by name.

"He immediately opened his eyes, and looked me fairly in the face, and when I asked him if he knew who I was, he responded in the affirmative by a nod of the head. Thinking that his mental faculties were nearly unimpaired, I at once began talking to him, and telling him of my recent trip to New Hampshire; that his friends had been informed of his being wounded, and that his brother Thomas was then in Washington in search of him. To all this he listened intently, as did those who had partially surrounded us. I soon asked him if I should telegraph to his wife that he was in New York, and relieve her anxiety, but received a negative answer by a slight shake of the head.

"I next asked him if I should notify Mr. Truman Putney, of Sutton, and to this he assented. After a few minutes more with the lieutenant, I withdrew, promising to return as soon as possible. I went at once to headquarters, where I reported the result of my morning call to Dr. Webster, surgeon in charge, who seemed much pleased with my report; and, when I sought the necessary pass to go and communicate with his friends, it was readily granted, as well as many other special privileges that I asked for during the few days following. I was not long in getting the paper made out, nor in getting to the wharf, where I at once secured a boat that took me to New Rochelle, from whence I sent to Mr. Putney the following message: 'Lieutenant Little is here, and is still alive.' I returned without delay to the island, and secured the services of an extra nurse to assist in caring for the lieutenant, for he was in such a helpless condition that he could not make known any of his wants, and we, of course, tried to anticipate them as far as was in our power. The ladies of the Christian Commission also

rendered very efficient service in trying to alleviate the sufferings of our comrade, being ready at all times to respond to any demands we might make upon them.

"I remained with the lieutenant much of the time during the next two days, doing all in my power to cheer him up, though there was no hope of any change for the better, and I left him late on the night of the 3d, apparently in a sound sleep. On the morning of the 4th, I made my way to the hospital as early as possible, but passing down the ward I found the lieutenant's bed without an occupant. His remains had been carried to the dead-house, for, in the early morning, his noble, tried spirit had gone to God who gave it.

"As soon as possible I made arrangements to prepare the remains for removal, and to be all ready for his brother, who, I felt quite sure, would call for them very soon. Through the kindness of a friend in New York, I was enabled to secure a casket, the ladies of the Christian Commission furnishing the necessary robe, etc., and with the kind assistance of another comrade, I soon completed the task. On the 5th, as his brother had not yet arrived, his remains (with those of thirteen others) were sent to New York to await the call of his friends.

"I need not attempt to sketch the character of Lieutenant Little, for he was too well known among his associates in the army, as well as among his towns-people. Nor is it necessary that I should try to tell of his real unselfishness and kindly thoughtfulness for others, that he might make them happy and their burdens lighter, for there are still those left who can bear witness to these facts. His noble, self-sacrificing spirit, his uniform kindness and genial manner and warm-heartedness, made him many friends, and thus he won the confidence and respect of his own men, and members of his regiment. Located near the centre of one of the church-

yards in the town of Sutton, is one lot over which floats the marker's flag of the G. A. R., and on the neat monument there erected are the following inscriptions:

'Lieut. Hiram K. Little, died July 4, 1864, aged 34 years.'

'Susan K. Little, his wife, died September 4, 1864, aged 28 years.'

She had survived the shock of her husband's sad fate but two short months, and went to join her loved one beyond the dark river.

"My imperfect sketch is completed, and though the scenes of those few days in July, 1864, were sad indeed, yet it has always afforded me much pleasure to think that I was the humble instrument—guided by the powerful hand of our Heavenly Father—that rescued my friend from an 'unknown grave,' and from passing away 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung.'"

CHAPTER XV.

CLOSE OF THE WAR—THE PART PLAYED BY THE NINTH CORPS—THE CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG—THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX—THE ELEVENTH MUSTERED OUT—ITS RECEPTION AT CONCORD—COMRADE J. C. PRAY'S HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

Grant was in nowise disconcerted or disheartened by this dash of the enemy. The day before the attack on Fort Stedman, March 24, Grant had issued instructions to Meade, Ord, and Sheridan for a general movement on the 29th; the whole army was to be moved to the left, save those remaining in the works on the Union line. The Sixth and Ninth corps and the forces under General Weitzel were to hold the entire line, extending some thirty-five miles. Sheridan crossed the Appomattox at Bermuda Hundred, passed down the rear of the army, marched along the Jerusalem plank road, and, turning westward, pushed on to Dinwiddie Court House and halted. The Second and Fifth corps moved to the left out of their works, and halted some six miles from Sheridan. Sheridan's instructions were to cut loose from the army on the morning of the 30th for the purpose of making a raid on the South-Side and Danville railways, but Grant changed his plan, and said to Sheridan,—"I want to end the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back. Leave the railways at present: push around the enemy in the morning, and get to his rear; then we will act all together, as one army, until we shall see what can be done with the forces before us."

Lee was alive to his danger, and made his dispositions to meet Grant. So stealthily had Grant withdrawn his

forces from the north side of the river, that Lee was ignorant of the fact for some time, and until it was too late to make the best use of all of his men, for Grant was upon him. March 30 a severe rain-storm set in, and all operations were delayed that day and the next, the ground being very muddy and trains moving with great difficulty. April 1 orders were again issued for an attack, and a general assault was ordered along the whole line. We have to do only with the troops with which the Eleventh New Hampshire was associated, and we give the following very interesting words from Woodbury's "Burnside and the Ninth Corps:"

"About 10 o'clock that night (April 1) our artillery opened, and our skirmishers were sent forward. General S. G. Griffin found a weak place in front of his brigade between Forts Hayes and Howard, rushed in, carried the picket line, and captured two hundred and fifty prisoners, but, finding the enemy's line fully armed, again withdrew. During the night the troops were concentrated. General Hartranft's Division was massed in front of Fort Sedgwick. Colonel Samuel Harriman's Brigade, of General's Willcox's Division, was formed on General Hartranft's right. The Fifty-first Pennsylvania held the brigade line in the works. General Potter's Division was massed on General Hartranft's left, to the left of the Jerusalem plank road. At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 2d of April, General Parke established his head-quarters at Fort Rice. At the same time Generals Hartranft and Potter formed their assaulting columns. General Hartranft put the Two Hundred Seventh Pennsylvania in advance, and in its immediate rear the Two Hundred Fifth, the Two Hundred Eighth, and the Two Hundred Eleventh Pennsylvania. The Two Hundredth and the Two Hundred Ninth Pennsylvania were held in reserve. General Potter formed his column with

General Griffin's Brigade in advance, immediately supported by General Curtin.

"The attacking forces were very skilfully arranged. Storming parties, pioneers with axes, and troops equipped as engineers and details of artillerists to work any guns that might be captured, accompanied each column. The plan of attack was for General Willcox to make a feint in front of Fort Stedman, while Generals Potter and Hartranft assaulted the enemy's works. At 4 o'clock our artillery opened along the entire line. General Willcox promptly and vigorously pushed out his skirmishers, and was everywhere successful. The Fifty-first Pennsylvania, under Colonel Bolton, captured the enemy's line near the Crater. Colonel Ely's Brigade carried the picket line and two hundred yards of the main works near the Appomattox. The enemy concentrated a considerable force upon these troops, as was anticipated, and gave an opportunity for the columns on the left. At half past four the signal was given, and the troops designed for the main attack sprang away from their place of formation with the greatest alacrity and enthusiasm. Eager to avenge the repulse which they had experienced on almost the same ground eight months before, they charged the enemy's line with the utmost vigor and resolution. They were received with a storm of grape, canister, and musketry, but through the deadly tempest they advanced with an intrepidity which showed that the Ninth had not lost its ancient daring. They plunged through the ditch, tore away the abattis, scaled the walls, swept over the parapets, and carried the works. Hartranft's column was successful in capturing twelve guns, a number of colors, and eight hundred prisoners; Harriman's column made a gallant charge upon the right, and carried all that part of the enemy's line which was known as Miller's salient, while General Potter's

Division advanced upon the left in the face of a terrific fire, which made dreadful rents in the attacking column.

"The enemy's line in the part which General Potter assailed was heavily fortified, and it was necessary to drive him from traverse to traverse in a hand-to-hand conflict. The Sixth New Hampshire captured a battery of four guns, and turned them on the enemy. The Fifty-sixth Massachusetts, assisted by the Fifth Massachusetts Battery, took and held the line of rebel works on the Jerusalem plank road. The enemy was very tenacious, and fought with great resolution, but was finally obliged to yield before the progress of our troops. For a quarter of a mile he was borne back into an interior line of works, where he was strongly reënforced and was enabled to check the advancing columns. A very daring but unsuccessful attempt was made to carry this inner position, in the midst of which General Potter fell severely wounded. General Griffin succeeded to the command of the division, and very ably directed its movements for the remainder of its term of service. For his brave and faithful conduct on this day he was brevetted major-general. * * * The Ninth Corps, after its first successful assault, received orders to hold on to what it had already gained. General Parke had attacked the enemy's main line, while the other corps had attacked another line, which might be occupied without securing possession of the city. At 8 o'clock General Parke was ordered not to attack unless he saw his way clear to success. He therefore strengthened his position with a view to holding it against any assaulting force. The enemy seemed determined to recapture, if possible, the works which he had lost. Just before eleven o'clock he made a very determined attack, but was repulsed with heavy losses. He continued to attack at intervals until afternoon, gaining some slight advantage.

"But General Lee evidently considered that his case was hopeless. He telegraphed to Mr. Davis at Richmond that an evacuation of Petersburg was inevitable. * * * He still, however, kept up a show of resistance. So threatening at one time were the demonstrations in front of the Ninth Corps, that General Parke was obliged to call for reënforcements. Two brigades were sent up from City Point, and Colonel Hamblin's Brigade was ordered down from the Sixth Corps. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the troops from City Point arrived, and under the direction of General Griffin made a spirited attack, and forced the enemy back from the immediate front. Between 4 and 5 o'clock, Colonel Hamblin arrived upon the ground, and General Parke desired to renew the assault, but upon ascertaining the condition of his men, who were exhausted by twelve hours of hard fighting, he decided simply to make his position entirely secure. * * * At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 3d the enemy's pickets were still out. They were doubtless withdrawn very soon afterwards, for at 4 o'clock, when our skirmishers advanced, they met with no resistance. The troops were immediately put in motion, and entered the city at all points."

From the "Life of Colonel Harriman" we extract the "Closing Hours of the Rebellion," as given in his graphic language:

"The winter of 1864–'65 was very discouraging to the chief magnates of the Confederacy. To be sure Lee was still holding Petersburg and the secession capital, but desertions from his army were going on at a rapid rate, and the handwriting on the wall began to be visible. There was no longer a 'bow set in the cloud' to assure the President of the Confederate States of America, or his armies in the field. The silent soldier of the Union forces was confident, but wary. He believed

the end was drawing nigh. It is Saturday afternoon, April 1, 1865, and he has already issue orderd his for the grand movement which is to give to the Rebellion its finishing blow. A subordinate officer rides up to the head-quarters of the commander of our armies, and saluting him, says, 'General, what's the outlook?' The man of great thoughts and few words only responds, 'Favorable.' At 10 o'clock that evening the cannonade begins. The batteries, the forts, the gunboats in the Appomattox, and the monitors in the James all unite in the startling demonstration, and there is a continual succession of flashes and an unbroken roll of thunder. The enemy realized that this meant business on the morrow. Sunday morning found the troops of both armies in line of battle, but I will consider only our side, and of only one brigade of that side can I speak with positive knowledge. While a part of this brigade held a line in front of Petersburg from Battery Twenty-four to Fort Hayes, another part moved up the Jerusalem plank road and filed to the left into an open field in front of Fort Mahone.

"At 4 o'clock precisely, and before daylight had tinged the eastern horizon, the charge 'all along the line' commenced. From the Appomattox, well on the right, to Hatcher's Run and Five Forks on the left (a distance of twenty miles), the ground rocked as though under the throes of an earthquake. The enemy held to their intrenchments with the grasp of desperation; but the decisive day had come. Breaking their lines at sundry points, the attacking column of the soldiers of the Union pressed through the narrow gap, filed right and left, and poured a deadly fire upon such of the Confederate forces as did not flee or surrender.

"Directly in front of Petersburg the enemy had been only partly dislodged as darkness and silence came on.

but about midnight the city was found to be on fire at three distinct points, the lurid flames circling upward and lighting up the battle-field, covered by the dead, with a pale yellow light. We rested on our arms on the field that night, and just before the morrow's dawn came the order to 'advance.' The men moved forward in silence, but with a determined tread, and sprang over the rebel intrenchments with a shout of triumph. Lo! the army which had been pronounced 'unconquered and unconquerable' had noiselessly retired.

> 'Twixt night and morn
> They folded their tents like the Arabs,
> And silently stole away.'

The pursuit was at once commenced. Entering Petersburg early in the morning, we formed a brigade line (for hasty inspection) on an elevated green, where the tender grass was then gracefully waving. Ours was the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Ninth Army Corps, and was now in command of a New Hampshire colonel.[1] The brigade consisted of the Sixth, Ninth, and Eleventh New Hampshire, the Second Maryland, the Seventeenth Vermont, the Thirty-first Maine, the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts, and the One Hundred Seventy-ninth and One Hundred Eighty-sixth New York regiments—nine in all, constituting an army three times as large as the whole American force at Bunker Hill. As no Union soldier had stepped foot into this secession city, and no Union sentiment had therein been breathed for four long years, our ingress seemed, as an old negro expressed it, 'like a miracle ob de Lord.'

"As we marched proudly through the principal

[1] Colonel Harriman. General Potter, commanding the division, having been severely wounded, General Griffin had taken his place, and Colonel Harriman was in command of the brigade.

street, with columns in perfect order, banners flying, and to the inspiring strains of Faust's quick-step (one of the best pieces of martial music ever composed), we flattered ourselves that we made no mean appearance. The few white persons who presented their faces, both men and women, were silent and glum; but to the colored people, of every age and condition, the event was a jubilee which no pen can describe. During this memorable day, April 3, President Lincoln, who had been a looker-on for two or three days at City Point on the James, came up the military road and passed over the road into Petersburg. This was just eleven days before his assassination took place at Ford's theatre.

"'My line is broken in three places, and Richmond must be evacuated.' This was Lee's dispatch to Jefferson Davis on April 2. The message found Davis in church at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. It was handed to him amid an awful hush, for each member of the congregation was fully apprised of what was going on twenty miles off.

> 'I 'll tell you what I heard that day:
> I heard the great guns far away,
> Boom after boom.'

No word was spoken by Davis, but the whole assemblage felt that the message so hastily perused bore intelligence of doom. The Confederate chief immediately left the church, and the congregation was dismissed. The scene that followed I will not attempt to describe. Not only the president, but the heads of departments as well, were plunged into utter consternation. Their dreams of glory were all dissipated, and their thoughts were centered intently on flight and refuge. They packed up with nervous hands and were off, firing the devoted city as they went, and reducing the better por-

tion of it to smouldering ruins. The warehouses were all lapped up by the flames. The rams on the James—the Richmond and the Patrick Henry—were blown to the four winds. The great bridges leading out of the city—the Danville Railroad bridge, the Petersburg Railroad bridge, and Mayo's immense structure—all went to ashes. Tongues of flame leaped from block to block and from street to street. All the white population shared in the panic—such a panic as had not been known since the beginning of the world to this time. The 'government' went by railroad to Danville, Va., where Davis issued a manifesto that the prospects of the Confederacy were bright! that the sacred soil of Virginia, in particular, must be held inviolate! and then hastened away to be captured in his attempted flight from the country.

"The army of the Union pressed forward 'by the left flank' in pursuit of the flying enemy, over roads strewn with all manner of abandoned munitions, mule teams, clothing, etc., which the Confederate army in its jaded condition could not get away with. The boys in blue kept up wild and triumphant cheering as they came hourly upon these evidences of demoralization and disaster. Much of the way, when the march extended into the night, our road was illumined by the blaze of incendiary fires, for, in spite all efforts of the officers to save private property, barns, sheds, and unoccupied houses seemed to be fated like the Rebellion itself. . . . The pursuit was hotly prosecuted till Sunday morning, April 9.

"In the little village of Appomattox Court House there is a large, square brick house, with a portico in front, the residence of Wilmer McLean. 'Roses were budding in the garden, violets and daffodils were already in bloom, and the trees which shaded the dwelling were green with the verdure of summer.' Here the two com-

manders met to settle the terms on which Lee should surrender his army. At two o'clock of that calm Sunday afternoon, as the spring birds were chirping in the trees by the window, the terms offered by Grant were accepted—and the Rebellion was dead."

After the Second Brigade had passed through Petersburg, it pressed on and bivouacked that night ten miles west of the town. The next day eight miles was made, and a halt was made near Ford's station on the South Side Railroad. On the 5th a march of twelve miles was made to Millville. On the 6th the brigade reached Nottoway Court House, where the next day was spent, and on Saturday, the 8th, it reached Burkeville Junction, where it went into camp and remained until the 14th, when it was ordered to City Point to guard trains over the military railroad. In the meantime, Colonel Titus of the Ninth New Hampshire had returned to his regiment, and being ranking officer assumed command of the brigade, and Colonel Harriman resumed command of the Eleventh Regiment. It was at City Point that the regiment first learned of the assassination of President Lincoln, which filled the hearts of the loyal people of America with great sorrow, for none but fiends gloated over the president's tragic death.

On April 25 the brigade left City Point for the vicinity of Washington, where the Ninth Corps had been ordered, and on Thursday, the 27th of April, went into camp two miles from Alexandria and six miles from Mount Vernon. Here the men rested from their severe labors until May 22, when the corps marched to Washington and participated in the grand review which occurred on the 23d and 24th of May, that of the Eastern army taking place on the 23d, while that of the Western army was on the 24th. Of this review Colonel Harriman said,—"It was the grandest spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in this

country. Two hundred thousand armed veterans passed the whole length of Pennsylvania avenue, the reviewing officers being stationed in front of the president's house. The weather was delightful; the city was overflowing with people; while the glistening steel, the cadenced march, the endless procession of bronzed troops who had borne a conspicuous part in the great army, made a deep impression on the tens of thousands who had assembled to witness the imposing pageant. It is confidently believed that in soldier-like bearing and general appearance no corps eclipsed the Ninth; no division, the Second of that corps; no brigade, the Second of that division; and no troops, those of that brigade from New Hampshire."

An order was received to muster out of the service all troops recruited in 1862 prior to October 31 of that year, and under this order the Eleventh New Hampshire was mustered out and honorably discharged from the service of the United States, June 4, 1865, by Edward Rose, First Lieutenant of the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, Acting Commissary Musters, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, and on the same day, Sunday, June 4, the Eleventh Regiment broke camp near Alexandria and proceeded to Washington. Colonel Harriman was in command of his regiment, which contained three hundred and sixty, officers and men, the recruits having been transferred to the Sixth New Hampshire. With the regiment was the old band with which the regiment left the state.

The regiment left Washington by rail on Monday, June 5, and was handsomely entertained, on the way home, at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and many places of lesser note, and arrived at Concord on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 7, where it was received by Governor Gilmore and a vast throng of people, glad

to see the veterans back again. Governor Gilmore made a speech of welcome, to which Colonel Harriman replied as follows:

"Governor:—In behalf of the regiment which I have the honor to command, I thank you for the warm words of welcome with which you have greeted us. The faithful soldier who has done his duty in this great peril understands and feels the full import of this greeting, and the scene around us is well calculated to thrill the hearts of those who now, after an absence of three years, return to their kindred and homes.

"The Eleventh Regiment was mustered into the United States service September 1, 1862, and it now returns (the remnant that is left) to be mustered out, nearly three months before the expiration of its original term. Its mission is ended. We have seen the Rebellion overthrown, and the Federal authority vindicated to the extremest limits of our country.

"We return with some three hundred only of the one thousand gallant young men with whom we left the state.

'Some are in the church-yard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea.'

"Listen to the roll-call of the absentees, and you will find that some have been discharged for disability; others are on post duty; others are in hospitals; while many, alas! who less than three years ago passed along this broad thoroughfare, proud, happy, and buoyant, look down on us to-day from the better world. They have fought their last battle. Seven hundred of our original number, discharged, disabled, deceased, are with us no more. But

'It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die.'

Who would not rather share the glorious grave of the departed patriot, than the remorseful cell of the convicted traitor?

"I believe I am warranted in saying that our New Hampshire soldiers have been as good as the best; but it is my province to speak particularly of the Eleventh Regiment. Our banner tells you where we have been. On it are inscribed, by order of the war department, for meritorious conduct in battle, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Jackson, Knoxville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, North Anna, Poplar Grove Church, Weldon Railroad, Hatcher's Run, Petersburg.

"The regiment has been kept at work. Its tramp has been heard all over the once proud and arrogant, but now humbled and desolate, state of Virginia. It has traversed the broad plantations of Kentucky, the luxuriant glades of Tennessee, the miasmatic vales of Mississippi, and the snaky swamps of Louisiana. The commanding general of the Ninth Corps has publicly declared that he wanted 'no better regiment than the New Hampshire Eleventh.' In camp, in discipline, in drill, and in the stern conflict of battle it has been equal to any. It has nothing to be ashamed of. We have waded through mud, made our beds in snow, been hungry and naked, and sometimes in prison. These bronzed men have performed Herculean tasks without complaining, have walked their weary beat at night beneath the cold moon without a murmur, have stood heroically where men were falling before the iron hail like grass before the reaper, and the deathless stars will shed a halo around their path forever.

"It is my duty, certainly it is my privilege, to bear this tribute to the efficiency and gallantry of my regiment; and these officers and men can tell you how indifferently or how well I have discharged my duty. They

can tell you whether I have neglected or stood by them; whether I have shirked responsibility; whether I have skulked to the rear or played sick in the presence of danger; whether I have asked them to go where I would not; whether in the hottest of the fight, at the very mouth of the enemy's guns, and that enemy throwing themselves upon us like the surging waves of the sea,—whether I have been found at the very front line with them, or otherwise.

"But the din of arms has ceased, the Rebellion is dead, the South is conquered. We have got treason under our heel, and the chief conspirator has been captured in woman's uniform.

"What now has become of the boasted 'chivalry' of the South? Our 'superiors,' as Jeff Davis was wont to call them, were supposed to be, every man of them, equal to an iron-clad ram! What shall be thought of their 'high-toned sense of honor' when we recall the thousands of Union soldiers who have been murdered in prison by the slow process of starvation; when we recall the cold-blooded murder of scores of their own people who would not join them in their traitorous work; when we recall the assassination of the people's president, the mining of the prison-houses of the captive Union soldiers, the proposed introduction of the yellow-fever into our armies, and the laying in ashes of our Northern cities? Let every apologist of the unparalleled infamy of this Rebellion hide his head in shame.

"Though defeat has sometimes come, and the heavens have been hung in black, I have never despaired of this government. We at the front saw demoralization going on in the rebel ranks long before the final collapse took place. We saw that the attempt on the part of the rebel government to 'fire the Southern heart' anew, in consequence of the failure of the Hampton Roads conference,

was without effect. That attempt did not raise an answering echo in the heart of a single rebel soldier; it produced neither arms nor supplies nor recruits; it did not call up conscripts from the ground; it did not check the rolling tide of desertions from the rebel army; it did not remove the deep impression from the Southern public mind that Davis and his confederacy were being rapidly hurried towards that 'bourne whence no traveller returns!'

"We have had a terrific struggle, such as the continent never saw before, but we have been successful.

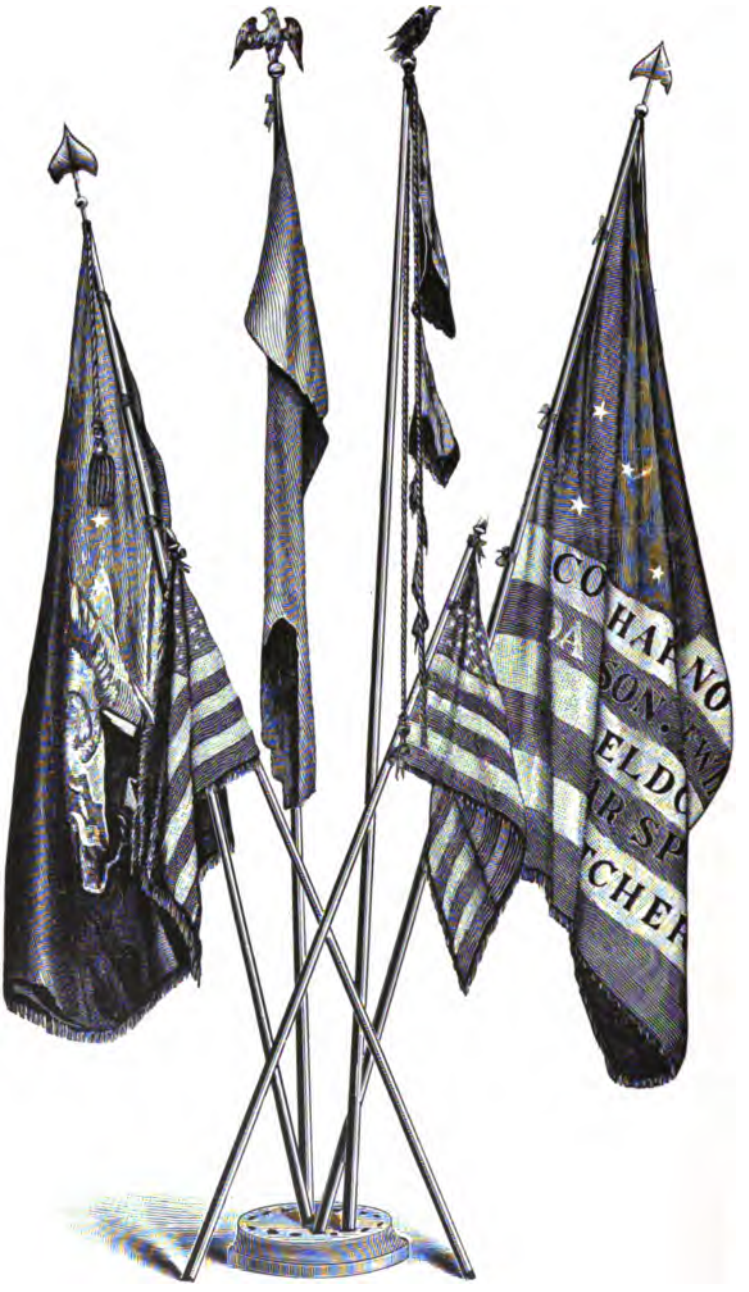
'Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just.'

The rebels had a bad cause. They did not complain of our government. They could not; for it had not infringed upon their rights. It had not oppressed them. On the contrary, its burdens had fallen as lightly on their shoulders as the sunlight falls on the leaves of the forest.

"History will teach to remotest ages that no nation on earth was ever engaged in a more righteous cause than ours. Success could but ensue!

'Our fight
Was waged in Heaven's approving sight;
The smile of God is victory.'"

The regiment, having on the next day, Thursday, June 8, participated in the ceremonies of Governor Frederick Smyth's inauguration, with much well merited commendation for its fine appearance, was on Saturday, June 10, 1865, paid off and formally discharged from the service of the United States.



BATTLE FLAGS.

ADDRESS OF COMRADE JOHN C. PRAY, COMPANY K.

At the first reunion of the Eleventh Regiment after the war, held in Manchester, December 12, 1873, Comrade John C. Pray, of Company K, Dover, was invited to give a historical address, which he did. Comrade Pray was for a time clerk for the adjutant of the regiment; and when the war closed and the regiment returned home, the official records that had been preserved were taken in charge by him, and he still retains them. The address is full of interest, being a résumé of the marches and actions of the regiment, accompanied with dates and statistics of great value to all the members of the regiment. Since the war Comrade Pray has been engaged in various pursuits, serving several years most faithfully in the custom-house at Boston, and now resides in North Cambridge, Mass. In all of his labors Comrade Pray has ever felt proud that he too was a member of the Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment, with which he was so long and so closely identified. The address was as follows:

"I have never been invited to deliver an oration, nor should I have consented to do so, but in plain, unvarnished English to write a record or history of the regiment, so far as I could obtain the facts from the records of the regiment, which have been in my possession since its muster out of service, or from any other source whence I could obtain them. Of course your committee of invitation could not forget the fact that a large part of the cheek of the whole regiment was always to be found in Company K; and I presume they gave me the credit of possessing at least my share of that, or else I should now have the pleasure of being a listener instead of your speaker. After repeated urging, I promised to do the best I could; but, from the fact that I know of no com-

rade who was with the regiment during its whole term of service, and from the unavoidable imperfection of the records, this sketch must necessarily be imperfect during a part of our term of service. It seemed to me at that time highly proper that at this our first regimental reunion, my old comrades might, with me, bring back to remembrance the past, and trace once more the glorious record of the old New Hampshire Eleventh, instead of listening to a learned and polished essay by the greatest orator of the land. This brief sketch may seem to many more like a record from a diary than a history; yet but very little of it has been gathered from that source. The old record and reports, which you see in the desk of the regiment, before you, some private records of my own and others, aided by my own memory, have furnished me the facts; and, when stating these, I have endeavored to be exactly correct. It has been a laborious task to bring these facts together, yet it has been to me a pleasant one, and I hope you will all derive as much pleasure in listening to them.

"Although most of us had enlisted into the service of, and sworn allegiance to, the old Granite state for some days previous, Tuesday, the second day of September, 1862, was our birthday as citizen soldiers of the great republic,—when for the first time we could feel that its honor and integrity and unity were ours to maintain, its liberties and equality ours to preserve. On that natal day proudly beat the brave hearts of its members, too many of whom, alas! were destined to die in Southern hospitals, or fall upon the well fought field of battle. Little did any of us then realize the hardships, the difficulties, and the dangers through which we should pass ere we could again become citizens of our native state instead of soldiers of the republic. On Thursday, September 11, we left Camp Colby, passing through the

streets of Concord to the music of "Marching along!" Yes, marching along to the din of strife, to the battle's sickening roar, to the lonely guard at night, to the prison's dreaded door. The regiment arrived at Jersey City the morning of the 12th, in the evening of the same day at Philadelphia, on the evening of the 13th at Baltimore, and on Sunday, the 14th, at Washington in season for breakfast. And such a breakfast, at the Soldiers' Retreat as it was called!—and rightly named, too, for never a soldier wearing the army blue but was glad to retreat from the loathsome place; within reach of all official superiors, from the highest to the lowest, yet evidently totally neglected. Here was given us the meanest meal we had the misfortune to taste during our whole term of service. Fellow-soldiers, not one of you but can remember that meal;—the meanest, poorest cup of coffee, greasy and nauseating,—the most loathsome, disgusting, and filthiest boiled pork, with soft bread hardly passable,—constituted the meal. Suffice it to say, that I have yet to learn that any one of our number ever gave it a second visit.

"After this contemptible meal we marched to East Capitol hill, arriving at noon, and during the afternoon went into camp. Tuesday, the 16th, struck tents at noon, marching through Washington across the long bridge to Arlington heights, camped in an orchard, and during the night experienced our first rain without shelter. Wednesday, the 17th, we marched about half a mile and laid out camp at Camp Chase. Sunday, the 20th, the regiment received a visit from the late Hon. John P. Hale. Our boys did not know him then, as he afterwards proved himself to be, as 'the friend of the soldier.' He has passed away, yet amid all his glorious record there is none more worthy to be inscribed upon his monument than that he was the soldiers' friend.

Monday, September 29, we had orders in the evening to be ready to start at 11 o'clock for Frederick City, Md., with two days' rations. Tuesday, the 30th, we left Camp Chase at 8 o'clock for Washington, arriving at about 10. Wednesday, October 1, took cars at about 9 for Frederick City, where we arrived at 4:30 a. m. The next day we marched half a mile and encamped, and on the following morning struck tents early and took the cars at 8 o'clock for Sandy Hook. Arriving there at noon we went into camp, remaining there over Sunday. Divine service was held at 5 o'clock by the chaplain. Monday, October 6, we struck tents at 7 o'clock, marched three miles to Pleasant Valley, and encamped, remaining there until Friday, October 10, when we again broke camp and marched about a mile up the valley. This was our last camp that fall in Maryland, and we remained there a little more than two weeks. The regiment during that time was encamped four miles from Sandy Hook. Monday, October 27, orders were received to strike tents and pack up for a grand march upon the sacred soil of Virginia. Starting about noon we marched till dark, and having crossed the Upper Potomac at 4 o'clock, went into camp two miles beyond, making sixteen miles in all.

"The next day was passed in camp to allow the rest of the army to cross the river. Wednesday, the 29th, saw us eight miles farther on; four miles more on Thursday brought us to Wheatland, encamping there till Sunday. Here candor compels me to say that the boys first began to develop a remarkable talent for foraging, which they afterwards very generally cultivated until they became highly skilled in the art, so that they were very seldom caught; but on this occasion, being a little new in the work, they were unfortunate, and, in consequence, the officers had to pay for the mutton, pigs, poultry, etc.,

upon which the men and probably most of the officers had been regaling themselves. This had to be done by order of the general commanding, and, to my knowledge, was the only instance of the kind in all our varied experience.

"Sunday, November 2, we were ordered to strike tents early, and after marching all day, came to Mountain mill, a distance of fifteen miles. Monday afternoon we marched about a mile and loaded rifles for the first time, and then went on to Bloomfield, about six miles; November 4 to Upperville, five miles; the next day from Upperville to Piedmont, six miles; the next, eight miles to Orleans; and on the 8th, from Orleans to Jefferson, two miles. The 9th saw us in camp waiting for rations; the 10th brought a skirmishing by Pleasanton's Cavalry; on the 11th there were no rations for breakfast, no bread for supper, but fresh beef for luncheon. On the 12th, still without rations, we marched four miles to Warrenton: the following day the rations at last arrived. Rebels shelled our picket line that afternoon, and on Saturday, the 15th, we crossed the Rappahannock river and marched four miles. The rebels amused themselves by shelling our supply train. Seven miles, on the 16th, brought us to Fayetteville, where, in the language of one of our boys, 'we had two hardtack for supper.' On the 17th we made ten miles to Warrenton Junction; on the 18th, twelve miles; and on the 19th and 20th, twelve miles more, to Falmouth, where the regiment lay encamped. Here we were engaged in camp duties till December 11, but little more than a rifle-shot from that terrible scene of slaughter, the heights of Fredericksburg. December 11 we marched from camp to near the river, and whiskey rations were furnished us just at night, and the next day we struck tents and crossed the river. Saturday morning, December 13, found us camping on the bank of the river in the mud. We advanced

in line of battle at 11 o'clock, and now, for the first time, does the regiment begin to realize the dangers and horrors of a stoutly contested battle. The terrible and always dreaded advance to what seems certain death; the whizzing, hissing, rushing, and screeching of shot and shell; the heavy, booming roar of artillery; the sharp rattle of rifles and muskets; the zip of the fatal Minié ball, and its dull thud when it takes effect upon the person of some poor fellow in blue; the orders, shouts, and encouragement of officers; the hurry and bustle of loading and firing; and, more dreadful still, the groans and shrieks and entreaties of the wounded and the dying,—all were there, and all continued to give our brave boys a most bloody initiation into the horrors and dangers of active service.

"From 11 o'clock till dark the dreadful slaughter continued, resulting in a loss to the regiment of eighteen men killed upon the field, and one officer and ten men who died of their wounds before the close of the night; three men were missing in action, one hundred seventeen were wounded,—and of these, nine died of their wounds during the first part of the year 1863. Of the one hundred eight men who were wounded and did not then die, who can tell how many have since died in consequence of their wounds; how many are to-day living, but are sufferers, whose lives must be bereft of enjoyment, and shortened more or less, on account of this suffering? Some of you here to-night, I know, bear honorable scars of that terrible day, and can personally attest the truth of my remarks. Thus by the records thirty-eight lost their lives, three were missing and probably killed, and one hundred eight wounded;—a total of one hundred forty-nine, or almost one man in every six who left your neighboring city scarce three months before, was lost to the regiment on that memorable day.

"And here, fellow-citizens of Manchester, let us not forget that this is nearly the anniversary of that day. The morrow is the same day of the week and the same day of the month. Eleven years have passed since some of your own brave boys laid down their lives in their country's cause, and on this occasion I know that you will join with me in sympathy for their friends, some of whom may be present with us; that you will honor their manly courage, imitate their devotion, admire and emulate their patriotism, bless and cherish their memories, down to the last hour of your lives.

'How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
Honored in their lonely graves they sleep—
No din of strife can rouse them more;
Comrades and friends their loss may weep,
Their early, sudden death deplore.'

Yes, to-night we all revere and bless them in our hearts, and drop a silent tear in their remembrance.

"The regiment recrossed the river December 15, and remained at Falmouth until February 9, 1863, when we left Acquia creek by rail, and thence to Newport News by boat down the Potomac river, arriving February 11, and remaining there in winter quarters till the last of March. We left Newport News on the transport steamship *John Rice* for Baltimore, March 26, at 2 p. m., arrived in the Monumental city on the 28th, and at 9 a. m. marched through the city and took cars at 3 p. m. for Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, arriving at the latter place on the 29th at 10 p. m., and were there refreshed with hot coffee, etc. We arrived at Cincinnati on the 31st, and crossed the Ohio river to Covington, Ky. On April 2 we went from Covington to Paris, and on April 3 to Mt. Sterling, twenty-five miles. Three miles

was made on the 4th, when we went into camp near Mt. Sterling, remaining there until the 18th. At 2 a. m. we struck tents and marched to Winchester, eighteen miles, remaining in camp there until May 4, when we marched through Winchester for Lexington, arriving on the 5th, after a march of twenty-five miles. May 6 we made sixteen miles, and as many more on the 7th, passing through Lancaster; on the 8th a march of nine miles brought us to Lowell, where we spent the day. We went back to Lancaster, May 10, remaining near that place nearly two weeks, when we removed ten miles to Crab Orchard.

"We marched to Somerset, May 24, and the next day came back again. On the 26th, left Crab Orchard for Stamford, twelve miles, remaining until June 3, when we marched to Nicholasville, making thirty-one miles in twenty-three hours. June 4 we took cars for Covington, arriving at 8 a. m. on the 5th, and at Cincinnati an hour afterwards. Left at 4 p. m., on cars of the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, for Cairo, Ill., reaching there at 3 a. m. June 7. Left Cairo at 8 p. m. on the 8th, on board the steamer *Imperial*, for Memphis, where we arrived on the 10th at 5:30 p. m. On the 12th we touched at Helena, Ark., landing at Young's Point, La., on the morning of the 14th. We crossed the river twice June 15, besides marching ten miles. The next day we left the Louisiana shore opposite Vicksburg, going by boat up the Yazoo river, and landing on the 17th at Snyder's Bluff at 6 a. m.; marched three miles, and camped at Milldale, Miss. Here, on the 26th, Colonel Harriman left the regiment under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Collins.

"We left Milldale, June 30, with a total of 492 officers and enlisted men present for duty, and after the surrender of Vicksburg marched to Jackson, where we find

ourselves on the 18th, with a strength of 404 men. July 20 the return march to Milldale was begun, arriving July 23, under the command of Captain Dudley, who was in command until July 29, when Colonel Collins again assumed command. August 6 we started for Cairo at 11 a. m., reaching there the 12th at 6 a. m., and on the 14th, at 2 a. m., arrived at Cincinnati, crossing the river to Covington at noon. There we remained till August 22, when marching orders for Tennessee were received.

"We were off for Nicholasville August 26, arriving there on the 28th under command of Captain Dudley, with a total strength present of 392 men. September 3 we are still at Nicholasville, with 383 men; September 10, at Lancaster, 317 men; September 11, at Crab Orchard; September 15, still at Crab Orchard, under Captain Tilton; September 18, at London, under Captain Dudley, 327 men present for duty; September 28, at London, with only 279 men. Total number in the regiment, present and absent, 732 officers and men. The total loss of the regiment during the months of July, August, and September was two officers resigned and forty-eight men dead or discharged for disability. This record for three months, with very little fighting and a great deal of marching, shows, besides the fifty lost, a reduction of those present for duty of 163—a sad, sad record. Between October 9 and 19 was spent at London, under command of Captain Cogswell, reporting for duty at those dates 282 and 290 men.

"The regiment arrived at Knoxville, Tenn.; October 29, under Captain Cogswell, and on the 31st reported 297 men. On the 17th of November the regiment joined General Burnside and his gallant little army of 13,000 men, who were closely followed by Longstreet with 30,000 strong; and the siege of Knoxville commenced. Trenches

were thrown up, trees were felled, forts were built, dams were erected on the small creek separating the city proper from North Knoxville, and other preparations made for a defence of the city. The Eleventh shared all the hardships of the siege—short rations, etc.—until the night of the 28th of November, when the rebels made an attack along the whole line, and skirmishing was kept up through the night. At 5 o'clock in the morning the enemy opened with renewed vigor on the whole front, the object being to capture Fort Sanders at the west part of the town. Against this Longstreet hurled 5,000 of his best men, who were mowed down like grass by the Union battery. At 7 o'clock the enemy, repulsed at every point, withdrew from the contest, leaving 1,000 dead and wounded, while only ten or twelve had been killed on the Union side. In a day or two news came of the victory at Chattanooga, and ringing cheers ran along the whole line.

"November 29 the regiment was still under Captain Cogswell, with 262 men. On the 5th of December the enemy commenced a retreat, and the Eleventh was among the pursuing troops. From December 10 to 20 it lay at Rutledge, with 242 men; January 9, at Lee's Springs, Tenn., under Captain Tilton, 303 men; January 19, at Strawberry Plains, with 361 men. January 30 it had moved to Erin's station, Tenn., with 369 men; here it remained till after February 9, and before February 29 it had returned to Knoxville under Captain Tilton, with 347 men.

"Colonel Harriman having been re-commissioned, joined the regiment February 28 at Morristown. March 10 we moved to Mossy creek, and our numbers had increased to 402 men; March 20, back to Knoxville again, having 446 men—a number it never afterward reached. Before March 31 it had moved to Somerset,

Ky., with 429 men. Between March 31 and April 7 the regiment had marched, or 'been transported, from Somerset to Annapolis, Md., and three days after reported 421 men present for duty, and 431 on April 20.

"April 23, 1864, the regiment struck tents at Annapolis, at 11 a. m., for the last grand march to Richmond, making, the first day, eleven miles, the next, twenty miles, and twelve miles more, on the 25th, took us through Washington to Alexandria, Va. The 26th was passed in camp, and six days' rations were issued. We started at 9 a. m., on the 27th, and marched fifteen miles to Fairfax; on the 28th, went twenty miles to Bristoe station, remaining there for muster, drill, and target practice until May 3, when we received orders to move at 6 a. m. next morning. May 4 a march of twelve miles was made, the left wing of the regiment guarding the supply train. Six days' rations were issued May 5, and we crossed the Rappahannock at Rappahannock station at noon, and during the afternoon crossed the Rapidan and bivouacked one mile beyond, this bringing us three or four miles in rear of the line of battle. There were camp-fires in front of us, on the right, on the left, and behind us, while the scattering fire of the opposing pickets told full well the morrow's strife.

"There was not a man in the whole army but knew our railroad communications with Washington were cut off, and all we had to subsist on was the rations in our haversacks, and possibly a ten days supply in the wagon trains. Yet so far as the situation (on the eve of a great battle) would allow, all was cheerfulness and confidence. Nothing more just and true can be said than that the entire army, officers and men, had perfect confidence in the commanding general, and not a doubt but that he would in the end be victorious. With these feelings the army began the Battle of the Wilderness; and,

although the struggle was not over at the end of the year, I think each succeeding day of the campaign caused an increase, instead of a decrease, of respect and confidence towards him.

"On this eve of battle, after a hasty cup of coffee and a few hardtack, every man threw himself shelterless upon the ground around the fires, to snatch a brief hour of sleep or rest ere the day should dawn. Shortly after midnight all were astir preparing coffee, and at 1 a. m. began the march of about four miles. At 4 a. m. the line of battle was formed and advanced, and we were soon hotly engaged with the enemy. In this engagement the regiment lost two officers killed, three wounded, one taken prisoner, leaving it in command of Captain Tilton. No enlisted men were killed, but thirty-four were wounded, two of whom afterwards died of their wounds; and nine men were missing, not more than one or two of whom ever returned to us again. The wonder is that our loss was so slight, having been engaged all day, and the battle stubbornly contested on both sides: it was probably owing to the broken and uneven surface of the battle-field.

"May 8 we marched to Chancellorsville, where rations were given us, and on the 9th a move of seven miles was made towards Fredericksburg. There a line of battle was formed in the old rebel breastworks, and we remained there till 3 p. m., May 10, when six miles more was passed over, and we again formed in battle array in support of our batteries. At this time the ranking officer was Captain Dudley, the regiment mustering three hundred and fifty-three officers and men for duty. May 11 was spent building breastworks in the morning and skirmishing during the day. May 12 the lines were advanced, and the bloody battle of Spottsylvania began, a battle which raged with more or less fury for a week.

On May 16 our regiment made a reconnoissance, and were only gone from the breastworks twenty minutes, but returned with a loss of two killed and eleven wounded, five of whom afterwards died on account of their wounds. On May 18 the brigade made another advance, but the loss to the Eleventh was not so heavy. The whole loss of the regiment at Spottsylvania was three officers wounded, twelve men killed, eleven wounded that afterwards died of their wounds, seventy-one others more or less severely wounded, and fifteen missing—a total of one hundred and two.

"May 20, the day before leaving Spottsylvania, two hundred and sixty-one men were present for duty. Saturday, May 21, a reconnoissance was made in force, and about 4 p. m. we left Spottsylvania, making twenty miles in our all-night march. Sunday, the 22d, we marched about ten miles to near Bethel church. We made a slow march, as usual, in the forenoon of the 23d; and a quickstep in the afternoon to the music of a heavy cannonading, while the Sixth Corps was crossing the North Anna river. On the 24th, at 2 p. m., the Eleventh crossed the same river, and had a brisk engagement before dark. The 25th and 26th were passed behind the breastworks near Hanover Court House, and after dark, on the 26th, we recrossed the river and marched three or four miles. May 27 saw us ten miles nearer the White House. May 28 twenty-three miles was made, as we started early and marched all day and until 12 o'clock at night, crossing the Pamunkey river on our way. Sunday, the 29th, we marched four miles, threw up breastworks, and in the afternoon fell back for other troops to take our place.

"May 30 we moved three miles, but were held in reserve all day. The next day we advanced about one mile, driving the enemy before us, and threw up

breastworks. On this day the morning report gave 269 men fit for duty. June 1 we lay in our place all day, but on the 2d made another flank movement towards Richmond, and after going about three miles to near Bethesda church, were attacked on right and rear just before night, but our line of battle was quickly formed.

"Friday, June 3, occurred the battle of Bethesda church, with a loss of two officers wounded, six men killed, eighteen wounded, and five missing; June 4, by left flank again, two miles, to Cold Harbor. Sunday, the 5th, was spent in the rifle-pits, where we remained till the night of the 12th with slight loss. After dark on the evening of the 12th, leaving a strong picket line in front, the Eleventh left the lines by the left flank, marched all night, and halted in the morning within three miles of White House landing. We rested in the forenoon of the 13th, then marched till midnight, making in all from Cold Harbor twenty-five miles. June 14 we marched three miles, crossing the Chickahominy river, stopping at Tyler's plantation for supper, and then continued the march till near midnight, almost reaching Harrison's landing on the James river, a distance of ten miles. Resting in camp till the evening of the 15th, and then receiving rations, we started off about dark, crossed the James river, and arrived at the works in front of Petersburg at 4 p. m., having marched thirty miles in about twenty hours. The line of battle was formed at 6 o'clock, and the Eleventh advanced to the rifle-pits. A charge was made on the morning of the 17th, the enemy was dislodged, and a large number of prisoners were captured.

"June 20 the Eleventh was in command of Captain Tilton, with 198 men on duty. From this time till July 3 the regiment was accustomed to remain forty-eight hours in the front works and then forty-eight hours in reserve,

the time being occupied in skirmishing, picket firing, artillery duels, etc. It also remained the whole time under Captain Tilton, and on July 20 reported 203 men for duty. At daylight on the morning of July 30 the famous mine was exploded, and our command was obliged to remain in the crater nearly all day, suffering a severe loss. Two officers were wounded, one of them the commander, seven men were killed, six were wounded and afterwards died; twenty-three others were wounded, and twenty-three were missing in action—a total of sixty-one, or nearly one man out of every three. The men were terribly crowded in the pit, and under that fierce, burning July sun suffered very much from thirst and exhaustion.

"The next morning's report showed the regiment in command of Captain Locke with 146 officers and men present for duty. One month afterwards, August 31, Captain Locke commanding, our number had increased to 179 men. Between this time and the 10th of September fifty recruits were received, and the regiment then had its head-quarters near the Weldon Railroad, and numbered 246 men. September 20, we were at the same place with 250 men. From the 20th to the 30th some sharp skirmishing had reduced our numbers to 238 men. During the day of September 30 we moved to Poplar Grove church, and were actively engaged at the Pegram house. Although our loss here was nearly the same as at the Mine, two months before, the Eleventh had a better chance to operate on the offensive, and gave blow for blow with their accustomed vigor. The loss in the engagement was three officers severely wounded, one of whom was the commanding officer, Captain Locke, six men killed or mortally wounded, fifteen wounded, and thirty-six taken prisoners or missing.

"The morning report of October 10 shows the regi-

ment to be at the Pegram house under Captain Dudley, with only 171 men fit for duty; and on the 20th but 173 men. October 27, Captain Shepard again took command, and October 31 reported 198 men; November 10, 187 men; November 20, 188 men. This day Colonel Harriman returned to the regiment, and received a cordial greeting. November 30 the station of the Eleventh was near the Jones house, and it then numbered 210 men. On December 8 the command had removed to Hancock station, and numbered 219 men, nor did it vary much from this number before the capture of Petersburg and Richmond. The loss of the Eleventh during the year 1864 was two officers killed, two officers mortally wounded, twenty-eight men killed, forty-four men mortally wounded, and eighty-two men missing in action—a total of 158. The ordinary deaths during the year were thirty-five, making the total of casualties 193, besides 271 men wounded in action and three accidentally.

"March 25, 1865, the enemy made a vigorous assault upon our lines at Fort Stedman, which they captured, but an hour afterward were driven from with a heavy loss in killed and wounded, and about 2,000 prisoners. On Sunday morning, April 2, at 3 o'clock, the grand charge was made all along our lines from the Appomattox river to Hatcher's Run. The sun never rose upon a pleasanter day, and human eye never rested upon a grander sight than was presented at that time. All along the lines there was a blaze of fire, the vigorous attack, the repulse, the constant growl of artillery and the rattle of small arms. The smoke and turmoil of battle raged all day, until the shades of night put an end to the conflict. Our division commander having been wounded during the day, General Griffin took charge of the division and Colonel Harriman of the brigade, leaving the command of the Eleventh upon Captain Dudley.

"About midnight the darkness was lighted by fires in the city of Petersburg, and it soon became evident that a movement of unusual importance was taking place. Before daylight on the 3d of April a grand advance was ordered. On, on, our line advances! Cautiously at first, but, as no enemy assails us, more and more rapidly, until the rebel works are reached, and, bounding over them with a cheer, we realize for the first time that the long, arduous work of months is finished: the city is ours—the 'rebs' have evacuated! On through the streets of Petersburg, on through highways and byways strewed with arms, clothing, and camp equipage, on after the flying enemy, intent only on crushing out the last vestige of that army which had withstood us so long, on to put a glorious end to the Rebellion that for years had defied the utmost efforts of the loyal government to extinguish it, and on to receive the sword of the commander-in-chief of the insurgents at Appomattox Court House!—and the cry of 'On to Richmond,' we trust, is silenced forever.

"But, alas! scarcely had our cheer of victory died away when the awful news reached us that the president had been assassinated, and then that the president was dead. That great and good man, who had charity for all and cherished malice to none, had fallen a martyr to the malice he deplored, and a victim to that cruel tyranny he abhorred.

"And here the history of the Eleventh virtually ends, although they took a part in the great review at Washington on the 23d of May, and bore themselves proudly, like true, gentlemanly citizen soldiers. They were mustered out of the service of the great republic on the 4th day of June, returned to Concord on the 7th, met with a gracious reception on their arrival, and the next day took part in the inauguration of the governor. On Saturday,

June 10, 1865, the regiment was paid off, and on that day all who were able to do so returned to their homes. The Eleventh left Concord with 39 commissioned officers and 967 enlisted men, and at various times during its term of service received in all 630 recruits—a total of 1,636 officers and men. The last report before it was mustered out shows that it numbered, present and absent, 23 commissioned officers and 609 enlisted men—a total of 632. In various ways 1,004 men had been lost to the command during our thirty-three months of service. During this time 182 men were discharged for disability, 23 for promotion, 243 were transferred, 51 deserted, 84 were missing in action, 141 died of disease and one accidentally, 49 were known to be killed in action and 71 were known to die by reason of wounds received in action, 384 received wounds in action and 7 were accidentally wounded. Thus we see that many fell victims to the Southern climate; many more contracted the seeds of disease and were discharged for disability; a few forgot their manhood and deserted their colors; the rest—I turn with reverent eyes and seem to see them as they fell at Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Jackson, East Tennessee, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda church, Cold Harbor, Weldon Railroad, Poplar Grove church, and Petersburg."

CHAPTER XVI.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND PRIVATE LETTERS OF LIEUTENANT WILLIAM C. WOOD — FROM SEPTEMBER 11, 1862, TO JUNE 10, 1865.

The following extracts from the diary and private letters written by Lieutenant William C. Wood will be found of unusual interest:

"Thursday, a. m., September 11th, 1862. Left Concord at 7 a. m., by cars to Groton, thence by boat to Jersey City, which we reached Friday, a. m.—a suffocating passage with sixteen hundred men on board. Friday evening we received a fine collation from the Philadelphians—the city of brotherly (and sisterly) love. All along our way the people greeted us. Farmers waved their sickles and brandished their hoes, mechanics and artisans of every description cheered us with waving of hats; standing in doors and windows, ladies, gentle and simple, rude and dainty, waved their handkerchiefs and flags, and kissed their hands to us—soldiers of the Union. Here, ragged urchins or barefooted girls with streaming hair saluted us; and here, gray-haired men of wealth and station made bows to us—profound as Webster's; while many a gray-haired woman, with sober but enthusiastic face, bade us 'God-speed.' I could not repress my tears as I thought how the hearts of the people were throbbing with ours. But in Philadelphia the greeting was even more enthusiastic. Although twenty-five regiments had passed through there that day, we were welcomed royally. Marching through the streets at twelve (midnight), the streets were crowded, ladies and gentlemen and children grasping our hands and saying 'Goodbye.' We shall not forget Philadelphia hospitality.

"September 13th. Marched through Baltimore, rode all night, and saw the white marble capitol right before us on the railroad, rising on our view in the early morning. This was to most of us the first view of our national metropolis. Had a breakfast of raw, fat pork and greasy, bad-tasting, nauseating coffee. Not one will ever forget his first meal in Washington at the Soldiers' Retreat.

"Tuesday, 16th. Marched seven miles to Arlington Heights, crossed Long Bridge over the Potomac, and trod the 'sacred soil' of Virginia. Camped about 9 p. m. in General Lee's orchard, thence next morning a short distance, where we made 'Camp Chase.' Twenty thousand men are around us. Drills and parades.

"20th. Grand parade. Fifteen thousand men before General Briggs and Major-General Carey. His well remembered *quickstep*, famous to every Eleventh man, from the long distance at double-quick.

"October 1st. Reached the Relay House and came into Frederick City at four the next morning. Remained here until October 3, thence by cars to Sandy Hook nearly opposite Harper's Ferry, and on the 6th marched three miles and came into 'Pleasant Valley,'—lovely as the famous classic vale of Tempe. The men in our company average five feet nine inches. We have struck the great blow of the war—the emancipation proclamation. It will strike the South, give strength to our army, ensure us the smile of God. In my inmost soul there is a jubilee—a thanksgiving for that word. I believe God said it to Abraham Lincoln before he said it to the nation. We shall march with quickened step to the music of the Union.

"October 17th. Burnside happened on the field when our battalion was drilling, and said to our colonel, 'As pretty a regiment as I ever saw, and I know not why it is not as fine as any in the service.'

"Monday, October 27. After hasty-pudding, marched ten miles to Berlin, and crossed the Potomac on pontoons into Virginia once more. Thus we had launched out from Pleasant Valley, with its delightful scenery of wooded hills, its tented fields, its superb moonlight nights, its glorious, hazy Indian summer days. This was a sweet and pleasant overture,—a delightful prelude to the grand chorus that was to follow, with its many stormy passages of discord, its dirge-like swells over the graves on the battle-fields, over the graveyards of the hospitals, and not a few at Andersonville; yet, thank God, not without its pæan notes of triumph, and a certain diapason swell of the victory of Union and Liberty. At Lovetsville we remained until Wednesday, 2 p. m., making out pay-rolls in the woods.

"Thursday, November 7th. Marched rapidly until 7, making ten miles. These marches, with heavy knapsacks, take the starch out of our men.

"Friday, 8th. Snow squall: a cheerless day. At 4 p. m. struck tents and marched rapidly towards Waterloo. The course we were on took us up into a deep hollow, where we halted in the cold for half an hour, until examination could be made of the route. This piece of business disgusted the men, and we always afterwards gave this hollow and this occasion the name of 'Bull Run.' It was afterwards said that we came to a deep brook, up to the middle, and that Dr. Cutter, or whoever was surgeon-in-chief, protested against putting the men through the cold stream—for which, thanks to his memory. Then, by fits and starts, 'moving like a sick man in his sleep, three paces, then faltering,' we marched back to the cross-roads, camped in the woods by the roadside, and had to go half a mile after water.

"9th. Passed to-day by a place where General Pleasanton fed his cavalry on corn that General Stuart

the evening before paid nine hundred dollars for. Reached Jefferson, Culpepper county, having got beyond the limits of that never-ending Loudon county.

"13th. Aroused by 'long roll' at 3 a. m., and marched two miles to White Sulphur Springs, on the road to Warrenton.

"15th. Broke camp at White Sulphur Springs. We had hardly got on our way, when a sharp engagement ensued between our artillery and the advancing rebel artillery. We had reached the eminence, and we saw the shells burst not far from us, and some of them whiz, with their indescribable, infernal shriek, over into the woods on our right. We lay about here several hours. The enemy making no further attack, we moved beyond the woods and camped. Lieutenant Frost and several men were taken prisoners.

"Tuesday, 18th. Up at 3 a. m., marched 13 miles. Camped near Hartwood.

"Wednesday, 19th. In rain and mud, marched about ten miles, and camped high above Falmouth, a mongrel village of beauty and shiftlessness, just across the river from Fredericksburg. We had thus reached Falmouth after being on the route from Pleasant Valley twenty-three days, and having marched in all about 100 miles.

"Friday, 21st. Rained in the forenoon; cheerless and muddy. O Virginia mud! Thou sacred soil! In the afternoon three companies were stationed on our first picketing on the Rappahannock, opposite the city. The city is quiet, except the barking of dogs at night and the suppressed noise of labor by day, and the church clock which strikes the hours. Talks across the river with the "rebs": 'Where's our commissary, McDowell?' they ask. 'What have you done with "Little Mac"?' 'You'll find a Long-street and two Hills before you get to Richmond.'

"Thursday, Nov. 27th. To-day is a holiday; no drills; a service. To-day is Thanksgiving. What a longing for home! The loaded tables and superabundance in our individual homes, which they would gladly share with us. But there will be another Thanksgiving when we return home. 'Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it. Let us eat, drink, and be merry.'

"Friday, Dec. 12th. Left camp early this morning, crossed the Rappahannock, and were in Fredericksburg. There were two pontoons opposite the city where we crossed. As one regiment was crossing, the band played 'Yankee Doodle,' which melody was not exactly pleasing to the 'rebs,' and they sent a shell into the band. Exit music in haste. We occupied a log house, over which the shells passed into the river.

"Saturday, 13th. In the streets of Fredericksburg, with innumerable regiments with stacked arms. Now and then a shell would tear into some house near by. The stores have been completely rifled, and many goods are lying trampled in the street. About noon we were ordered up for the first fight. We double-quicked from the principal street into another one, on which were only a few houses and where we attracted the fire of the 'rebs.' At length we gained the shelter of a house, where half of the men threw away their blankets, and, creeping up by the fence and crossing the railroad, at length we came to our position just on the slope of a slight hill or elevation, the apex of which was between us and the rebels. Here we relieved a regiment, and for two hours kept up an incessant fire. Then we were relieved and lay back in the cold mud for four hours, or until night came on, and were led off by the railroad in as good shape as possible, through splashing mud, by wounded, groaning, dying men, back to our quarters by the river-side. When we advanced by the brick building,—head-

quarters of Ferrero, he shouted, 'Go in, Eleventh New Hampshire!' As we passed the old regiments of our brigade they sung out, 'Go in, $300-bounty boys!' But when we came back that night they came and heartily shook hands with us, and said, 'You went in bully.' 'Old regiments never did better,' and the like.

"Monday, a. m. Double-quicked one mile and a half to the pontoon, recrossed, and marched two and a half miles through mud and water back to our old camp. It seemed like home.

"Tuesday, 30th, a. m. Visit from John P. Hale.

"Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1862. Mustered for pay at 6 a. m., then marched down on picket; built a 'leafy bower' in one of the ravines, and, compulsorily, we 'watched the old year out and the new in.' This month was one of alternated storm, cheerless weather, and serene, sunny days, like our northern Indian summer. Thus the old year went out in gloom, a period of darkness, that, in the retrospect, seems an ugly dream. Hope, nevertheless, 'that comes to all,' spoke words of cheer,—that a new year might introduce a new series of victories and national triumphs.

"1863. Feb. 8. Under marching orders. The Ninth Corps, under Burnside, is to report at Fortress Monroe.

"Feb. 9th. Reveille at 2:30 a. m.; struck tents, marched to station, and took cars at noon; transported to Acquia Creek, where we took transport steamers, and at about midnight got under way. Slept on the soft side of an anchor. The next day was fine. Our sail down the noble Potomac was delightful. The last time we had seen it was at the pontoons at Berlin; there the river is 900 yards across; below Acquia Creek it widens, and has an expanse of several miles.

"Wednesday, a. m., we anchored off Fortress Monroe. The fort contains about fifty acres inside, and the

outside some seventy-five or one hundred more. In the afternoon we came to Newport News, and camped inside the old fortifications built by Butler against Magruder. We did not leave our winter home, dismal as it had been, without emotion and thought. This departure of the Ninth Army Corps from the bloody Rappahannock might afford a pathetic theme for poet or painter, or speculator on human affairs.

"Feb. 16th. We are much pleased with Newport News. It is like passing from winter to spring, thawing hearts which had grown frozen at Falmouth. A new and pleasing feature is the negro market,—the men and women with cakes, pies, and the fine oysters that abound here. They are a more intelligent and enterprising class than I have seen in upper Virginia. The climate is at least fifteen degrees milder than at Falmouth, though the afternoon easterly winds from the James are neither pleasant nor healthful. It is pleasant to see and hear the robins.

"March 15th. Sad events are filling us with grief. Three out of five in our tent,—Charley Lovejoy, Turner Grant, and Johnny Gilbert,—have been hurried off by measles and pneumonia. Charley died the 5th, Turner the 6th, Johnny the 12th. A deep sadness pervades the company. Other companies are mourning the ravages of these diseases. The three bodies were embalmed and sent home.

"19th. Snow-storm. Ordered off to Kentucky, though it seems incredible.

"Thursday, 2 p. m. Broke up our camp under the pines, and started at 9 a. m. from Newport News, on the *John Rice;* arrived at Baltimore next day at 3 p. m.; remained one day in Baltimore, thence to Pittsburgh, where we had a fine reception and collation, but were hurried off, rode all day, crossing the beautiful state of Ohio; reached

Cincinnati, Tuesday, at 7 a. m., where we had a splendid reception; crossed the ferry in a snow-squall, and for the first time trod the soil of Kentucky.

"April 1. Went by rail to Paris, Ky.

"Tuesday, 3d. Reveille at 4 a. m., a severe march of twenty-two miles to Mt. Sterling. We are charmed with the hospitality of the Kentuckians. It is a beautiful state, the Arcadia of America. I would like to spend my life here. Marched from Mt. Sterling to Winchester, twenty-four miles, where we have a delightful camp.

"Monday, May 4. Left Winchester at 8 a. m., and marched to Lexington, fourteen miles; Tuesday, fourteen miles, towards Nicholasville; Wednesday, seventeen miles, crossing the Kentucky at Hickman's bridge.

"May 8th. Came into camp near Lowell; also, Paint Lick Creek, twelve miles from Lancaster. We were cheered by the glorious news from Hooker and Stoneman; you could see by the brighter eye the thrill of pleasure which it gave; and we, who thought our ultimate destination to be Cumberland Gap, to cut off reinforcements from the rebel Virginia army, could not help feeling exultant at sharing in the great work.

"Sunday, May 10. Aroused from sleep by orders. Left at 7:30 a. m., and marched back to Lancaster, twelve miles. News of Hooker's repulse and Stonewall Jackson's death came in this week.

"Saturday. Broke camp at 6:30 a. m., marched twelve miles; Monday, passed through Crab Orchard; halted; at night made a most fatiguing march, arriving at Stamford at 11 p. m.; the dust was ankle deep. We marched rapidly, it was said to fulfil orders, Colonel Harriman leading brigade, our regiment marching in advance so rapidly that we got the name from the other regiments of 'Harriman's cavalry.'

"Wednesday. We were lying on the grass before

our tents in Stamford, enjoying *otium cum dignitate*, believing that this summer we should spend in Kentucky or Tennessee, and, if in action, should engage Morgan near Somerset. Like a thunder-clap in a clear sky, without the slightest rumor preceding it, was the clear-voiced order of our colonel, 'Strike tents and pack up.' At 5:30 p. m., we were on our way, and marched till 11:30 p. m.; were up at 3:30 a. m., and marched Thursday until 4:30 p. m., when we reached Nicholasville, thirty-three miles in twenty-three hours, and on a very hot, dusty day; there we were packed into freight cars like eels in a basket, and arrived in Cincinnati early Friday morning, and at noon left for the South, arriving at Cairo, Ill., after 400 miles of travel, looking like the offscouring of all things. We hear good news from Grant and Banks. We are bound either to Memphis or to Vicksburg. The Rebellion is on the anvil, the hammer is uplifted: God speed the blow, and make it crushing.

"Wednesday. Have run against so many sand-bars that we shall only reach Memphis to-night. I think now that we go to Vicksburg. At Memphis, Lieutenant Little, an officer of signal bravery, whose dry wit every Eleventh man can recall, was talking with a Western soldier who entertained low ideas of Eastern valor. The soldier, who was remarkably ignorant, asked, 'Do you have any severe battles up North?' Lieutenant Little dryly answered, 'We had a little skirmish up there last winter, and killed off 20,000 men each side.'

"Fourth of July was a glorious day to us. Two events made it memorable,—one personally; the other, in the history of the nation. For a month our mail had been retained; we had received no letters since we came into Mississippi. We were at Oak Ridge. Five bushels of mail came to us. Some of us received a dozen letters—'vials of precious odors.' Then rumors of the

surrender of Vicksburg were circulating in camp. There was some ground for believing it in the following fact: The day, ushered in with you by the booming of cannon, ringing of bells, and every demonstration, was suddenly hushed, and became as quiet as a Sabbath morn. For the last month not a day has passed but that we have heard the distant artillery, which threw shot and shell into the city; the weight of iron amounting, it is said, to 25,000 tons, or 50,000,000 pounds.

"In the afternoon of this glorious day we broke camp, and through dust ankle deep, flying almost insufferably through the one hundred odd degrees of July heat, marched several miles. While stopping to rest, General Potter and staff rode by and told us the news. All along the line of wearied men, like fire in a train of powder, went up such a cheering as that region never before had heard, as the news was communicated.

"Near Jackson, Miss., July 15. At 4 p. m., July 4, we started in pursuit of Johnston; after a week's march, we arrived here. The heat and dust were dreadful; sun-strokes every day. One afternoon was excessively hot, but at night rain came, pouring in torrents, with terrific thunder, and lightning such as I had never before seen. We pushed on till midnight, the lightning gleams our only light. At roll-call, twelve of Company H responded. We built a fire with some rails, pitched our tents, and slept for about an hour, when we were awakened by the rain running under our backs. We reached Jackson Friday night. At Milldale we dug almost all the rifle-pits. The men of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts said that the men of the Eleventh had dug more in one hour than they had the whole day.

"Near Jackson, Miss., July 12, 1863. On picket in the woods. Companies A and H were detailed at about

noon to be attached to the Fifty-first New York, about a mile farther to the left. We are deployed as pickets on a line of great danger, in dense woods, primeval forest, thickets, underbrush, etc. Last night we were out as a scouting party with Captain Stewart, Fifty-first New York, on a very dangerous reconnoissance towards the rebel line. I have heard most of that little squad say since that it was the most risky position they had ever been in. We mean to whip Johnston,—perhaps capture his entire force. It is now 2.30 p. m., and we have had nothing to eat since yesterday noon. Our cook could not find the way to us; but when we did get the boiled beef and black coffee, they were sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. Sabbath day and night we continued alert on picket. The darkness was Egyptian, almost palpable. Absolutely, you could not see your hand before you. The dark sky deepened its awful effect through the sombre forest, with its abundant foliage; and behind the immense trees, many of them two feet in diameter, we stood, with loaded and capped gun in hand, and eye and ear on the alert. One might appropriately call it 'the darkness and shadow of death.'

"Cairo, August 12, 1863. The last I wrote you we were on picket. Before we had quite drawn our lines about them the 'rebs' took their tents and left, burning their stores,—the only conflagrations, by the way, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. All empty, or rather, deserted, houses were plundered, it being taken for granted that the owners were all rebels. General Grant has issued a circular commending the discipline and courage of the Ninth Army Corps, and ordering 'Vicksburg' and 'Jackson' to be inscribed on our colors. The evacuation of Jackson took place on the night of July 16. Our regiment, I believe, was the first over the rifle-pits and in Jackson. Then commenced our march back,—a march

surpassing in tediousness and fatality anything we had ever known. Instead of favor shown us, and with five days allowed him to return, General Parks determined to put us through in three, on half rations. We remained at Milldale, awaiting transportation; and then, as a fitting sequel to the march back from Jackson, we were crowded into the lower deck of a steamboat—part of five regiments, about 1600 men. I was saying to a hospital steward that it was equal to anything I ever saw in the North street cellars in Boston. He replied, 'The doctors say there is n't a place in the Five Points that begins to be so bad.'

"Covington, Ky. We are tired, *tired*. Our campaign into Mississippi has worn out our men. The hard march back from Jackson, unhealthy quarters in boat, and close crowding on cars, have made fearful inroads into our brave corps. The Thirty-fifth Massachusetts have 100 men fit for duty; the Fifty-first New York have 100. Our regiment, which a year ago had 1,040, is now about 300 strong; the Ninth New Hampshire averages ten men in a company for duty. General Ferrero has reported us unfit for duty as a brigade.

"August 27, Camp near Hickman's bridge. Arrived here to-day. Our corps is all worn out. A quarter of them, at least, are unfit for service. Of forty in our company when we went into Mississippi, fifteen are in the hospital, and about a dozen present who could n't march ten miles per day. Our boys are having the shakes and intermittent fever. Officers have been detailed to conduct 184 conscripts from Concord, N. H. They will be treated as freshmen if they put on airs, for we have 'travelled.'

"London, Ky., September 20, 1863. We are again in Kentucky, which has been the land of our dreams since we have been absent from it. After leaving Crab

Orchard, we passed Wild Cat, one of the wildest places I ever saw, and scene of the first conflict in Kentucky. Even New Hampshire cannot show such a road as that over Wild Cat. I have been a little too sanguine perhaps, but I think the Rebellion is nearing its end. I think God has blessed us ever since the emancipation proclamation—ever since our nation walked the righteous road of liberty to all men. We have a pleasant camp on the broad plateau of a hill, another hill rising to the rear. There is no other regiment here in the place. An abundance of soft coal is found here.

"Knoxville, East Tennessee, October 29, 1863. Arrived in Knoxville yesterday. The commanding quartermaster at London was well pleased with us, and the inhabitants gave many compliments on the orderly behavior of our regiments. But the call—after various equivocations, pleadings of quartermaster, and telegrams—was imperative, and we were ordered to Knoxville via Cumberland Ford and the celebrated and picturesque, though chilling, Cumberland Gap. Our march of 115 miles was accomplished in nine days, on short rations.

"Knoxville, November 9. Everything here is tremendously high,—salt, $10 per bushel; Jews'-harps, 15 cents apiece; pepper, $8 per pound; butter, 60 cents per pound; sugar, 60 cents per pound, etc.

"During the siege. Living on quarter rations—quarter of a small loaf of bread, and half a pound of meat per day—we have shovelled, watched, picketed, and fought for three long, tedious, and hopeful weeks. Day and night, almost incessantly, we have either worked on the fortifications or watched the rebels on picket. Our army is very healthy, but also very *tired*, and as hungry as a pack of wolves. Could you see our strong defences, our line of rifle-pits encircling the city, our forts commanding every strong point, you would wonder

at the Herculean labor. Add to this, watching three days and nights out of a week on what would be equivalent to a slice of bread and meat per day, and you will understand the significance of 'the wearing duties,' 'fortitude,' 'patient endurance,' which Burnside commands. From the first day or two, after the city was almost by magic encircled by rifle-pits, we were hopeful. Last Sabbath the attempt on Fort Sanders was repulsed, with the loss of fifteen men on our side, and say 1,400 rebel prisoners on theirs. The field that forenoon, and the five or six hundred bloody guns we had captured, were a gory sight. It is said that Longstreet harangued his men, saying that only the raw Twenty-third Corps was in Knoxville,—that the Ninth Corps had been withdrawn. Hereafter one will be as proud to have belonged to the Ninth Corps as any Roman was to have been of the Tenth Legion, or as any Frenchman was to have been one of the Imperial Guard. Our regiment had severe fighting, hard digging, frequent skirmishing, and a preliminary attack for its share of the labor.

"The rebels left December 5, a. m., leaving in the field of Knoxville about 3,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners. The bonny stars and stripes still float in undiminished beauty over their battlements, Knoxville is secure upon her beautiful hills, and I trust is never again to be disturbed by rebel invaders.

"Thursday, 10th, near Rutledge. From 30,000 to 50,000 men are now in pursuit, Sherman's troops having come up. Took supper last night on parched corn and coffee.

"Lee's Springs, twenty miles above Knoxville, December 25, 1863. Merry Christmas to you! Our Christmas doesn't present what you would call many glad experiences. It is noon, and not a mouthful to eat have we had to-day; a drink of coffee constituted my breakfast.

Our corps, 3,000 veterans, was the principal factor in the siege of Knoxville. For twenty days we have been (moving or stationary) in this valley in front of Longstreet. I was called upon for a company report (special) this morning, which I sent in as follows: 'Serviceable guns, 23; sets of equipments, 24; condition of men, no sick, ragged, half-shod, half-dead.' This is a pleasant valley. Clear water runs by our tent. We try to be cheerful.

"Strawberry Plains, East Tennessee, January 20, 1864. Broke camp at Lee's Springs Saturday, and came here—ten miles—in horrid mud. Camped in woods, three fourths of a mile from the Holston river, and we have to go that distance to get water. Yesterday, four teaspoonfuls of flour; to-day, not a bit, but about a pound of meat; no chance to buy or forage; money won't buy, but coffee will make them part with anything they have. Beautiful weather, and a remarkable degree of health, though the men are actually weak from hunger.

"Erin's station, January 24. Marched through Knoxville to this place, eight or ten miles, yesterday, double-quicking part of the way through the city.

"Knoxville, February 19, 1864. Have just been chopping wood. We are probably delayed here on account of the obscurity in Longstreet's movements. The beef we have goes by the name of 'veteran's beef,' thin, emaciated, no fat! We are getting a little coffee and sugar now. Meal is $3 per bushel, and yet so much do the people love coffee, that my five days ration of two gills brought me six quarts of meal. Our mode of cooking is as follows: We mix it up with salt and water, put the batch into a fry basin, set upon a bed of coals, put another frying pan over, and cover with hot coals and ashes. Then the fire, like a royal painter, puts on, one by one, the beautiful tints of golden brown, until the whole

cake is as pleasant in color as it is in fragrance and flavor to a hungry man. That 's what we call a 'bannock.' Last Monday we broke camp in a rain-storm, marched two miles, and turned into the woods opposite Armstrong's house. Here a tree was accidentally felled upon the tent and person of Oliver B. Childs, of Company H, and it was feared that he was dead. Yesterday we broke camp and came two miles nearer Knoxville, about half a mile from our old camp. Thus our little corps has hovered around Knoxville on all sides like a protecting angel. The rebels hate but yet respect us. They confess that we treated their prisoners well.

"Strawberry Plains, February 26, 1864. We came to this place again—twenty miles from Knoxville—day before yesterday. Schofield is in command. Our knapsacks and sick men are all left there. We are just ordered off on a fifteen days march. We are still travelling for a livelihood.

"Morristown, East Tennessee, March 16. February 21 we crossed the Holston in bateaux, as the bridge had been burned. On the 28th, Colonel Harriman, whom we had not seen since he left us at Milldale, Miss., joined us. We gave him twice three cheers, and he made us a good speech. Captain Clark also returned.

"March 2, marched back to Mossy creek. Had a skirmish with cavalry.

"15th. Back to Morristown again. Knapsacks came up. To-day (Wednesday) the leader of the band was sent for and asked if he could play 'Home again.' And now we have orders to leave for the North to-morrow morning.

"Knoxville, East Tennessee, March 22, 1864. Our boys started on the march across the mountains yesterday.[1]

[1] Lieutenant Wood came North by rail via Cincinnati.

"April 23, 1864. Left Annapolis at noon, and marched ten miles.

"Bull Run, Va., April 28, 1864. We are on to Richmond,—it is to be hoped rapidly, directly, victoriously, though we know it may be bloodily. Our march to-day has led us over some of the old ground fought over in those sanguinary, disastrous battles known as First and Second Bull Run. Shells, spherical, elongated, whole, and in fragments, scraps of haversacks and knapsacks, here and there spokes of wagons, and occasionally a caisson or part of one, show themselves as relics of our terrible disaster then, and are like the relics of Waterloo.

"April 25, marched to Bladensburg. Sick, and rode to Washington. Our boys saw President Lincoln. Had I supposed I never should have another chance to see Lincoln, I would have hobbled a hundred miles to see him. A certain Dr. Woffle composed 'Song of the March of the Ninth Army Corps,' May 4, 1864. At Bristoe station some fifty men were detailed from the Eleventh to form a head-quarters guard to General Potter, commanding Second Division, Ninth Army Corps. It is to the honor of the regiment as well as to their own, that they retained their position until discharged. The guard fitted up the head-quarters for the general and his staff, and on one occasion, when another corps officer was admiring a floor, Major Wright replied, 'Yes, give those New Hampshire boys a saw and a jack-knife, and they will make anything.' In the spring of 1865 the head-quarters guard presented the general with a splendid corps and division badge, which had been purchased for one hundred and fifty dollars. The general received it from Lieutenant Modica of the Eleventh, on his staff, the agent of the guard, and seemed unusually gratified by this evidence of their good feeling.

"May 4. Left Bristoe station about 10 p. m., as guard

to supply train; made eight miles; reached Warrenton Junction at 5 a. m. Left at about 8, and travelled twenty-two miles, still with train. Crossed the Rapidan, and lay down about 9 p. m., not having reached the regiment. Our wing not marching with the regiment, many of them could not find the regiment thus late at night, and consequently there were many, myself among the number, who reached the field of the Wilderness next day only in the p. m., after the great fight.

"May 6. Up at 5; travelled some fifteen miles, on various roads as directed, to find our regiment; about 3 p. m. reached it. I saw General Hancock and staff, and how the battle went in that quarter, and saw the multitude of men wounded in arm and hand, heard the incessant and unparalleled roar of musketry with no artillery, and would have given a good deal to have been with the regiment.

"Our regiment being on the extreme left of our corps, and having no connection with the Second Corps, about dark seeing some men to the left, I reported the facts, and Lieutenant Richards, of Burnside's staff, commissioned me to investigate. I proceeded some twenty rods farther into the woods, and found two men. When I jumped behind a tree, and called out to them to halt, they sang out 'Don't shoot; we're Nineteenth Maine.'

"Monday noon. I heard this morning that when Burnside found there was no connection, he said, 'If the Second Brigade keep a good lookout, I'll trust them as soon as any brigade in the corps.'

"Thursday, May 12. Left position at 5, advanced a mile, waded a brook, drove in pickets, came through pines, and lay till 2 p. m. under a terrible fire and in a drenching rain. Shot and shell played among us. Just before me lay a bundle dropped by some poor fellow, which I reached for and laid before my head,

saying to Harry Franklin who had just had a bullet in his cartridge-box, 'It can't do any harm.' Within half a minute a piece of shell three inches in diameter struck it, and cast it aside, while another piece broke Sergeant Collins's arm lying by my side.

"Monday, May 16. For five days and nights it has rained all the time. We are here under fire, having no opportunity to take off our shoes, stockings, or equipments, except for a few minutes at a time. But the Rebellion must be put down. We fight: do you pray that God will give wisdom to our councils, strength to our arms, and righteousness to our people! What a mail that is which goes out to-day after this bloody conflict!

"May 16. About 3:30 p. m. Companies A and K were advanced as skirmishers, for reconnoissance, supported by the regiment. After accomplishing that purpose they fell back with two killed and ten wounded,—one in Company F, John Hemphill, who had returned from a furlough the day before.[1]

"May 25. Yesterday we crossed the North Anna river under a heavy artillery fire,—we double-quicked. This is a strongly fortified place. The rebels were flanked out of it.

"May 29, Sabbath. Last Thursday, Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, Sixth New Hampshire, was killed on the skirmish line. We fell back amid a shower of bullets, and recrossed the North Anna river, the bridge being muffled with twigs and boughs; then burned it, and by rapid marching reached Newcastle on the Pamunkey river. Marched Friday until 2 a. m., and to-day until 12:30 p. m. Men fell asleep while marching. Newcastle is sixteen miles from Richmond.

"31. We advanced through a beautiful pine grove, more fitting for a picnic than for the carnage of war.

[1] Hemphill died May 25 following.

Built works. Moved. Built two lines of works. Moved down the ravine, but up the hill, where we found ourselves exposed to fire; and we threw up a third line of works. After dark we advanced, and threw up the fourth line for that day.

"June 1. The opening day of summer! The batteries opened over our heads from behind the woods. We kept on the alert, but no attack was made. The batteries behind us did splendid work silencing the enemy. This morning we were up at 3 :30, and at 4 went back into the woods, where we are resting.

"June 7, 1864. In the afternoon of June 2 we marched forward two or three miles, and camped in an open field. After a drenching shower we were startled by rapid picket firing on the part of the Second Corps, which deepened into a deafening roar. Within twenty minutes Burnside had deployed the whole corps, and disposed its artillery. We were ordered to support a battery; then ordered back over a ploughed field where they were shelling, finally reaching some breastworks, facing against us, which had been used the day previous by the Fifth Corps, from the other side. Several companies under Lieutenants Morrison and Frost were deployed as skirmishers, and stood as picket all night. After a sleepless night we were drawn back about 3 a. m., and commenced a new line of works, which we completed by 7 a. m. After coffee we were ordered into line, and advanced under heavy musketry and artillery fire to a wooden fence beside the road, where we fought until nearly noon; then received our mail under the cedars. While under fire I lay in the road and read my letters; then turned over, and commenced firing again. In the afternoon we advanced again, but were not engaged on account of the nature of the ground. The Seventeenth Vermont did splendidly on our left. At 4 p. m. we were ordered

back into the woods, where we finished another line of works about midnight. The next morning the rebels had left. We visited their works. On half an acre were fifty dead horses. Caissons were left behind for want of animals. An idea of the immense musketry firing may be obtained from the fact that trees in the orchard were completely spotted, and in one large tree 125 bullets were counted.

"Near Petersburg, June 18, 1864. I have got a little scar in the service of my country. In that charge [at the Shand House] I was struck with a bullet in the right shoulder as we were advancing by the house. The ball cut through coat and shirt, making its way to the flesh, but did not penetrate—not a severe wound. It has been a hard week:

"June 15th we left our bivouac, crossed the James, marched all night—the hardest night's march we ever made, 'long and inconsiderate heats'—marched all day, and, after resting an hour, quite unexpectedly we were hurried up in front, charged a mile over brush and chapparal, gained position within ten rods of the rebel lines and battery, which tried to sweep us as with a besom of destruction. We dug pits and watched all night, and thus made the second sleepless night. At midnight we fixed bayonets. At 3, in gray dawn, we charged, caught the rebels napping, and cleared the whole line. The distance was fifty-six paces [measured]. Had they been awake, probably three fourths of us would have been laid out.

"Lieutenant Frost put his hand upon their guns, and demanded their surrender. For his gallant conduct he was commissioned captain. Moses Sargent was shot through the head within four feet of me. Corporal Kenyon was dangerously wounded, and also Uncle Nat Whittier. The night of the 16th I heard a voice saying,

'Willie! Willie!' 'Is that you, Uncle Nat?' 'Yes, Willie, I have called you a long while. I am going to die; going home to die no more. Tell my darling little woman that I loved her. If I have done wrong I hope Lieutenant Dimick will forgive me, and all meet me in heaven.' He lived until July 3d following.

"Annapolis, Md., June 21, 1864. It was Bunker Hill morning when I was wounded: I thought of that. The poor wounded boys were transported to City Point in army wagons, and every jolt over the stumpy road through the woods called out a suppressed groan. I received a furlough from July 29 to August 28, and on the 28th reported at Annapolis.

"Aug. 30th. Sent in request to be forwarded to the regiment.

"Sept. 2. Left Annapolis; and on the 5th joined my company near the Weldon Railroad. Our boys have had pretty hard times since I left. Petersburg Mine was the hardest thing our regiment ever saw. The boys are in comfortable circumstances, but are working hard on fortifications to protect our rear. And these are the principal things of interest to us; they are perfectly invincible—six feet high, four feet thick at the top, with a small platform on which to stand in firing. Beyond are two lines of abatis—picked branches fastened in a row—and beyond, for ten yards, felled timber and brush slashing, leaving only a narrow path for the exit and entrance of pickets.

"October 6. On September 30, broke camp about 10 a. m., and moved cautiously to the left. After preliminary dispositions, the Ninth, Fifth, and Second corps advanced to Poplar Grove church. The Fifth Corps easily carried the first line of works. Then the Ninth was advanced to their front and left. The Second Brigade was the farthest advanced. We advanced on

both sides of the road, and formed line at the edge of the woods; the Fifth Corps was far behind on our right and had no connection. At the edge of the woods we had begun to construct a cover, when, contrary to General Griffin's order, the Sixth, Ninth, and Eleventh New Hampshire were ordered to charge. This they did, pushing across the corn-field, in good spirits, up to the Sanborn house, into the grove, and some distance beyond. The 'rebs' had begun a counter-charge, and were bearing down upon us in splendid lines of battles, front and flank. We knew at once that we were in a 'hornet's nest.' The men hesitated, but did not want to retreat, and fought bravely till the 'rebs' were upon us, then retreated across the corn-field, the messengers of death speaking to many a poor fellow. There was no use in trying to rally. We tried it in vain, then fell back to the Pegram house. Captain Locke, commanding the regiment, was wounded, Lieutenant Bean mortally, and five others, thus leaving only five officers. Our regiment lost seventy-eight killed, wounded, and prisoners.

"14th, at 10 a. m. Charles Mullen of the Second Maryland was shot for desertion, the first I ever saw. A most impressive sight! Five thousand men, the whole of the Second Division, were paraded, and formed a square to view the execution.

"October 27. Broke camp at 3 a. m. Marched two and a half miles to the left. Our regiment was deployed as skirmishers, Captain Dudley commanding; but owing to some misunderstanding we broke connection, and advanced through the woods to within view of the rebel batteries, which shelled us. It was thought that we had been captured. At night we joined the brigade, and the next afternoon (October 28) the whole force withdrew gradually, and returned to our old camp at Pegram farm, 'Hatchers Run' not having proved a success.

"November 21. Colonel Harriman returned to the regiment again.

"November 25. Our Thanksgiving came in to-day, the turkeys, chickens, potatoes, etc., sent by our good people at home. Two chickens fell to my lot. We all enjoyed the bountiful repast. Our thoughts of home were quickened.

"28th. Orders to move early this forenoon. Second Corps and ours exchanged places on the line: we are now at Battery 24, near Fort Alexander Hays.

"December 31, 1864. On picket. Two 'Johnnies' came in, James Kinsley and William Burke, both of Spartanburg, S. C., and both of Company C, Holcomb's Legion, S. C. Snowy.

"March 6, 1865. Lieutenant (Captain) Dimick has returned, looking finely. He was captured June 17; taken to Columbia, from which place he escaped. Travelling by night, and aided by the negroes, he reached Knoxville in thirty-one days.

"April 1. Shelling commenced after we had gone to bed. There have been great preparations making for more than a week to make a great strike on our left.

"Sabbath eve, April 2, 1865. A terrible day of battle, but, thank God, a series of brilliant achievements. Our division engaged, with a heavy loss. Last night, at 12, we were stationed in Batteries 24 and 25 to hold them 'at all hazards.' The fighting has been desperate. Our brigade did splendidly. We hope to be in Petersburg by to-morrow. We have whipped the rebels as though God's hand was smiting them.

"On the halt beyond Ford's station, Va., April 5, 1864. Last Sabbath we were ordered up from Batteries 24 and 25, which we had been guarding, expecting to charge the enemy's forts in the forenoon, the colonel commanding the brigade, and General Griffin the division.

"At about 12 we were ordered up to Fort Hell [Sedgwick]; expected to charge, but were deployed as picket to strengthen the pits. But as we were expecting the evacuation, of which indeed we could see evident signs, the charge was deferred. It was to be made upon a fort we had carried and then lost. That night the 'Johnnies' left. Until nearly noon of the Sabbath, as we had heard little or no firing to the left, we supposed the contemplated concert of movement on the part of the other corps had failed, but at about 11 a. m. we heard how successful the assault had been all along the line.

"3rd. At 9 a. m., after we had passed out on the Jerusalem plank road, we heard that Richmond was taken, and such shouts as rent the air,—wild hurrahing, caps thrown in the air, etc. We marched through Petersburg with flying colors, and the band playing the heart-inspiring music of the Union. It was a lovely, balmy day; peach, cherry, and apple trees were in full bloom, like well dressed maidens beautifully arrayed to meet and greet us. The black folks were half crazed with delight; the white folks did n't care so much to see us.

"April 9th. Lee has surrendered with 30,000 men.

"Near Alexandria, Va., May 7, 1865. We are now 'playing' soldiers here at Alexandria. Is n't it a curious coincidence that we left Alexandria April 27, 1864, and in 1865 we reached Alexandria on the night of the 27th of April, and camped about a mile from the spot which we left the year before? And such a year, most dreadful in fight and bloody battles, yet at the last crowned with victory!

"Sabbath, June 4th. An ever memorable day.

> "The day we long have sought,
> And mourned because we found it not."

We were mustered out of the United States service, the recruits having been previously transferred to the

Sixth New Hampshire. They felt very badly, as did we also, at sundering the connection that had existed so long. In the afternoon General Griffin, our gallant commander, came over to take his parting farewell, and the men flocked about him and cheered him. The general made us a speech, in which he spoke highly of the character of the regiment, and trusted we should be 'as good citizens as we had been good soldiers.'

"Concord, N. H., Saturday morning, June 10, 1865. Beginning at 5 o'clock, the men were all paid off, returned to their homes, and donned citizens' garb. So the waters, having accomplished their beneficent purpose in the rain, the mist, and the dew, returned at last to the cloud from which they came forth."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REGIMENTAL BAND—MUSIC IN THE ARMY—COLOR BEARERS AND COLOR GUARDS—JAMES A. BAILEY'S STATEMENT—MEDAL OF HONOR—COMPANY G—BRIEF BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

Upon the assembling of the Eleventh Regiment at Concord, preparatory to leaving for the front, it was ascertained that there were a considerable number of musicians—members of the bands at Lisbon, South Newmarket, Candia, and perhaps in other towns—all of whom, or nearly so, had enlisted as privates. It was proposed to form a regimental band, and the following became its members: From Company A,—H. Jenness Paul, Edward Richardson, J. Manly Richardson, Daniel C. Smith, Oliver G. Sanborn; Company B,—Charles L. Rundlett, Thomas A. Tuttle, Elias True, Jr., J. Anson Littlefield; Company G,—Thomas Baxter, Levi B. Bisbee, Hiram S. Carr, Daniel J. Coburn, Moody C. Marston, Jonathan C. Pennock, Edwin P. Philbrick, James W. Sampson, Joseph Willis, Orrin M. Whitman, Ira Gould, the first tenor drummer of the band; Company I,—Frederick T. Emerson, William P. Tilton. Possibly, one or two more have been members, of which there is no record. James W. Sampson was chosen leader. After a little practice, this band furnished excellent music, as the men of the regiment will testify, especially at Concord on our way to the railroad station; at Stonington, Conn., while marching through dense crowds of people to embark for Jersey City; at Philadelphia, in the public park, where thousands listened to its cheering music; and when the streets of Washington resounded with the earnest strains of "John Brown's body."

It remained a regimental band until the Eleventh Regiment reached Pleasant Valley, Md., and brigaded anew under General Ferrero. The general was a musician himself, and as this band was the only one in his brigade, he assisted its members to improve themselves in music by having John M. Flockton, a member of Hawkins's Regimental Band, which was encamped near the Eleventh Regiment, and, having been discharged, were just starting for home, detailed as teacher. Mr. Sampson was taken ill about this time, and was sent to Washington, D. C., where he died January 14, 1863.

General Ferrero then made terms with Mr. Flockton to remain with the band, and after the regiment had reached Falmouth, Va., he enlisted, and was made bandmaster. In October, 1862, the band was organized as a brigade band. Soon after Flockton became leader, a few of the men from Company G were discharged for disability, and their places were filled by detailed men. In addition to those already named as members, were the following: Henry S. Durgin, Company A, detailed; Charles Poor, Company B, recruit; Edward L. Kennard, Company A, recruit; Merrill Hutchinson, Twenty-first Massachusetts; John Gardiner and Charles Wilde, Thirty-fifth Massachusetts; Charles Howe, Thirty-sixth Massachusetts.

Of the men who died, besides J. W. Sampson, there were Edward L. Kennard, at Mound City, Ill., August, 1863, and Henry S. Durgin, at the same place, August 14, 1863. Howe was taken prisoner at Belle Plain, Tenn. The following named men returned home with the regiment: John M. Flockton, H. Jenness Paul, Frederick Emerson, Edward Richardson, Charles L. Rundlett, Daniel C. Smith, Elias True, Jr., Oliver G. Sanborn, Thomas Baxter, Joseph Willis, Levi B. Bisbee, J. M. Richardson, J. Anson Littlefield, Charles Poor,

Thomas A. Tuttle, William P. Tilton, Gardiner, and Wilde. There may have been one or two more, but the record gives only these. The members of the band furnished their own instruments, drew the pay of privates, lived in all respects as did the men of the regiment, and were subject to all the hardship with the men in the ranks. The following, contributed by one of the leading members of the band, H. J. Paul, is full of interest:

"Our duties, while not arduous, were in many cases exhausting, for I believe I could endure more manual labor than the very exhausting labor of horn-blowing, which cried out continually for more rations. When in camp we were expected to play at guard mounting at 9 o'clock, have at least four hours' practice daily, and play for dress parade at 5 o'clock. When on the march, we were expected to start off the brigade whenever a halt was made, and in time of battle were sent to the general hospital, and officiated as assistants to the surgeons, taking care of the wounded, and any other service which we could render.

"After we went to City Point, Va., and the hospital was established there, we had the entire charge of the ration department of the Second Brigade. We also erected a great many of the log buildings, which were used as quarters for the sick and wounded. Under the lead of Thomas Baxter we did some fine jobs. The logs were cut about twelve feet long, a trench three or four feet deep was dug, the logs placed on end close together, and plastered with the sticky mud which abounded there. We built these for winter quarters, and had a chimney with a fire-place in every house—and some of the larger ones had two—all made of wood, and plastered with the same material as the outside of the buildings. This made really a good house compared to a common tent shelter, and really required considerable skill to fashion

them and make all the necessary appointments of doors, windows, etc.

"Some of our experiences were hard, but the sweet was mixed with the bitter in many instances. Take it all in all, I am glad I had those experiences, and as I think of the good men and true who gave up their lives that their country might live, I am persuaded that patriotism amounts to something more than words."

So far as known, of the whole number of members belonging to this band, twenty-two were living, at last accounts. For further information of them, see Roster of Original Men.

This band attained a high degree of proficiency in its drill, and had no superior in the Ninth Army Corps. How vividly comes to mind the evening when, from some unknown impulse, this band, with so many others of the Union army, sent out the stirring notes of our patriotic airs, and in the lull we could hear in the distance the rebel bands playing "Dixie," "My Maryland," and other Southern airs! Occasionally, when a Sabbath evening was spent in camp, soft strains of music would be heard floating in the air, and as they came nearer and nearer, were taken up by regiment after regiment, by brigade after brigade, by division after division, by corps after corps, and there went resounding up to heaven's high realm, from almost numberless bands and almost countless voices, that grand, soul-stirring refrain, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow;" and it seemed almost as though there came answering back these words, "Be of good cheer: victory shall be with you."

MUSIC IN THE ARMY.

(BY J. H. WILKINSON, CO. A.)

That music had charms in the army, as well as elsewhere, was proved by the many excellent brass bands and groups of singers found in the various regiments, and the crowds that gathered round them to listen. Of the bands that came within hearing distance of the Eleventh Regiment, at one time or another, the one enlisted with the One Hundred Third New York was by far the best. A bass and tenor drum and six brass instruments—eight men only—made up the band. Every man was a German, and every man an accomplished soloist on his particular instrument, and it was a treat ever to be remembered to visit head-quarters, whenever the band was in session, and listen for an hour as they discoursed the best music in their faultless style.

The best singers, too, were Germans. One Western regiment—I think it was the Seventh Michigan—had many Germans in it, and they frequently gathered around the camp fire in the evening after march, and rations were done, and sang for an hour to admiring listeners, which often included men from the Eleventh New Hampshire and Thirty-fifth Massachusetts.

After disastrous Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, while the Ninth Corps was resting in its old camp at Falmouth, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of the musical members of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, mostly Roxbury men, Company K. The material of this regiment, as of our own, was quite above the average, and included many officers and men from homes of culture and refinement. Their first actual fighting was at Antietam, as, later, ours was at Fredericksburg. For all pleasurable intents and purposes we were an army glee club, made up mostly of the Thirty-fifth Mas-

sachusetts, with Lieutenant Everett, Company K, and myself of the Eleventh New Hampshire. We were never organized—we grew. Writing mainly for those who know what army life is, I need hardly say that except on occasions of ceremony, that is, the calling by invitation at some head-quarters, our meetings were informal. Whenever a sufficient number to carry the parts happened together, and there was leisure, the camp was sure to hear the "concord of sweet sounds," and while we hoped that others might find restful pleasure in the songs, we knew that we ourselves did, and after nearly thirty years the memory of it is still delightful.

Of course the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, as it furnished nearly all the talent, got most of the music, by reason of more frequent meetings; but there were many times when as many of the club as could be mustered would get together for a visit to some head-quarters, or to some friendly and appreciative officer. In this way General Sturgis was once called upon, and evidently was much pleased. It is tenderly remembered of him that he once asked the club if they knew the song beginning,—

> "Joys that we've tasted may sometimes return,
> But the torch, when once wasted, ah! how can it burn?"

and was much moved when the piece was sung. Doubtless to him, as to ourselves and many others who listened, the sentiment of the poem brought to mind past scenes of home and friends which the heart is not willing to let die; and to-day, if three or four of us happen together, we never part without singing, no matter now how poorly, of "Joys that we've tasted." And, as in the army we associated the sentiment with our earlier years, so now we associate it with our army experience, and what is

lacking in quality in these later days is more than balanced by the increased pathos, which at times makes it difficult to proceed.

Brigade and regimental head-quarters were visited, including our own Eleventh. It was a great pleasure to the writer to assist in honoring our own regiment, especially as by this time Lieutenant Charles Everett, Company K, had joined our club, and with his strong sub-bass added much to the performance. Colonel Harriman was much gratified, and made one of those neat little appreciative speeches which he so well knew how to make. Possibly some of the regimental staff or line who yet survive may recall the occasion with pleasure.

Stopping a few hours at Memphis, on the way to Vicksburg by transport steamer in '63, the club strolled into the city, and at one of the book or music stores bought copies of the "Arion," with the imprint of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass. It was like looking upon the face of a long absent friend to see the familiar name away off in that desolate country.

War, at best, is rough and brutalizing, and we may be thankful for anything that tended to conserve "the soft amenities" of home and civilized life. It is on this account that I have ventured to offer a word on the part that music had in warming the hearts and keeping up the spirits of the boys away from the endearments of "home, sweet home."

This hurried sketch will not be complete without the name of Captain George H. Nason, Company K, Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, to whose skill and patience as leader of the club is due whatever efficiency it attained. He was a good soldier, rising from the rank of sergeant, when I first knew him, to the full command of his company long before the close of the war, and always a pure-hearted and clean-mouthed gentleman. He still

lives, and is in the same business and at the "old stand" which he left to enter the service, and once a year, if possible, I make my pilgrimage to Roxbury, Mass., to see him and perhaps others, and again revive the "Joys that we've tasted."

Some of the voices then pleasant to hear are now silent in death, but most of the club, I think, are still in the land of the living, scattered here and there over our broad country. Wherever they may be, and whatever their fortune, they have the warm, true friendship of their fellow-singer and soldier.

COLOR BEARERS AND COLOR GUARDS.

At Arlington Heights, on its way to the front, the Eleventh Regiment halted for a few days. At this point the color guard was organized, volunteers for that purpose having been called for. James A. Bailey, Company G, was designated as bearer of the national colors; and Jeremiah C. Ordway, Company C, was designated as bearer of the state colors. The color guard and bearers consisted of nine persons, as follows:

G B B G
. . . .
. . . .
g g g g
.
g

one guard upon each side of the bearers in the front rank, four guards in the rear rank, and one in the rank of file-closers. The guard, at its formation, consisted of Joseph B. Sanborn, Company C; Daniel S. West and Jacob M. Phillips, Company I; Sylvester McLane, Company B; Charles A. Chapman and Ebenezer B.

John E. Crane

Hoyt, Company E; George R. McFarland, Company F. These men composed the first guard, as near as can be ascertained.

Jeremiah C. Ordway bore the state colors through the battle of Fredericksburg, when he was detailed for duty with the wagon train. Corporal Daniel S. West then took the state colors and bore them most gallantly until he was wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. The names of all those who were members of the color guard cannot be ascertained, but the following were at one time in the guard: Ezra B. Glines, Company C; Jonathan T. Williams, Company F; Lewis Childs and Charles E. Wood, Company D; Nathaniel C. Baker and Caleb J. Kimball, Company E; Sergeant John E. Cram and Joseph L. Small, Company B; Nathaniel K. Brown, Company K; James K. Lane, Company G, and others whose names are not known.

James A. Bailey and Daniel S. West bore the state and national colors until wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania (see sketch of Bailey). West was wounded in the left leg above the knee, the ball passing from the front to the back of his leg, grazing the bone and destroying the cord; while Bailey was also wounded in his left leg, the same distance above the knee, the ball passing outside of the bone. They were shot within two minutes of each other, and neither returned to duty with the regiment. Probably no other regimental organization of this state can show two color bearers who bore the colors as long as did those two men, who were known in the army as the "New Hampshire twins." McLane and Chapman were severely wounded at Fredericksburg; Lane, for whom the camp of the veterans' reunion at the Weirs was named in 1880, was mortally wounded at Spottsylvania, with the colors in his hands, and died four days afterwards; Sergeant Cram seized the colors

as they fell at Spottsylvania, and bore them gallantly to the front until he was shot; Corporal Brown was killed at the Crater, July 30, 1864, fighting heroically for his colors; Sergeant Childs was severely wounded at the Crater; Sergeant Wood was mortally wounded at the Crater, and died shortly after. When West was wounded he was taken to the rear, carried to Fredericksburg, thence to Washington, and then went home on a furlough, at the expiration of which he reported to the hospital; May 22, 1865, more than a year after he was wounded, he was honorably discharged, and his name placed on the pension rolls.

Corporal Sanborn was with the colors at Fredericksburg, in the Mississippi and East Tennessee campaigns, and in the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. At the latter battle he assisted Adjutant Morrison to the rear, and the next day took the state colors. He carried them during the reconnoissance of May 16, and in the advance, May 18, he received a wound in the breast from the limb of a tree cut off by a shell, and was rendered unfit for duty for a week. Once more he took charge of the colors, and bore them in every skirmish and battle in which the regiment was engaged until the battle at the Pegram farm, September 30, 1864. There he was severely wounded in one of his legs; he was assisted to the rear of Fort McRae, which had been taken from the enemy on the morning of that desperate battle, and lay in the woods all that night. For eight weeks he was cared for by the regimental surgeon, and then returned to duty. During this time the old flags, or what remained of them, had been sent home, and the color guard disbanded for the time being. When the new colors arrived, Corporal Sanborn resumed his place on the color guard, remaining there until mustered out of service with the regiment. He was the only soldier

connected with a color guard, so far as can be ascertained, who had served as guard or as bearer from the time the guard was formed until the regiment returned home and was mustered out.

During the siege of Knoxville the color guard did extra duty on guard, picket, etc. Corporal Sanborn had charge at one time of fifty men, residents of the city, who were engaged in erecting a dam on the north side of the city to raise the stream in case of a charge by the enemy. He, with three others, was sent forward by Captain Currier, in command of the picket line, on the morning (2 a. m.) of the day after the rebels raised the siege, to ascertain if the enemy had gone, and they found the lines without defenders. When Corporal Sanborn was wounded at Spottsylvania, May 18, 1864, Joseph L. Small of Company B seized the colors, and bore them until Sanborn's return to duty.

It would give me great pleasure to recount the brave deeds of each and every man who did duty with the colors, either as bearer or guard, but it cannot be done. Many have passed on, and are through with the trials and duties of life; others are yet living, respected and honored for their heroic bearing as soldiers and as men. No regiment had truer, better, or braver men about their colors than had the Eleventh New Hampshire. At the terrible battle of Spottsylvania where six color bearers were shot, and at the Crater where the colors changed hands *four times*, the whole regiment rallied as one man and bore them triumphantly away.

Color-bearer Daniel S. West recalls to mind the "cattacisms" of the men of the Eleventh Regiment at the camp near Falmouth, the first regimental ball, the snowball battle in the square at Falmouth, and the Bri-

gade Fire Department with pork-barrel tub and grape-vine hose.

He also contributes the following incidents:

"Cyrus E. Roberts, Company I, used all of his cartridges on the crest at Fredericksburg, and his rifle became so hot that it was useless to him. He went back and picked up a rifle from a dead comrade, replenished his cartridges from the boxes of those lying dead, and stood fully exposed for half an hour, making his shots tell in the best manner: he escaped unharmed, greatly to the delight of his comrades who had been earnest in their entreaties to have him protect himself."

"George F. Small, Company B, during the siege of Petersburg, was one day in one of the most advanced rifle-pits. Thinking the rebels were getting very careless with their fire-arms, he determined to wake them up a little. He left his pit, crept back, and drew a ramrod from a gun near by, at the same time receiving a shower of bullets from the enemy. He put into his rifle a double charge of powder, two balls, and the spare ramrod, and waited for his chance. Shortly after dark, by the light of the moon he saw a number of the enemy exposed above their pit; then with a good aim he fired his gun, and as a result threw the whole line into confusion. The troops of our line were in readiness to repel any charge that might be made by the enemy, but none was made. There was great inquiry as to the cause of the outbreak, but it was not known until the next day—when the rebels inquired who fired that shot, and what in creation it was that he fired—that that one charge did more mischief than any one rifle shot ever fired at them. In this connection it may be said that there were many perfect mimics in the regiment, and at daybreak there was very often heard all the sounds and noises of a large farm-yard,—cackling, crowing, baying of hounds, bellow-

ing of cattle, until at times it seemed almost as though pandemonium had broken loose—even the poodle dogs whining, yelping, and barking."

"Corporal Lewis Childs, Company D, was promoted to color sergeant, and took the colors from Sergeant Charles E. Wood, Company D, the day following the battle of Cold Harbor. He carried them on the march to, and in the fighting about, Petersburg, and with his color guard, two of whom were Hazen Bartlett and Willard J. Templeton, both of Company D, was the first with his colors in the Crater at the explosion of the mine, July 30, 1864. They planted them several rods beyond the Crater at some rebel rifle-pits, and held them there until the enemy had recovered from their surprise and rallied to regain their lost ground. A big, burly rebel came close to the colors and cried out, 'Surrender, you d——d Yankees!' and attempted to seize the colors, when its brave defenders said, 'We will never surrender them to any d——d rebels!' The rebel attempted to shoot Sergeant Childs, who gave him a blow that prevented the shot from taking effect, and the rebels becoming plenty, the men of the Eleventh rallied in defence of their colors. A hand-to-hand fight with clubbed muskets, bayonets, and fists was had, in which the colors changed hands four different times, until the staff was broken in pieces and the colors torn to shreds. Sergeant Childs brought away a remnant of it under his blouse, and it is now hanging from a staff in Doric Hall, at the state-house, Concord.

"In the contest, Bartlett was bayoneted to death, Templeton mortally wounded, as were some others whose names cannot be ascertained. This was one of the most plucky incidents of the war for the brave men of this regiment. Sergeant Childs was severely wounded in one leg during the fight at the Crater, was taken to the rear, thence to City Point, and to New York. When

he was able to travel he obtained a furlough, and went to his home. At its expiration he reported to the hospital at New York from which he obtained his furlough, and was soon forwarded to the hospital at Manchester, out of which he was honorably discharged from the service May 12, 1865."

JAMES A. BAILEY'S STATEMENT.

"When the regiment was mustered into the United States service at Concord, I volunteered under Colonel Harriman to carry the national colors, and Ordway took the state colors. Joseph Sanborn was one of the color guard: I do not remember the names of the rest. After recruiting at Annapolis we were ordered to the Wilderness, arrived there the 5th of May, 1864, and remained there two days and one night. We were then ordered to the old Chancellorsville battle-ground to guard a supply train, and arrived there in the morning of the 8th of May. We stayed there that day and night, and on the 9th were ordered to Spottsylvania court-house. We arrived there just at night, and lay on our arms till the morning of the 10th, when we were called out to support a battery, but were driven back in the night. On the morning of the 11th we were on hand again, but did not get where the enemy opened direct upon us until the 12th of May.

"The flag had not been furled for seven days and seven nights, and on the morning of the 12th of May we were ordered to the work quite early, and had not time to make coffee or get our rations, as they opened upon us at once. As I stood by the old flag, looking on, the boys fell in all directions, and I did not pass unnoticed, for eleven bullets went through my clothes in different places, and five drew blood. Dan West took the state colors at

Fredericksburg in place of Ordway. At Spottsylvania Dan West was shot before I was, and the lieutenant of the color company (John E. Cram of Company B) took his colors. When I was shot, while standing near a tree, I did not fall, but the lieutenant took my colors and was shot down with both stands in his hand. I do not know who took them from him.

"I was wounded the 12th of May, 1864, before 6 o'clock in the morning. I was carried to corps headquarters, and laid there till May 17, when they put me on board of an ambulance and carried me to Fredericksburg, where my wounds were dressed by a woman. I cannot tell how long I lay there, but was next carried to Arlington Heights, and was there until put aboard the boat that brought me to Portsmouth Grove, R. I., the 5th of June, 1864. I could not walk, and they carried me from the boat on a stretcher. I would rather been thrown overboard than carried to the wharf. There they laid me on the scales, and, with the stretcher, I weighed 150 pounds; only three weeks before I had weighed 217 pounds. I remained at Portsmouth Grove until the 6th of August. Two weeks previous to this my wife came to see me, and through her instrumentality I obtained a furlough. At that time no one one was allowed a furlough unless he could walk to the station. My wife made every effort to get me out of the hospital, and when I got to the station I had gone as far as I could, and the boys carried me into the car. I had a hard, tiresome journey, and arrived at my home the 8th of August, 1864, and was so exhausted that I could not get into the house alone, and had to be carried in. I did not go out for ten days.

"In November, 1864, I was taken down with the hospital fever, and was very ill for two months. I still reported on surgeon's certificate. February, 1865, I was ordered to Concord to report in person, by order of

Dr. Ross, and went as soon as I was able to ride. I was in the hospital about one month, when I received a discharge furlough and went back to my home in Lisbon in the month of March, 1865.

"When the regiment was discharged, I was there and received my discharge. I went on crutches twenty-three months and twelve days.

"James K. Lane was wounded at Spottsylvania Court House the 12th of May, 1864, was brought back to corps head-quarters, and died next day. Since the war my business, when able to work, has been farming."

MEDAL OF HONOR.

Henry W. Rowe contributes the following sketch:

"You will recollect the afternoon and evening of June 16, 1864, when we charged over the fallen timber, through the ravine, up under the fence behind the Shand House, and waited for the morning. We built what breastworks we could with our bayonets and plates. Our company [I] consisted of five privates, viz., Barker, Batchelder, Bean, Durgin, and myself. When we heard you whisper, 'Forward, Eleventh!' we advanced. Batchelder and myself were at the right of the house, the others at the left, where Bean was taken prisoner and afterwards released by the Seventeenth Vermont. My companions and myself fell in with 'Sol' Dodge, a host in himself, and as we were passing the second corner of the house we heard the report of a musket from the rebel pit, about fifteen feet at our right. 'Sol' turned to the right, behind the rebels, and, with his carbine inverted, said, 'Surrender, you d——d rebels!' At this the 'Johnnies' dropped their implements of warfare and went to our rear, we going with them until we turned them over to some of our officers. During this time I secured a

flag or marker that was standing in the trench near the corner of the house, and delivered it to one of our officers. Having made sure of our prisoners and the flag, we returned to the fort, seeking other trophies."

The number of rebels taken prisoners by these five men was *twenty-seven*. For his part in this brilliant assault Comrade Rowe was awarded a medal of honor bearing this inscription, "The Congress to Sergeant Henry W. Rowe, Company I, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers." The order granting him the medal was read on dress-parade of the regiment at the time of its award.

Henry W. Rowe was born in Candia, in April, 1840, and became a member of Company I at the time of its formation. He followed the fortunes of the regiment until the Battle of the Mine, July 30, 1864, when he was severely wounded and taken to Mt. Pleasant, and then to Douglass hospital, at Washington, D. C. He was mustered out of the service June 14, 1865. He is now living in Boston, where he has resided most of the time since the war, and is a printer by trade.

Of his four comrades in Company I at the assault at the Shand House, Jeremiah Batchelder was killed at that time; Joel P. Bean was wounded and captured at Poplar Spring church, September 30, 1864, and died in prison, at Salisbury, N. C., December 15th following; Louis Barker, Jr., was severely wounded at Poplar Spring church; and Charles M. Durgin was severely wounded on the picket line in front of Petersburg, Va., August 11, 1864.

COMPANY G.

(BY CAPTAIN BELL.)

Company G, Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, was raised in the month of August, 1862

(mostly between the 12th and 22d), principally from the towns of Haverhill, Bath, and Lisbon, with a few men from each of the towns of Piermont, Benton, Landaff, Lyman, and Monroe. The recruiting officers were,—J. LeRoy Bell and J. W. Sampson, for Haverhill; A. E. Hutchins, for Bath; G. E. Pingree, for Lisbon; J. Whitcher, for Benton; G. L. Batchelder, for Piermont; E. C. Knight, for Landaff; A. J. Chase, for Lyman; and A. J. Moore, for Monroe. The company was mustered into the United States service September 2, 1862, Captain Charles Holmes, United States mustering officer, with George E. Pingree captain, Arthur E. Hutchins first lieutenant, and J. LeRoy Bell second lieutenant. Of the ninety-six original enlisted men in Company G, sixteen were killed in action or mortally wounded, fifteen died of disease, two died at Andersonville, three deserted, two were returned as prisoners of war, forty-two were discharged during the war (thirteen of them for wounds), one was transferred to the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, June 1, 1865 (being a hospital nurse), and fifteen were mustered out with the regiment, three of whom belonged to the brigade band. Of the thirty-six recruits that reached the company, one was killed, one died of disease, two were discharged on account of wounds, four deserted (two of whom died in Andersonville prison), and twenty-eight were transferred to the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, June 1, 1865.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ASSISTANT-SURGEON CHARLES M. JONES.

Charles M. Jones was born in Somersworth, October 15, 1841; received his education in the schools of his native town, and studied medicine with Dr. J. S. Ross

before the war. He enlisted as hospital steward August 27, 1862, and was commissioned as such on that date by Colonel Harriman. He was commissioned as assistant surgeon February 22, 1865, having acted as such for several weeks previous. He was mustered out with the regiment June 4, 1865. He was with the regiment during its entire service, save one furlough of thirty days by reason of an injury received near Knoxville, Tenn., when a tree was felled across the tent in which were himself and Oliver Childs. Dr. Jones has been a druggist for twenty-five years of his life. For the past eleven years he has been in the employ of the Chicago & West Michigan Railway Company, and resides at Muskegon, Mich. He says, "I like the life very much: it is more like the army life than anything else."

MAJOR ANDREW J. COFFIN.

Andrew J. Coffin was born in Epping, and enlisted as a musician in Company A. He was appointed regimental drum-major December 26, 1862, and was appointed brigade drum-major, by order of General Griffin, November 26, 1864, which position he held until mustered out of the service with the regiment June 4, 1865. His present residence is at Haverhill, Mass.

Major Coffin performed his duties with great acceptance, as he was always prompt in action, and his musicians, who had no equals in the Ninth Corps, partook of his spirit; so that there could be no delay in movements with his fifers and drummers filling the air with their soul-stirring music. How lively the boys sometimes went into camp, at the close of a hard day's march, under their music,—the fifes of "Rans" Sargent, Johnny Folsom, and their associate fifers, and the drums being heard by the entire brigade!

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF LIFE IN ANDERSONVILLE AND FLORENCE PRISONS.

(BY WILLIAM W. FISH, COMPANY C.)

We were taken in passenger-cars from Gordonville to Lynchburg. I had as companions in misery John L. F. Phelps, Company C, James Franklin, Company K, Geo. Jenness (I think of Company F, Seventh New Hampshire). At Lynchburg there were 2,500 prisoners. The camp was located in a valley, surrounded by hills upon whose steep sides were posted field-pieces, trained upon the captive "Yanks." We stayed here a week, and were then taken by rail to Danville. Here a three-story tobacco warehouse afforded a temporary place of confinement, into which our crowd of several hundred were packed as closely as we could lie side by side. For rations,—maggoty cow-pease slightly boiled with bacon, formed an attenuated apology for soup. The weather was very sultry, and we were crowded almost to suffocation. The place soon became very filthy from human excrement, as the food furnished brought on the diarrhœa, and only a few at a time were allowed to go into the yard.

May 19 we were again on the move southward, being ignorant as to our objective point. Several hundred miles in box cars, over roads terribly out of repair, at an average speed of ten miles an hour, crowded so closely that we could not lie down, with little to eat, disturbed cat-naps our only rest, and the confined air hot and stifling, the train creaked and groaned its weary way

George T. Demeritt

through the heart of the Confederacy. Rebel flags were waved at us by women from doors and windows; even the children gave the "rebel yell" as the long train stopped at the stations. At Branchville, I slipped through an opening which we had made by removing some boards at the further end of the car. It was growing dark, and I walked about between the trains standing on the tracks, trying to decide whether it was wise to attempt an escape; but I made up my mind that it was safest to remain with the boys, and so boarded the train as it started. The colored people showed their friendship when they could do so without attracting the attention of the guard. One of them hastened to his home, and just as the train started brought me a small "hoe-cake." It was half baked and unsalted, but it filled "an aching void."

May 25th, 1864, our five days ride ended at a dreary station, sixty miles from Macon. We had reached *Andersonville*. What fearful memories come crowding upon the mind! What a picture of gigantic misery appears upon the tablets of memory at the mention of the name! It is synonymous with that cruelty inherent in generations of slave-holders. The lapse of time has dimmed the memory of some of the scenes of suffering, and the faces and forms of most of those who died in our midst, and against whom we jostled in those crowded paths of the prison; but some of our individual experiences have left their impress too deeply to be forgotten. The shadowy forms of the dying victims of Southern brutality and neglect, the grim stockade, the hunger, the exposure, the agony of mind and body, and the many horrors which we would gladly banish from our thoughts, come to us unbidden. Even in the still hour of night, "when sleep has woven its mystic chains about us," do we seem to live over again the experiences of those days when the relentless "messenger of death had thrust in his sickle" and was reaping a terrible

harvest; when we felt disease clutching with his loathsome fingers at the citadel of life; and when our bodily strength gave way to weakness, as every impoverished blood-drop mutely appealed for food: so we looked the "pale messenger" in the face, with no power to stay his approach.

The stockade at this time enclosed seventeen acres, and was built to hold 10,000 men. When we entered, 15,000 were here; and by the first of July about 30,000. After facing a storm of profanity, and witnessing the antics of Captain Wirtz at head-quarters, we were counted, had our names taken, etc. The latter performance gave the arithmetical knowledge of the "Johnnies" a severe strain. The revolver of the captain, meanwhile, was being poked into our faces a little too freely, but we were soon sent inside. Never shall I forget the sights that met our gaze as we entered this pen.

The main avenue was packed with a dense mass of humanity, plainly showing the effects of starvation and neglect—their glassy eyes fixed upon us with an indescribable expression, with matted hair, their faces covered with a thick coating of dirt and the smoke from the pitch-pine fires,—over which they had huddled during the early days of spring,—their bodies shrunken so that the skin barely covered the bones, and with scarcely clothing enough to cover them, while some were entirely naked. "Fresh fish! Fresh fish!" they cried—all new-comers were so called. "Where did you come from?" "What is the news?" "Has Richmond been taken?" "What is the prospect of exchange?" "You won't look so nice after you have been here a while!"—and many other salutations greeted our ears.

We were obliged to make our home upon what was called "Mud island," on the edge of the swamp. This swamp bordered the stream, and was about a foot deep—

a black, oozy mass of mud and filth and crawling maggots. Here we stayed until July 1, when we went upon the hill, ten additional acres having been enclosed. Our rations consisted of a piece of corn bread the size of half a brick, a gill of cooked rice or about two ounces of bacon, and occasionally cooked beans were supplied in lieu of rice. Mush in place of bread was issued for a while. It was brought to us in the carts, shovelled in, and was often sour and fermented owing to the extreme heat. For quite a long time raw meal was given us; but there came a time when my appetite failed me, and I could not eat it.

At this time I had the scurvy very badly. My teeth I could rattle in my head, and could have picked them out with my fingers. My strength failed rapidly, but, providentially, after a few days' fast I was able to return to my meal. Each day our mess held a council to decide whether our bill of fare should be mush-porridge with dumplings—which was made by mixing meal with water, moulding into balls with our hands, and dropping them into our gruel—or "hoe-cake." For a very brief period raw beef was issued in homœopathic doses. Outside the stockade, and almost near enough to cast their shadows upon the prison, were the tall, noble pines of the primeval forest, through whose branches the breezes from the Gulf seemed to sigh mournfully, as if in sympathy with the suffering ones here confined. But wood was so scarce inside that many were forced to eat their meal raw, and the roots in the ground were dug up and dried and cut into pieces as small as a lead pencil, and fires, small enough to be covered by the hand, were made.

While we were here no wood was issued, except for a short time. Each day a few men were allowed to go outside, by the graveyard, under guard, and gather a few sticks. I went once, after giving my promise not to

attempt to escape; but this privilege was soon stopped. With no clothing, shelter, sugar, coffee, tea, soap, candles, vinegar, green corn, or vegetables, many were driven insane by their sufferings of mind and body; some wandered about entirely naked, seeking an entrance into the tents and holes in which the men lived, only to be driven away by the occupants. There was considerable trading done among those fortunate enough to have money. Salt was worth, in our money, twenty-five cents a spoonful; cream-o'-tartar biscuits, fifty cents each; and other things in the same proportion. I was fortunate in possessing a small tin pail, which was worth its weight in gold. The men were put to their wits' end for dishes in which to cook and draw their rations: every scrap of iron and bone, any piece of tin, and in fact anything that could be utilized, was pressed into service; needles were made out of pieces of bone, and old bagging was unravelled for thread; canteens were split open and used for plates.

Here were representatives from almost all nations,—desperate Bowery boys from New York, plug-uglies from Baltimore, men who seemed to be wholly destitute of any kind of feeling, human hyenas who preyed upon the defenceless men, robbing the new-comers of blankets, money, and anything they wanted, and even murdering. This lawless element banded together to the number of several hundred, until the whole camp was terrorized by their robberies and deeds of violence. They were called "raiders." Finally, life and the possession of property became so unsafe, that, in self-defence and to preserve order, a police force called "regulators" was organized; and after a desperate fight on the 3d of July, in which victory seemed to hang in the balance for a long while, the "raiders" were overcome, and the camp was once more peaceful.

This victory resulted in the capture, and trial by a jury

of our men, of the ring-leaders. Six were condemned to be hung, others to run the gauntlet or "run-a-muck." The scene at the hanging was a dramatic and exciting one. It was near the close of a sultry day in July when the great south gates swung open upon their rusty hinges. The whole camp was in an excited state. At the head-quarters we could see the gunners at their pieces, and the infantry at their rifle-pits, ready for an expected outbreak. The six condemned men, surrounded by a strong guard and accompanied by a Catholic priest, entered, Captain Wirtz, or "death on the white horse" as he was called, at the head of the procession. The "regulators," armed with clubs, formed a hollow square around the scaffold, and the camp was in a quiver of excitement.

I looked about me. The hill-sides and around the scaffold were packed with a struggling, howling mass of men. Tens of thousands of eyes, made wild by hunger and excitement, focused on the movements about the scaffold; the high log fence formed a frame for the picture, while from thousands of throats issued cries of "Hang them!" "Don't let them go!" mingled with oaths and yells of various kinds. One large fellow broke away and ran as far as the creek, but was brought back. Wirtz, seeing the commotion, gave orders for the gunners to fire, thinking there was to be an outbreak; but the officer in charge, seeing that the rush was *away* from the gate, did not heed the order. The six were hung at once. "Mosby," so called,—a large, powerful man—broke the rope and fell to the ground, but was again forced to the scaffold and hung with the rest.

The "regulators" enforced discipline: some of the offenders against peace and order were spanked, others had one side of the head shaved. The rebels punished our men by placing them in the stocks by the south gate,

by placing them in the chain-gang, or by fastening a ball and chain to the ankle. Some of our men wore these ornaments for a long time.

The death-rate increased rapidly as the numbers increased and the heat grew more intense. During August the deaths averaged a hundred a day, or more. I remember one day one hundred and twenty-seven died. Three times a day the south gate opened, and an officer entered with the cry, "Bring out your dead!" and the twenty-five to forty bodies, that lay in their filth and rags along the main avenue, were carried out to the "dead-house," loaded into the cart as dead hogs are loaded to take to the market until the cart was filled, and then taken to the graveyard. This graveyard was located about five hundred paces north-west from the stockade, the resting-place of each victim being marked by a stake, and each one numbered to correspond with a number recorded in a book.

Here, crumbling to dust, are the skeletons of nearly fourteen thousand martyrs, who faded out of life and were borne forth from this huge charnel-house. Time and again have I stood in the main avenue near the north gate, and, looking over the depression in the stockade where it crossed the creek, seen the cart receive its ghastly load. I know of only one instance where a box was provided for a dead body, and that, I understood, was the body of a Free Mason.

As two others of our regiment were taken prisoners around Knoxville, we thought that we might find them here; so we made inquiries and searched around daily, and finally learned of one. After a long and diligent search, I found Corporal John Whipple, of Company C, my company. He was captured one night on the picket line at Knoxville, in November, 1863. He was lying on his back in a hut near the south gate, unable to rise, and

in the last stages of diarrhœa and scurvy, his feet and legs being badly swollen. His emaciated face lightened with a smile of recognition as we grasped hands, and he briefly told me his story.

His captors robbed him of his boots, and he made the long march with them into Virginia over the frozen ground with rags tied around his feet, and when those wore out went barefoot. Through the long winter he suffered from cold, hunger, and exposure at Richmond, and finally was brought to this place. John would not go to the hospital, preferring to remain with his friends. Here we visited him frequently, until Saturday, June 25, when his brave spirit left the enfeebled and tortured body. Corporal Whipple always had a smile and a cheery word for every one. He was noble-hearted, and faithful to every duty.

One of the best men in Company E, Joseph O. Smith, was captured in East Tennessee (near Strawberry Plains) the preceding fall. We also found him living in a hole in the ground, in a terrible condition, and suffering from scurvy. There was little that we could do, but we ministered to his wants as best we could. We bought a biscuit, which cost fifty cents in our money, for him, but he was too far gone to eat it. He begged us to take him to the hospital. With great difficulty, in our weak condition, we carried him on a blanket to the one near the south gate. This journey, to and from his burrow, was repeated several mornings though it caused him great pain, as the number of sick was so much in excess of the capacity of the hospital that we were unable to secure his admittance.

The scene at the morning assembly of the sick beggars description. Here were thousands of the sick and dying waiting for the gates to open and to be taken out, in the vain hope of recovery. Scenes of suffering and misery

were here that it is hardly possible to conceive of. Some were led by their friends; others were brought on blankets by men scarcely able to stagger along under their load; others, with laborious and painful effort, had dragged their weakened forms from some distant part of the camp; some had crawled on hands and knees. Here they would lie or sit on the hot sand, populous with fleas and lice,—those brave men, many of whom had almost lost the semblance of humanity, and some of them almost naked. Poor wretches!—hatless, ragged, emaciated, dirty, swarming with vermin, with swollen, distorted limbs, and gangrenous sores eating away the flesh. Here were visible the most loathsome forms of disease and intense suffering.

The scenes at the south gate must have strikingly resembled those upon which the Great Physician gazed, with pitying eyes and compassionate heart, by the shores of Galilee;—here were the burning sandsand the scorching sun; here was a suffering and loathsome humanity as near death's door as were the lepers when healed by the divine touch and voice of the Son of God; here was heard the agonizing cry for help; here were those whom no human power or skill in the prison could save from physical dissolution; here were spectacles of horror that, accustomed as we were to fearful sights, we could not look upon unmoved.

On Monday, August 22, poor Joe Smith died. A day or two before, he gave me the address of his sister. In August the death-roll of the prison was 3,076. There are many things I might write had I the time,—of the wonderful spring that broke through the ground inside of the dead line, which continued to flow and supply a large number with clear water; of the twenty-three consecutive days upon which rain fell, during the month of June; of the tremendous shower which swelled the stream

and toppled over a section of the stockade; of the prayer-meetings by Boston Corbett, and other godly men; and of the constant visits of the devoted Catholic priest from Macon, Father Hamilton.

The sufferings of the body were not equal to the tortures of the mind. The uncertainty as to our prospects of release, the strange sense of isolation from the outer world, absence of news, the many false rumors of intended exchange circulated throughout the camp, the hopes deferred, the longing for news from home, the many thoughts and desires that continually haunted us, the monotonous character of our daily life, the gradual but sure weakening of the body,—all had a depressing effect upon the mind, and many finally became insane. A rebel paper sometimes found its way into the camp, but of course we could not have much faith in those lying sheets.

George Jenness fortunately possessed a well worn Bible, which I read through twice and nearly through the third time while there. But how blind we mortals are! I was so impressed with the gigantic and appalling misery by which I was surrounded, and my unappeased hunger and temporal troubles and wretchedness so possessed my thoughts, that I failed to reach out by faith and accept the bread of life offered to me in the word of God, when that very misery and wretchedness and the failure of earthly help should have led me to look for divine help. The acceptance on my part came in the hours of peace, after the release from prison in the quiet of home.

There was some sunshine, even in prison; there were songs, jokes, and numerous fights. I speak of fights in this connection, because there is a ludicrous side to even a fight over a skillet, when two men stand up and pummel each other as an appetizer for breakfast. There was a short, stout, red-headed Irishman in our mess, who

seemed to be continually dancing when not otherwise engaged, and singing "Finnegan's Wake" and "Lannigan's Ball."

Considerable tunnelling was carried on, but these attempts to dig out usually resulted unsuccessfully. There was a plot formed to tunnel under and topple over a portion of the stockade, make a rush upon the fort and guard, and release all the prisoners and march to our lines; but this was divulged by some traitor, and Captain Wirtz had a line of poles, from the tops of which fluttered pieces of white cloth, placed about one hundred feet from the stockade, with orders for the men not to congregate in groups outside of the line of poles under penalty of being opened upon by the guns of the fort. While standing with two or three comrades in the main avenue, two or three days after, we saw a puff of smoke rise from a gun at the fort, followed by the report and then the sound of shot passing over our heads and striking in the woods beyond the prison. A yell of derision from thousands of throats greeted this. After this, fires were nightly kept burning around the outside of the stockade; each morning the pack of blood-hounds took their morning circuit around the outside, smelling for escaped "Yanks;" and an additional line of stockade was built at some distance from the inner line.

August came with its intense heat. The hot, fetid air rose in tremulous waves from the ground, as if from a heated furnace, and the death-rate increased alarmingly. In July, one in eighteen died; August, one in eleven; September, one in three; October, one in two. In the avenues every morning lay the distorted bodies of those who had died during the damp and chill of the night hours, whose limbs no friends had straightened, and over whose open eyes no tender fingers had drawn the lids.

About the first of August, prisoners from Sherman's

army arrived, bringing in news of the intended raid and attempt to reach and release us by Stoneman's Cavalry. We soon learned of their defeat at Hillsboro, July 31, when they came within twenty miles of us. The whole camp waited with eager expectancy and intense longing for their approach, and our disappointment on learning of their defeat was very great. At this time General Winder issued "Order No. 13" (which has been preserved), commanding officers in charge of artillery to open upon the prison with grape-shot as soon as the Federals approached within seven miles of the prison, and continue until every prisoner was killed. News from Sherman's army was very meagre, though we knew that the Western army was near Atlanta. But one night, as we lay on the ground in our booth and listened to the call of the sentries as they cried out the hour, we heard the cry,—"Post No. 20, 12 o'clock, and all is well, and Atlanta's gone to ——," using a word that rhymed with well. It struck the ears of the wakeful "Yanks"—a shout was raised, and caught up by the whole camp; the frowning stockade echoed and reëchoed to wild yells of delight, as we realized that our stay here would be shortened.

Flattering promises were held out to induce us to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy and enter their work-shops as mechanics. Release from confinement, high wages, and abundant rations were offered, and a very few yielded to the bait,—some, hoping to escape to our lines; others, to save dying from starvation. These were called "Galvanized Yanks;" they were hooted and jeered at, and were hurried outside to escape being mobbed by our men. Out of 17,000 registered as sick, twenty-five took the oath. What greater heroism can be shown than to yield up life, as thousands did, rather than accept release by turning to the stars and bars of the

Confederacy? Within this stockade in the wilds of Georgia was exemplified sublime and patriotic firmness under the most agonizing torture of mind and body.

September 6 ten detachments were ordered to be ready to move out, and the next day they left. The prison officers stated that a cartel of exchange had been agreed upon. There were indescribable demonstrations of joy; bonfires were built of old rubbish, and the whole camp went wild with delight. Monday, September 12, our turn came, and we passed through the great gates,—a long line of feeble, emaciated, diseased, dirty wrecks of humanity. I was so weak that I feared I should not have strength to reach the cars. We passed back over the narrow cart-road that had received the impress of so many thousands of feet that would never return over it. They came not back with us; they rest in the graveyard on yonder hill. We had left behind us Andersonville with its horrors. Through our long months of agony the fire of patriotism had burned brightly within our breasts, and suffering had only intensified our love for the principle symbolized by the stars and stripes. Although wasted in body, our manhood was retained.

"I said in mine haste all men are liars," were the words of the Psalmist. The Scotch divine exclaimed, "I say it deliberately." Truth seemed to be a virtue as related to the intercourse between Confederates and "Yanks." Instead of being exchanged, we were merely being removed to another prison. Thursday, September 15, 1864, we reached Florence, South Carolina, where we were destined to remain for three months before those who survived were released.

The prison stockade was not completed when we reached the spot where it was located, two miles from the town; so the prisoners, to the number of several hundred, were placed in a field close by, and surrounded by

a strong guard. I traded a silver ring I wore for about a dozen cream of tartar biscuit which a citizen had brought from his home. My conscience did not trouble me as I exchanged with a darkey for a quart of small yellow tomatoes one of those imitation dollar greenback advertisements, he thinking it was a dollar.

Our mess was now increased to five, Alonzo Heath, a New Hampshire soldier, sharing our shelter. More prisoners continued to arrive. The nights grew cold; and every night rows of poor shivering men were seen lying on the bare ground, spoon-fashion, with no covering, trying to keep warm while exposed to the heavy, chilling dews and the rains. Rations were smaller in quantity than at Andersonville, but more in variety. We here received for a short time a few spoonfuls of flour and a small piece of fresh beef, though the beef was soon discontinued and a few spoonfuls of molasses issued instead. Afterwards, corn meal and two or three spoonfuls of buggy beans were received. The beef bones were boiled for soup, and afterwards were broken up fine and repeatedly boiled, so as not to lose any of the nutriment. At first we skimmed off the thickest of the bugs that boiled out of the beans, but finally discontinued the skimming and ate bugs and all.

The second day after reaching here I made my escape with some others. We made a break for a piece of woods about thirty rods distant, and the guard fired upon us, but quite a number succeeded in getting into the woods. Stumbling painfully along, creeping across fields, and hiding during the day, we managed to put some seven or eight miles between us and the camp. Finally William Dunham, a New Hampshire soldier, and I became separated from the rest, and after hiding in a ditch by the side of a highway for several hours until it was dark, resumed our flight. While in a ditch

we were discovered by a negro who was hunting for a pig that was also in the ditch, and he promised not to divulge our hiding-place. During the night we became lost in a wooded swamp, and found ourselves travelling in a circle; but finally we caught sight of the moon, took our bearings, and came out by a railroad, then crossed through cultivated fields, stopping to dig sweet potatoes on the way.

We had feasted on Muscadine grapes during the day, but were almost famished for something solid. Reaching a water-melon patch, I had just selected a nice melon and was in the act of appropriating it, when I heard a voice cry out, "Halt!" Looking up, my head was in line with the muzzle of a gun a few feet away, at the other end of which was the owner of the ominous voice, a "Johnny," who was behind a fence which divided the melon patch from the lane.

We accepted his pressing invitation, and allowed him to escort us a few rods to the railroad, where we found four or five prisoners who had been recaptured, guarded by three or four men. A fire was built, and our captor went to a house close by, where his sister resided, and returned with a large dish of boiled sweet potatoes and fried bacon. They did taste delicious, but we had no water with which to wash them down.

Our captors were sociable, and of course greatly devoted to the Southern cause. Sherman's army was at this time "marching to the sea;" and our guard told us that his army was pillaging, burning houses, outraging women, and doing many terrible things. Our brave home guard grew very angry and excited at the recital of this invasion of the heart of the Confederacy by the Yankee hordes, and were very bitter in their feelings toward the North and President Lincoln. One of our men, from fear, lack of principle, or hoping to gain

favor, spoke disparagingly of our government and president. This aroused my indignation and patriotism, and I told him that I thought that a man who enlisted in the United States army and came out to fight the battles of his country should stand up for the principles for which he left his home, and not run down such a good government and such a good man as Abraham Lincoln. My remarks aroused the ire of the captain in command of our guard. He seized the hilt of his sword as if to draw it upon me, exclaiming, "You 're d——d impudent to express your opinions in this way. It 's lucky you 're a prisoner, or I would cut your d——d head off!" I kept rather quiet after this.

The next morning, Sunday, we were escorted back to our prison home. Our guard kindly allowed us to stop at a farm on the way, where in the garden back of the house we dug all the sweet potatoes we wished, and then washed and ate them, until we could eat no more. I reached camp by noon, filled up for once, and was doubly welcomed by my comrades, as I had my haversack filled with potatoes and red peppers. This side excursion of mine produced a beneficial effect upon my health, and I think saved my life. I had been suffering from scurvy and debility, but the change, the exercise and excitement, the potatoes, grapes, and other fruit that I feasted upon, together with the contents of my haversack, which lasted us two or three days, infused new vigor into my frame, changed the condition of my blood, and aroused me from the listless state in which I had been, and gave me a new lease of life.

The stockade, enclosing fifteen acres, was soon completed, and contained at one time 15,000 prisoners. Wood was plentiful for a while, but it took only a brief time for this large number to clear every bush and tree that had been left standing. Our mess of five built quite

a respectable hut by stretching a piece over a ridge-tent pole, and covering the rear end with pine needles in such a way as to shed the water. The clayey soil furnished material out of which we made bricks by wetting, moulding, and drying it in the sun. The sides of our hut were well built up with these and we made a fireplace in front. We were far better off than many of the prisoners, for this prison-pen was almost a counterpart of Andersonville. A small stream of swamp-water flowed through the grounds. The area embraced by this stream, the swamp, and the dead-line, was about five acres. Water was obtained from near the dead-line, and the path that here led down to the creek was a bed of black mud. The guard were always watching for a chance to shoot any "Yank" who stepped over the line. A few prisoners of a speculative turn stationed themselves here, and for a "chaw" of tobacco or food filled the pails and canteens for others.

A young lieutenant by the name of Barrett had been put in charge of the prison by Winder. He had red hair, and he was brutal and tyrannical. He hung men up by the thumbs for escaping. I well remember one poor fellow, whose shrieks and groans of anguish we heard for hours, as he hung by the thumbs outside of the stockade. The lieutenant, before releasing him, suspended the poor fellow in the gate-way from a beam overhead. When released from his torture he staggered in, his face pale as death. Barrett followed the practice of Wirtz, in shutting off our rations when it pleased him. We were counted by all being driven into the east side, then counted as we filed back across the brook to the west side. It took the whole day and part of the next, and no rations during that time. Our tent was located very near the dead-line on the west side. A shanty had been built against the stockade inside the dead-line by a

sutler from Charleston. A large pile of sweet potatoes was stored here. Barrett had stopped the rations for a day or two, and we were desperately hungry. One of our policemen walked back and forth along the dead-line, armed with a club, to keep our men from taking any potatoes or robbing the sutler, while the sentry walked his beat overlooking the prison. A small hole under the edge of the shanty afforded a glimpse of the luscious tubers. The sight was a moving one—it moved me toward the tempting display. Watching my chance as the knight of the club turned his back, and keeping my eye on the sentry, I stepped quickly across the few feet that intervened, and grabbed one or two potatoes. This I repeated several times, and hid them in my tent. They were eaten with a keen relish. The market price was $10 per bushel, Confederate money; white bread, $1 per loaf; bacon, $10 per pound. As wood became scarce in the prison, squads of two or three of the prisoners were allowed to go outside and bring in limbs of trees. One day I went out with some companions, and, securing a large limb of hard wood, we toted it up the hill, rejoicing in the prospect of the good fires which it would furnish. Near the gate we were stopped by the officer, who made us drop our prize, saying it was too large. Our disappointment was great, as we returned empty-handed. The weather in November grew cold; lung complaints, rheumatism, scurvy, diarrhœa, and gangrene prevailed, and the men were dying at a rapid rate.

My tent-mate, John Phelps, had been growing weaker and more emaciated, and had a severe cough. He went around in a listless and dazed condition, but finally became too weak to move about, and we had to feed him. He soon became unconscious, continuing so for two or three days. We five were obliged to lie very close together at night for warmth. John lay next to me.

Saturday night he was death-struck, and the next day, Sunday, November 13, as the day was drawing to a close and while we were cooking our supper, he breathed his last. Necessity compelled us to strip his body of the outer clothing to protect us from the cold winter approaching. I took his Artillery jacket, another took his pants, and another took his woollen socks. After cleaning them of the thickest of the vermin, we put them on. The body was deposited near the gate, to be taken out by the burial party for burial. The remains of 3,000 Union soldiers now repose in the National Cemetery there, but only about 200 of the graves are known, as the record was lost.

One day I came across another member of the Eleventh New Hampshire, Robinson by name, who had been detailed for ambulance duty, and was captured. He was a young, good-looking man, but was breaking down fast. When I last saw him, we talked over the prospects of release, and I tried to cheer him up, as he was very despondent;—I think he died there.

The time for the election of president of the United States drew near. The rebels here were very much interested in the result, and thought that the majority of the prisoners favored the election of McClellan, believing that his election would result in a cessation of hostilities or some sort of a compromise, and that the reëlection of Lincoln would insure a vigorous prosecution of the war. Hoping to make political capital for their Democratic friends at the North, they decided to allow us to show our political preferences by voting. A supply of beans was provided,—white ones for McClellan and black ones for Lincoln votes. This idea pleased the boys, and much enthusiasm was evoked as we dropped our beans in their respective bags. The result of the vote showed that we had not lost faith in our government, as it stood three to one for Lincoln.

About the first of December orders came for the release, on parole, of a large number of the sick and those who were in too poor a condition to stand further confinement. There was great excitement in camp in a few days; officers entered, and orders were given to have several detachments (or hundreds) ready to fall in line, from which to select those who were to be paroled. The detachment was formed in line inside the dead-line near the gate, and the officer and doctor passed along in front, stopping before each one selected to go, and asking a few questions. The lucky ones lost no time in stepping from the ranks. About 1,000 were to be released. The day at last came for our hundred. Packing up our worldly goods we soon stood in line awaiting our fate, but our hopes and fears were to be held in suspense for a day or two longer. For some reason we were sent back to our quarters. But later, when we again stood in line, as the officer and doctor passed along we felt that the question of life or death depended upon the decision made. A motion of that doctor's finger meant life, liberty, home; his passing us by meant a possible death in this terrible place. The doctor was just on the point of passing by me to the next man, when I spoke up telling him that I had a bad cough (as I had), and that I came from New Hampshire. It would not have done to say Massachusetts to a South Carolinian. That fateful finger of his moved, and I moved out of those ranks just as lively as I knew how, and with others was taken outside. This was on December 9, 1864. The day was very cold, with indications of a storm. The men suffered severely from the piercing wind and the rain-storm that followed during the night. We were without tents, and were chilled to the marrow. A number died during the night, frozen. The next day, Saturday, the 10th, the form of parole was administered.

I was so very hungry that I took off my overcoat and sold it to one of the guard for four pounds of bacon valued at $10 a pound, Confederate money. I soon deeply regretted parting with it: I had clung to it all this time, and it had been of great service. I never suffered more from cold, and thought I should freeze during the night. My tent-mates fortunately were released from the prison, and we laid as close as we could with my thin brown quilt over us. The wind blew a gale all Saturday night. In the morning of the Sabbath a number were found chilled to death. Sunday the storm passed off.

Monday, 12th. A loaf of wheat bread was issued to each man,—the first we had received in rebeldom,—and it was a big treat. In the evening we were started for Charleston in box cars. I was informed a few years ago, by a colored student who lived near Florence, that a Colonel Farley caused a train-load of provisions that were passing through to be stopped, and the food to be issued the hungry prisoners. At daylight we reached Charleston, and had our first view of this "hot-bed of secession," the harbor, and Forts Sumter and Moultrie. As we proceeded along the street to the wharf, a woman came out of a small store, walked over to our line of men, and handed me a long hand of tobacco, thus showing her sympathy for the ragged, dirty "Yanks." I passed it along to the boys. The city presented a quiet and almost deserted appearance,—ruins on every hand. Reaching the wharf we were soon on board a small transport, and making our way towards Fort Sumter. Passing the battered walls we came in sight of our gunboats and—glorious sight!—the stars and stripes, the dear old flag. Words were inadequate to express our emotions of joy, or the patriotic fervor that we dared not give expression to in full. We greeted the sight of its dear old folds with cheers. When we were told that a boat-load of

prisoners had been taken back to the city a day or two before on account of giving vent to their feelings, further demonstrations of joy were reserved till we had stepped from under the stars and bars to the deck of the United States flag-of-truce boat the *New York*. Then we cheered, we laughed, we cried, shook hands, hugged each other, —in fact, went wild. No more stockade, no more hunger! Rations of bread, meat, and coffee were issued. Our filthy, ragged clothes, densely populated with gray-backs, were exchanged for new clothing, and these evidences of our prison life cast into the harbor. We were transferred to the transport *Varuna*, and on Friday, December 16, reached Annapolis, having had an alarm of fire on board when off Hatteras.

At Camp Parole, James Franklin died, having remained there doing clerical work after I had gone home on a furlough. On March 6, while on my way home from Camp Parole, I had both legs broken and was otherwise injured by a collision on the railroad at Bristol, Pa.; was treated at White Hall United States hospital, received my discharge on July 31st, 1865, and, after remaining three months at a private house, returned home October 31. I was obliged to lie on my back in one position, for my right leg was badly shattered, and I barely escaped having it amputated.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOSPITAL SCENES AND THE DRUM CORPS — REMINISCENCES OF PRISON LIFE — A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE — FIVE MONTHS AT CAMP NELSON — LETTER OF AMOS LUND, JR. — SUMMARY OF COMPANY G'S MOVEMENTS — DIARY OF CORPORAL ROBIE — EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS — ARMY TRAINS.

Comrade John D. Folsom, Company B, was a mere boy when he enlisted as a musician, but he served during the war with his regiment, not being reported unfit for duty a single day from the time the regiment left Concord until its return. After the war he secured an education, and for many years has been a faithful, beloved clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church of this state. During the war he saw much service in hospitals and among the dead and wounded, and the following from his pen will be read with great interest by his comrades and friends:

"The recollections of the writer are mainly connected with the drum corps, of which he was a member, and of the regiment from the stand-point of a musician. The surviving members of the drum corps cannot fail to remember our first public appearance on duty as a body, at the camp at Arlington Heights. The outlook for efficiency was not particularly hopeful. The fifers could play together only 'Yankee Doodle' and 'The girl I left behind me,' while the drummers beat their drums in the old-fashioned 'slam-bang style.' Nearly three years, however, of constant drill and practice made a wonderful difference; and at the close of the war the drum corps of the Eleventh, although greatly diminished in numbers, contained as accomplished a company of musicians as could be readily found. Who can say how

much the stirring music of the fife and drum had to do with the spirit and efficiency of the army?

"An instance in our Kentucky campaign illustrates the inspiring effect of music. It was after a long, hard march that we halted at the edge of the village of Winchester. Now there never was an officer prouder of his command than Colonel Harriman, and he always had his regiment march through the villages we passed in good style, music playing and colors flying. This day the regiment was utterly worn out with a march of seventeen miles in the oppressive heat. At the command, however, the boys fell into their places and started off, languidly taking the step at the tap of the drum. As we moved down into the village the fifes began the lively 'Beaux of Oak Hill'—a tune, by the way, we had never before played in public. Never was there a greater transformation. All weariness was gone in an instant. Every back straightened up, every step fell at the same beat, each man was for the time every inch a soldier. How the old colonel's eyes shone as we passed him, standing with a crowd of spectators watching our splendid march. But it was all over in a few minutes. The music had ceased, and the martial spirit evoked for the occasion was completely gone. The men dropped down all along the roadside, and before camp was reached, half a mile away, there remained not twenty guns to stack.

"Then there was tattoo and reveille. What more picturesque in our army life than the long lines of white tents, covering at times miles of country? When, now, this vast city of tents is brilliant of an evening with its numberless camp-fires, you have a scene never to be forgotten. One thing more will make it complete: it is the bugle at head-quarters, far away, in long-drawn notes blowing its melodious tattoo, and every regi-

mental drum corps, as far as the ear can hear, responding to the call. Tattoo and reveille mingle in every soldier's recollections of the war. Guard-mounts and dress parades were also not unimportant agencies in keeping up the tone of the army—far more important than some might suppose. In all these scenes the fifers and drummers of the Eleventh literally 'played' their part.

"There was also sterner work. The battles of the war laid heavy responsibilities on every man at the front. Only once were the musicians called upon to bear arms.

"It was at the siege of Knoxville. Every man in the regiment was straining to the utmost, standing guard at night and digging trenches by day. One man said that while on picket in front of the city he heard some unusual noise, and thought he saw something moving. Laying his rifle across a stump, he was in the act of taking aim, when through sheer exhaustion he fell fast asleep. It was a time, too, when the enemy might be expected at any moment. The boys declared, however, that though they slept from utter weariness, they still heard every sound. Every sense was asleep but that of hearing. Under these circumstances the musicians were invited to walk their guard beat a few nights, to give the men relief. When a battle was in progress the musicians reported to the surgeon, and under his orders went on and off the field of battle with stretchers, carrying the wounded back to the field hospital or to the ambulances. From the fact that so large a proportion of the artillery fire of the enemy passed over our front lines and landed promiscuously almost anywhere in the rear, this duty had its peculiar excitement. At the battle of May 12, at Spottsylvania, which has been styled the 'hottest battle of the war,' our regiment was engaged a short distance to the left of the 'bloody angle,' and was exposed to a

terrific artillery fire. The field hospital was located a half mile or more back and to the left of the regiment, on the most conspicuous elevation in our line west of the city. The surgeons occupied the farm-house at this point, as it was the only one in the neighborhood. The house was soon full, and long rows of wounded soldiers were laid on the ground under a neighboring tree.

"The writer and another musician had just laid down a poor fellow we had brought from the front, and started back again, when the enemy opened furiously on that very hill-top. A shell, or large fragment, passed between us as we were carrying the stretcher, and struck the low bushes beside the road. General Burnside and his staff had ridden up, and a few rods from the hospital sat coolly viewing the field of battle, which from this place spread out to the eye like a map. The alacrity with which that hospital was evacuated when shot and shell came crashing through so unexpectedly was described as something marvellous.

"After this we were obliged to carry our wounded to the Ny bridge on the Fredericksburg road, a distance of nearly a mile, at every step sinking in the adhesive mud, characteristic of Virginia's sacred soil. It was curious to observe the different spirits of our wounded boys. One tall, heavy man, whose weight caused us many a groan, was shot in the toe. He was completely unmanned, so much so that we could have dumped him by the roadside for shame. Another, a Rhode Island boy, much more severely hurt, was so cheerful and so grateful to us, that we toiled through the mud with him nearly two miles, almost feeling it a pleasure. One man died after we had carried him a mile, and just as we set him down at the field hospital. As I remember, we were highly incensed at his dying at that inopportune moment. War had pretty much blunted the fine edge

of our sensibilities. Once, in returning to the front, we took a way which crossed a meadow in full view of the enemy, but farther to the rear. When half way across this meadow, the enemy opened with a fierce fire. Then, for the first time, we noticed that certain wagons with which we were travelling were loaded with ammunition. The situation was decidedly unpleasant, especially as we reflected what might happen should one of those wagons be blown up. However, as it turned out, it was more picturesque than dangerous. The enemy's shells all burst in the air just before they reached us, and the broken fragments descended as literal 'iron hail.' The sight of those shells bursting rapidly right before our eyes made one of the liveliest war pictures I ever saw. Attractive as the picture was, we could not resist the impulse to get as low down as possible, and soon we were hugging the bottom of a ditch, which unfortunately ran the wrong way, and really offered no shelter. It was all over in a few minutes, and we arose and went on our way rejoicing.

"The next battle, at Spottsylvania, made a deep impression on my mind. It was the 18th of May, and the regiment was in the same position, just left of the 'bloody angle.' At two o'clock in the morning the order came, 'Be ready to move at a moment's notice.' Two weeks' incessant marching and fighting had told heavily on the men, but at the orders they roused up into sufficient wakefulness to roll up their blankets and sling on their knapsacks, and thus accoutred, with guns in hand, they sank back again into a troubled sleep.

"To those obliged to keep awake, the hours dragged heavily, until the gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east. At this early hour the pickets on the right began a scattering fire: in a moment every man was wide awake and at his post, expecting the order to advance.

The firing increased rapidly on the right, and we knew the pickets were advancing. Soon, the ears intent and straining to catch every sound were startled by the loud command, ringing out far upon the right, 'Forward, guide centre!' With cheers the 'Irish Brigade' went in, and pressed rapidly to the front. The firing on the right was now one continuous roar. The order came at last to us, and Captain Dudley shouted, 'Forward, guide centre, over these pits—march!' and in a minute the regiment had disappeared over the breastworks, and we heard their rifles cracking far toward the enemy's lines. Fortunately for us, we were not expected to follow the charge. Remaining at the rifle-pits, we witnessed some of the most terrible artillery firing of the war.

"Toward the rear, and stretching well up to the line of breastworks, was a large pine forest. Through these pines the crash of shot and shell was something fearful, and limbs and whole tree-tops fell in every direction. A tree was a vain thing for safety. I saw one poor fellow escape—wounded, probably—from the battle, and drop behind a tree, when instantly a part of the top, cut away by a shell, came crashing down upon him. Several soldiers' graves were a few rods to the rear in plain view. Into these graves the ruthless solid shot plunged with terrible force, and relentlessly scattered the fresh soil in every direction. It was a cruel sight. The roar of the conflict was fairly deafening: the rumble of musketry, the belching of cannon, the crash of bursting shells, the shout of commanders, the clouds of smoke everywhere, and the sight of a constantly increasing number of wounded limping back to the cover of the pits, produced a scene of confusion and uproar terrible beyond description.

"We had many anxious thoughts for our comrades down in the very midst of this seething cauldron of

human strife; but, as a good Providence ordered, the regiment really suffered less than on other occasions. The storm had mostly passed over their heads. These scenes from the battles of Spottsylvania were reduplicated, with variations of course, on the other fields of strife in which we were engaged. More than once we had occasion to be proud of the Eleventh New Hampshire.

"One little scene, which may have escaped the attention of others, may be cited. It was on crossing the North Anna river. Our regiment had halted for a considerable time in the edge of a forest, from which we looked out on a large open space exposed to the enemy's fire and alive with the movements of the troops and other incidents of the conflict. It seemed in these moments of reflection, as we stood looking forth from our place of safety, as if it would be a dreadful thing to cross that space. It was not long however before we were on our way across, and of course under fire. The enemy's shots, for the most part, passed just over our heads, and plunged with tremendous thuds in the fields on our left, throwing up great clouds of dust. We could not help thinking how extremely disagreeable it might be to us if our rebel friends should depress their guns a trifle.

"We came at length to the bridge over the North Anna, and here met our warmest reception. It must have been that we were marching by the left, for the musicians had the misfortune to be bringing up the rear. The bridge was in full view of the enemy, a fair target for the gunners, and they made the most of it. The general tendency to shoot high in moments of excitement carried most of the shot just above the bridge; but several shells passed beneath us, and we imagined every moment that the range was getting closer. The first files were already over, when an instinctive closing up towards the front resulted in bringing the rear to a stand-

still on the middle of the bridge. Standing thus, I looked up the stream. There flowed the river, quietly as of old, unmoved by the fury of human warfare. The southern bank for some distance was heavily wooded. Beyond the woods, on a bluff that, pushing northward, caused a bend in the river, and seemingly less than half a mile away, was the enemy's fort, dimly outlined and enwreathed in smoke. The flash of the guns was plainly visible. It seemed the veritable mouth of hell, flaming with destroying energy. It was truly a relief to get across that bridge, but in all this passage under fire the Eleventh never wavered one moment, never thought of doing so. Yet, soon after we had passed over, other troops essayed to cross, but on reaching the bridge turned about and fled. Hundreds of scenes, grave and gay, in camp, on march or on battle-field, rush back to memory as these lines are written; but others, whose services were more heroic, must be given space to tell their story.

"To have been connected with the noble Eleventh New Hampshire in its military movements by sea and land, aggregating 7,360 miles, 1,410 of which were on foot; in its twenty fields of bloody conflict, six of which were sieges, including one in which *we* were besieged; to have everywhere witnessed its fidelity to duty, its steadiness under fire, its patience in endurance of weariness, of hunger and thirst, of cold and heat, and of the nameless other ills of a soldier's life, and then to return home with it at the close of our successful war, are among the proudest memories of the writer's life."

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM W. FISH.

"When I was taken prisoner and was being escorted to the rear, I had carried my gun with me a short distance, when the guard said, 'You 'd better drop that gun,' and I

did. The 'Johnnies' were sociable and seemed friendly, excepting the one who stole my new hat, or, rather, exchanged his dirty, shapeless tile for my nice clean black one without consulting me. I sold my army watch, one of those cheap affairs that were made for army trade, to one of the 'rebs' for $15 in Confederate money. It had become tired, and could only be coaxed into spasmodic action. This amount of money would buy but little in the Confederacy. As we had left our knapsacks at the rear on the morning before entering the battle, my wardrobe was limited. The brown quilt which I secured from the battle-field through a darky was of great value. I will say that I never knew of the 'rebs' robbing our squad of anything.

"At Orange Court House we remained in a field during Saturday and Sunday. As no rations were issued until Monday, some of us were quite hungry. I had a few crackers and a piece of pork, and, finding some garlic growing here, we built a small fire and made a soup in my three-pint pail, shaking in some salt and pepper. Monday four hardtacks were given to each man. When our train of prisoners stopped at Macon, Ga., I received permission to go up into the town, under escort of a guard, to buy some soap. For fifty cents in our money I bought a pound or two of black stuff that smelled like gudgeon grease, and was a little harder than soft soap. I took frequent baths in the stream at Andersonville, and with care this soap lasted quite a while. At Andersonville the two main avenues leading from the gates were the centres of trade, the 'Wall street' and 'State street' of this city of Northmen. Here from morning till night were dense jostling crowds, trading and exchanging bacon, rice, beans, tobacco, salt, biscuits, etc. Jimmy Franklin and I formed a partnership for the sale of bean soup. Having made a raise of some money, we pur-

chased our stock, took our stand on the avenue, and solicited patronage by crying out in our most persuasive tones, 'Here's yer hot bean soup, only five cents a plate!' the plates being half canteens; but money was scarce and purchasers were few, and we soon retired from business.

"There were many men shot in cold blood by the guard. The first night we were there we heard a shot near by, and in the morning learned that a man was shot while lying in his tent. One of the men, a prisoner, while reaching for water from the brook at the path, was shot and killed. Of the troops on guard here, those from Alabama were the most humane. The Georgians were brutal, ready to shoot a prisoner for the reward of a thirty days furlough. As we were passing Cape Hatteras on our way home, when the waves washed over the deck of the *Varuna* there was an alarm of fire on board, and smoke issued from the hatches. There was a scene of excitement for a short time: the fire was soon extinguished, but we began to fear that we had escaped death on the battlefield or by starvation, only to meet it in another form, by flames or by drowning. But when, in the darkness of the night, while on the cars, that sudden, terrific crash came, and I found my body pinned down in the wreck, with the scalding steam from the engine enveloping me and both legs broken, then it seemed as if the messenger had surely come."

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Comrade Charles C. Pike, Company F, who was at the battle of Fredericksburg, says,—

"We marched upon the railroad in full view of the rebel defences, and just here, I think, the first man in Company F was killed, my dear camp-mate, Ben Nelson. We were talking together, and I had my hand on his arm,

when, spat! and poor Ben's head sank lower, his frame slightly quivered, and he was gone, the bullet striking over his left eye and passing directly through his brain. We were ordered to advance, and advance we did, upon the 'bloody acre.' It always seemed miraculous that any one could get out of that hellish carnage alive. Every volley from the enemy would seem to mow our boys down, while we could do them little or no harm. I recollect Tim Lewis, chewing tobacco and swearing, watching for a rebel and shooting him every time. Tim never got a scratch, and the bullets seemed as thick as hailstones.

"I had got three slight scratches by this time, but kept at work. I had replenished my cartridge-box twice from a dead or dying comrade's, and was just getting up to get some more ammunition when a bullet struck me on the side of my face at the angle of the lower jaw, passing left through my mouth, cutting off about one half of my tongue, knocking out eight teeth, and coming out on the opposite side near the right ear. The hemorrhage was very free, and this, with the loss of blood from my other wounds, soon made things look dusky. I became unconscious soon afterward, and the next I knew the firing had ceased. It was dark and cold, and the air was filled with groans and moans of the hundreds of wounded who were lying about me. I am told that a large number of us who were severely wounded were allowed to be carried off the field when our boys came to bury the dead. I lost a large seal ring: I have a dim recollection of its being taken from my finger. My clothes were such a mass of blood and filth that my money, which was in my inside vest pocket, was not taken.

"The next day I found myself in a tent with several others. I did not know how we got there, or when, or where it was, but I afterwards learned it was at Falmouth.

Those who were too severely wounded to be moved were left there. I recollect that it was terribly cold. We had no fire and no blanket, and lay on some straw. Oh, the intolerable thirst! My mouth was so swollen that I could not swallow but by turning water upon it. Some thoughtful, practical person came into our tent one day and covered me all over with *newspapers*, tucking them well in around me. I quite expect my life was saved thereby, for by and by, when at Washington, the skin peeled from my feet from having been frost-bitten at that time. A young, solemn-looking man came into the tent one day. I at once made signs to him for water. He did not readily understand me, apparently not being very well up in sign language, but he got out a pencil and a note-book and I managed to write out the word 'water.' He considered a few minutes (they seemed long ones to me) and then kindly said that he did not have any water with him, but that he *would gladly pray with me;* which he at once proceeded to do, and a longer prayer I never listened to. Well meant, undoubtedly, but somehow it did n't reach my case.

"December 26, thirteen days after the battle, I was sent to Washington, arriving the next day more dead than alive, and was placed in the Harewood hospital, where I received the most kindly and skilful treatment from both surgeons and nurses. After several months I became able to take care of the sick and wounded as they were brought in, and was afterward detailed as hospital steward. During the eight months I served as such, I suppose I extracted at least *three thousand teeth.*"

The nature of his wound forbidding his return to his regiment, he received an honorable discharge from the service and returned to his home. Comrade Pike graduated at Colby academy, New London, studied medicine,

graduated at Dartmouth Medical College, and settled in medical practice at Sutton. He afterward removed to Peabody, Mass., where he still resides, having a large and lucrative practice. He married, December 25, 1870, Miss E. N. Piper, who lived but one year; and in January, 1874, he married Miss Susan S. Baker. His sentiment is, "God bless the living and the dead of the dear old Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment!"

FIVE MONTHS AT CAMP NELSON.

(BY COMRADE JAMES H. WILKINSON, COMPANY A.)

The city of Vicksburg surrendered July 4, 1863, and soon thereafter the Ninth Corps was retired from duty in that section, was moved by transports up the muddy Mississippi, and finally found itself almost the sole defence of loyalty in East Tennessee, with head-quarters at or near Knoxville.

The corps, on going to Vicksburg, landed at Milldale, on the Yazoo, a tributary of the great river, and embarked at the same place on its return. Excepting certain bluffs the country was a low, wilderness region, just the place to give miasmic disease to the unacclimated Northener; and the ranks were thinned by disease and death at a rate that was appalling. The Seventh Michigan, occupying low ground, suffered terribly until ordered upon the bluffs, where the plague was less severe. I found myself quite ill on boarding the transport to return, and was at once assigned to the hospital on the boat, losing several days of my rather uneventful life from the delirium which accompanied the intermittent fever.

One of the pleasantest experiences of my convalescence, while still on the same boat, was a call from Corporal Badger, of my company, which contributed much to my

comfort and sense of refreshment, and is kept in vivid memory by me to this day. In due time the sick ones were transferred to another boat, and sailed slowly up the Ohio river to Cincinnati, where they were assigned to various hospitals, my own lot falling on Camp Dennison, some fifteen or twenty miles from the city. Here I gradually improved till fall, when, finding a furlough home impossible, I requested to be sent to my regiment, and after some delay a squad of perhaps half a dozen men were started towards Tennessee to join the corps, taking the Cumberland Gap route. This brought us after a while to Camp Nelson, Ky., an immense camp for men who like ourselves were returning to duty, for convalescents, stragglers, stores, etc., and where large bodies of men were organized, equipped, and sent out to the beleaguered Burnside.

Colonel S. G. Griffin, Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, was commandant of the post, and his regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson in command, performed guard duty. Both officers and men were detained at this camp, and were put in command of the bodies that were sent out from time to time. Captain Hovey, Twenty-first Massachusetts, was provost-marshal at the time I speak of, and Lieutenant Augustus Hatch, Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, was in command of a mounted squad, and scoured the country near the camp on provost duty, under Marshal Hovey. I had made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Hatch at Falmouth during the Fredericksburg campaign, and found him a genial, kind, and generous man, and as the struggle went on he won the name of a good fighter. It was a time when the army was being recruited largely by substitutes, quite a number of these being of the class known as "bounty-jumpers," and the Ninth Corps had its quota of them.

Again: The state of Kentucky furnished thousands of

Union troops, good men and true for the most part, but lacking in that intelligent perception of military obligation and ready adaptation to army discipline which our New England men exhibited. These men, if within marching distance of their homes, would steal away and make a visit to "the folks," and thus, although they had not the least idea of deserting, were constantly being picked up by the provost guard at various points, and were quite unable to give any satisfactory account of their absence. No wonder that in this condition of things,—an immense camp, with discipline necessarily somewhat relaxed, the miscellaneousness of the mass of the men, the bounty-jumping element, and the home-going element from Kentucky herself,—no wonder, under these conditions, that real occasions for discipline were frequent. The result was the forming of a court-martial, with Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, Sixth New Hampshire, for president.

It was just at this time that the writer and his squad companions, tired and hungry, reported at the provost-marshal's office, and were finally disposed of by being assigned to quarters with the rest. I hardly had my bearings before word came to report again at the provost-marshal's office, and I promptly responded to the summons, wondering on the way what I had done or omitted to do that should call me back so soon. My doubts, however, were soon set at rest, for on approaching the office I beheld in the doorway the smiling countenance of Captain Nathaniel Low, Company K, who greeted me heartily, remarking that I was just the man he wanted. It seems that the captain, in passing through the camp on his way to his regiment in Tennessee, had been detailed as judge-advocate of the court-martial already mentioned, and, not being specially posted in this part of his official duty, had been in somewhat of a quandary as to the modus operandi

of the same, when he learned in some way of my arrival, and at once had me detailed to assist him. Thus began about five months' service at that camp, with good bedding, good rations, free access to the medicine chest of the hospital, and plenty of hard work.

The provost-marshal's office was forty or fifty feet square,—a two-story frame building, with the cooking arrangements in the rear. About fifty feet from the front of the house was the prison stockade, which was perhaps one hundred feet long by fifty to seventy-five feet wide, with a frame shelter inside which was quite as good, to say the least, as a shelter-tent in the field. I found Sergeant Hill, Company K, in charge of the prison, and we soon became firm friends. I have not, up to this time (1889), met him since the war, which is the same as saying I have missed a great pleasure. Some of the prisoners were Confederates, many were of the bounty-jumping class from our own men,—some of whom were to be tried for their lives,—and a few were there for no greater offence than being unable to give a good account of themselves—a serious enough offence in an army in time of actual war. The most of the latter class were Kentucky men of the kind already mentioned. Previous to this Colonel Harriman had been president of the court-martial in Winchester, Ky., and my own captain was judge-advocate. The captain selected me for his clerk, and, being constitutionally averse to violent or prolonged exercise, had devolved most of the labor of putting the cases on paper upon me. I had no objection to this, for though the work was confining and required great care, and though the days were long, yet I was acquiring knowledge and doing useful service.

It was this former experience, known to Captain Low, that made him so glad to see me on my advent into Camp Nelson. No very clear memory of the cases tried at this Camp Nelson court remains with me. Of

course, being an enlisted man, I was not a member of the court, but was admitted to its sessions under an oath of secrecy, and in this way was able to be of more assistance to Captain Low than otherwise would have been possible. One of the members of the court was a major of a Kentucky regiment, I think the Forty-seventh, who acted as president in the absence of Colonel Pearson, and I remember that when he was administering the oath he not only required the witness to hold up his right hand, according to universal custom, but raised his own also—a judicial habit, I suppose, of the region where he belonged. Without pretending to know all about this particular court, it did in some way come to my knowledge that Colonel Pearson, who was a good fighter and a strict disciplinarian, longed to make an example of one or more of the bounty-jumping class, who according to all military rules well deserved it; but the Kentucky element in the court was averse to such judgments, lest some of their own men, who really had done nothing worthy of death intentionally, should share the same fate; and thus it happened that at the time we all left Camp Nelson, in the early spring of 1864, not one capital sentence had been passed. Few incidents occurred to mar the regular routine, either in the court or the prison. One that I remember distinctly was when Captain Hovey, the provost-marshal, took away a man's gun, and knocked him down with the butt of it without the least provocation so far as I could see. I made up my mind at the time that he was a hard, cruel man, and knowing nothing of him since I have had no reason to change my opinion.

Another incident that remains in my memory bears hard upon myself, and, if it had been revealed at the time, would have brought the laugh on me from all who knew it. As a rule, my day's work was hard and long, fre-

quently taking till one or two o'clock in the morning to get our day's work in shape to be ready at the next day's sitting. But the court did not sit every day, and then it was holiday for me. On one of these days I took a notion to ride horseback, and through the kindness of Lieutenant Hatch one of his troopers and a spare horse were at my service, and a ride of perhaps three or four miles about the camp followed. I forbear to give details. Suffice it to say, that between my own inexperience as a horseman and the wooden cavalry saddle I sat on, the lower end of my vertebral column was utterly demoralized, and painfully protested against my folly for days. I had always admired Phil. Sheridan and his bold troopers, but that experience effectually prevented my hankering to join them. Another incident was the capture of one of the most splendid looking men I ever saw. I recall him here as fully six feet high and admirably proportioned, of fair complexion, and in every way a handsome man. He said his name was Dodge, and he was mounted on a large, spirited, iron-gray horse that matched himself. The horse, a horse-pistol, and perhaps other small arms, were confiscated, and to my certain knowledge the horse followed more peaceful pursuits in after years in a colder climate. Mr. Dodge was captured by the provost guard at Harrodsburg, and turned over to us for safe keeping. What finally became of him I never knew, for his case never came up for settlement while we were there.

There was a surgeon, Sumner by name, in charge of the prison hospital. He was an odd appearing man, reticent and taciturn to a degree. From what he did say, however, it was clear that he had travelled much on this continent, and had spent considerable time in Texas. My impression was that though probably dissipated he was yet a man of ability, and, having led a shifting kind

of life, for a change had drifted into the army. He was a great chess-player, and could play a very good match with the board and his opponent in one room and he in another.

Finding that he had a winter's job before him, Captain Low early sent North for his young wife, and it was pleasant in that rough, out-of-the-way camp to get a glimpse of civilization in the shape of a beautiful and accomplished woman. They took board in the high toned family of Dr. —— in the neighborhood. All prisoners were searched, and deprived of their money and everything like a weapon. As most of them were Confederates, quite an amount of that paper accumulated in the office, and a very little Tennessee state money, which was not so utterly worthless. Several weeks before the return of the corps from Tennessee, Captain Hovey left the camp; and from that time on Captain Low, in addition to his court duties, acted as provost-marshal of the post. There was a good deal to do, and between the court and the marshal's office half a dozen clerks were employed, and it is gratifying to be able to say that not a word of fault was found at district head-quarters with our work. In this connection it is perhaps worth mentioning that in some way the habit was adopted among us clerks of addressing each other in conversation on business as Mr. So-and-so,—a habit which the men in the field would perhaps regard as airy and high toned, but which came to be quite natural, and went a little way towards redeeming our life from the grossness and savagery of war. I remember the valuable assistance of a Seventh Rhode Island sergeant, who was not only a splendid penman but a very rapid writer. His name was S. Kilton. Another was Oliver ——, of a Massachusetts regiment, a careless, jovial fellow. I have never met him since, but heard that the poor fellow afterwards

lost a leg in action. Such are the chances of war. Such also would have been the fate of Lieutenant Hatch, but for the best efforts of Surgeon Snow, Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, who finally pulled him through; and I have had the pleasure of meeting him since the war, a comparatively well man.

The rescue of the gallant Burnside and his corps closed that particular campaign in Tennessee, and the troops again passed through Camp Nelson on their return. Many of the Eleventh officers called upon Captain Low to pay their respects. Among them Quartermaster Cilley and the lamented Captain Patten are distinctly remembered, but none of them were suffered to leave without suitable "refreshments." The orders were to pick up all the officers and men on the way back to Virginia, and this meant our exchange of the soft side of a soldier's life for the tug of war at the front.

In one way and another it was my fortune to be brought a good deal in contact with commissioned officers of varying rank, in my own and other commands, and it is a great pleasure to testify to the uniformly kind, courteous, and often equal treatment which I received at their hands; but I should be ungrateful not to pay special tribute to Captain Low in connection with our service at Camp Nelson. From the first he treated me with marked confidence and generosity, and when we left, got me a furlough home, made me a handsome present in money, kept me along with him as far as Cincinnati, faring me as well as he fared himself, and cheerfully paid all the bills.

ANECDOTES BY AMOS LUND, JR., COMPANY G.

"Those of the boys that were with us then, will remember that while we lay in camp near Covington, Kentucky,

after our return from Mississippi, orders were issued to have *six* roll-calls daily, so as to keep the boys from going over the river to Cincinnati. We could get passes occasionally to go, but not as often as some of us wished. A member of Company C and myself used to leave camp after the 8 p. m. roll-call, and go over to the city as often as we wished, taking care to be back before the camp was astir in the morning. One night on our way over, as we went on board the ferry boat we saw the captain and two lieutenants of the Eleventh standing on the opposite side of the boat. We went to the stern of the boat and kept quiet. When we arrived at the landing at Cincinnati, we let the officers leave first; then we took the opposite side of the street, and kept them in view till they vanished through a doorway on Vine street, between Second and Third streets. We kept on to the theatre, corner of Vine and Sixth streets, which we used to visit every time we went over. When we left the theatre we went down to the landing, and as soon as the boat came we went on board. Just before the boat started we heard familiar voices, and, looking up, we saw those same officers coming on board the boat. We kept out of sight, and as soon as the boat touched the landing on the Kentucky side we stepped up the hill and turned to the right down the first street we came to. We went into a saloon, remained there for an hour or more, and then started for camp. The moon had just risen, and it was almost as light as day. Just before we got to the road that led to the camp, we heard those same familiar voices again, and as we lay behind some shade trees we saw those same three officers on their way to camp. After waiting a while, we made our way to camp without any further trouble. It was a close call for us, but did not stop our going to the city; for we continued to do so as long as we lay at that place. In thinking this incident over, I have often thought, What would that

captain have said and done, if he could have known where we two privates were that night? 'Holy Moses,' would n't there have been a picnic!

"While we lay in camp after our retreat from Strawberry Plains, Tennessee (I don't know the name of the place, but it was where we were camped that cold New Year's), Loammi Searles, of Company C, and myself got permission to go out foraging. We had gone up the valley perhaps about a mile, when, seeing no chance of getting anything, we turned to the left and went up the side of a mountain so steep that we had to crawl some of the way on hands and knees, and pull ourselves up by bushes and limbs of trees. There was a path over the mountain, but we did not find it until we had nearly reached the top. The mountain was so covered with timber that we could see nothing from the summit, so we followed the path down the side of the mountain. After travelling some time we came to a clearing, and stopped in the edge of the woods to investigate what was ahead of us; and it was well we did, for at the foot of the mountain, perhaps half a mile from us, were a number of houses, and in front of them were a number of horses. Soon two men came out of the house, and stood there a few minutes looking around and pointing this way and that. Then they mounted two of the horses, and leading the others, rode off down the valley.

"They were dressed in gray, and, as we afterwards found out, were members of a gang of bush-whackers that had their head-quarters farther down the valley. We hardly knew what to do. There we were, about five miles from camp, looking into a valley infested with rebels, and no Union troops that we knew of nearer than our camp. We waited a while, but seeing nothing more that looked suspicious, we decided to go down to the first house, which was close to the foot of the mountain and

some distance from where we saw the men, and see if we could get anything to eat, for we were so hungry that we were willing to run considerable risk. We each had a good revolver and plenty of cartridges. So we started down the mountain, keeping a good lookout all the way, and ourselves out of sight as much as possible. When we reached the nearest house and rapped, a woman came to the door; on seeing us there, she exclaimed, 'Where did you uns come from?' We asked her if she could give us something to eat. She said she had nothing but a little flour. We asked her to bake us something, and we would pay her for it. She kept looking towards the other houses, and acted as though she was frightened. She wanted to know if we had been to the other houses, and we told her that we had not. She said it was a good thing we had not, for they were all rebels, and their men folks were around somewhere. We told her of the two men we had seen ride away; then she told us to come in and she would bake us some biscuits. She kept one of her children on the lookout all the time we were there. She said that her 'ole man' was in the Union army in some Tennessee regiment, and if her neighbors found out that she had fed some 'Lincoln soldiers,' they would burn her house and drive her out of the valley; that her neighbors' men folks were not rebel soldiers, but bush-whackers; and she seemed very anxious for us to get away as soon as possible, as they were liable to come back any time. As soon as our biscuits were done we paid for them and 'lit out.' We gave her greenbacks, but she said she would rather have Confederate money, as she could not buy anything with our 'Lincoln money' until 'you uns' drive the rebels away; but we had nothing but greenbacks. Some of us gave her two dollars for ten dozen biscuits that were about as large round as a silver dollar before they were baked.

"We made good time getting up the mountain to the edge of the woods, eating as we went. When we got to the woods we sat down and took a look back into the valley. Down about two or three miles we saw a number of men on horseback coming up toward us. I do not know whether they had seen us or not, but they were riding pretty fast, and we concluded that we did not want to get acquainted with them, so we made quick time getting over the mountain. We got back to camp about dark, very tired but having something to eat.

"We were offered *twenty-five cents* apiece for some of our biscuits. I did not sell any of mine, but gave some to my mates. I think if Martin Rogers reads this he will remember something about those biscuits.

"So ended a tramp that I often think of, and of what a risk we ran; but we got back safe, and, thank God, we had something to eat."

MOVEMENTS OF COMPANY G, FROM ENLISTMENT TO JANUARY 1, 1863.

(BY SERGEANT F. H. GOODALL.)

1862, August 22, Friday. Enlisted at Lisbon for three years, unless sooner discharged.

29. Went into camp at Concord, and remained until Thursday, September 11, when we started for the seat of war, via Worcester, Mass., and Stonington, Ct., where we took steamer for Jersey City, arriving there about 10 a. m. on the 12th, on the steamer *Plymouth Rock*. Started from Jersey City at 12 o'clock m., and arrived at Philadelphia at 6:30 Friday night. Had supper there, and were treated very kindly.

Sept. 13. At 7 a. m. started for Baltimore, arriving

there at 6 p. m.; had supper; left at 9 p. m., and arrived at Washington Sunday morning.

14. Had a miserable breakfast soon after we arrived, then marched to Capitol hill, about one mile.

15. Harper's Ferry was surrendered to-day by General Miles.

16. At 4 p. m. started for Camp Chase, six miles west, on Arlington Heights. Had a nice camp there, a very pleasant and healthy location.

20. Had a grand review of troops to-day by Major-General Casey. The whole division, some ten or twelve thousand, was out.

23. Had another review of our division, and marched about ten miles, for a little exercise, I presume. It was pleasant, but quite warm.

25. Had another review of our division to-day. It comprises three brigades of three regiments each.

26. Governor Berry and staff were with us to-day.

27. Went out on fatigue duty near Fort Tillinghast, to throw up breastworks.

29. Received marching orders for Frederick City at 5 p. m. The order was countermanded for want of transportation.

30. Started at 8 a. m. for Frederick City. Marched into Washington, and waited there until the next day. Had a pleasant ride to Frederick City, though it was a pretty long one, as we proceeded very slowly, and had none but cattle cars to ride in. The road from the Relay House is very winding, as the road follows the Patapsco river half of the way to Frederick City. We crossed the Monocacy river at Monocacy. The rebels burned the long bridge at that place before we reached there.

Oct. 2. Arrived at Frederick City at 3 a. m. Thursday. Roswell Briggs, of our company, died to-day in Georgetown, D. C., of typhoid fever.

3. Started this (Friday) morning for Harper's Ferry, reaching there at noon.

7. Went down the Potomac about three miles to Maryland Heights, a village in a pleasant valley.

10. Moved camp one mile north-east, near the Sixth and Ninth New Hampshire Volunteers, to join General Ferrero's Brigade, comprising the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, the Fifty-first New York, the Twenty-first and Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, and our own regiment. General Sturgis was division commander, and we belonged to the Ninth Army Corps, General Burnside commanding.

12. Had a brigade inspection this morning.

16. The firing we heard yesterday proved to be a reconnoissance by our forces from Bolivar Heights to beyond Charleston.

25. Received orders to march with two days' cooked rations. Order to march countermanded.

26. Received orders to be ready to march at 10 a. m., but the severe rain-storm prevented.

27. Rained all of last night, and there was a heavy wind. Started on the march at 1 p. m., and marched six or seven miles; crossed the Potomac into Virginia at Berlin on a pontoon bridge, and camped near Lovettsville, Va.

29. Started on the march at 3 p. m., passed through Lovettsville, and camped about six miles beyond.

30. Started at 7 a. m., and camped near Wheatland, a distance of five miles. The men are all well, and expecting a battle soon. James M. Bedell, of our company, died quite suddenly of diphtheria.

Nov. 1. Bedell was buried this morning. Our company were detailed for regimental guard to-day.

2. Sunday morning. At 9 a. m., received orders to strike tents, and marched eleven miles. The roads were very good, and we rested frequently, so that

we did not get very tired; heard cannonading all day near Snicker's Gap, and could see the smoke before we camped at 5 p. m.

3. The whole country we have passed through since leaving Berlin has been beautiful—fine farms well cultivated, and beautiful hard wood groves. Marched about three miles, and camped near Upperville at 11 a. m.

5. Left camp at 7 a. m., and marched about six miles to Piedmont station on the railroad. Our company was sent out one mile on picket. The place where we now are is called Oak Hill.

6. Started about 1 p. m. and marched fifteen miles in five hours, and went into camp at 7 p. m.

7. Started about 3:30 p. m., in a cold storm of snow, and marched in the mud about four miles through Orleans, and then had to countermarch, and finally halted at 10 p. m., in a warm grove, where we built large fires, and were soon comfortable.

8. Marched two miles; then halted a few minutes, and then marched five miles through Waterloo in one hour and twenty minutes, and then marched two miles farther through Jefferson and camped. We are now fifteen miles from Culpeper court-house, where General Lee is said to be. Our company was detailed for guard duty to-day.

10. Received orders this morning to make a reconnoissance with equipments only. Here was a prospect of a fight. We could hear the artillery near by us. We started about 11 a. m., went out one mile and a half, and were then ordered back, as the rebels were retreating.

11. The pickets were firing about two miles away; our supply train was reported cut off.

12. Struck tents at 2 a. m., and commenced to march. Our company was guard for the baggage wagons. Marched about three miles to White Sulphur

Springs. This is the same ground where our forces under General Reno fought about one year before. On their retreat our forces burned the bridge, and the rebels shelled the place and destroyed the fine hotel there.

13. John Greeley, of Monroe, of our company, had a bad wound in one foot to-day, caused by the accidental discharge of Joseph Shanty's gun about 3 a. m. Some rebel cavalry came down the river this afternoon, and took some stragglers prisoners, but one of our batteries speedily drove them out of sight.

15. Marched at 7 a. m. The "rebs" commenced shelling our baggage wagons, but all passed safely. When our regiment halted for supper, one of the batteries engaged with a rebel battery. The rebel shells all passed over our heads save one, which struck close by us but did not explode. Two men of the battery were wounded, —one lieutenant mortally, and one private lost an arm. Marched nine miles and camped.

16. Marched at 10 a. m., to Fayetteville, two miles; then five miles to Warrenton Junction, and camped.

17. Marched at noon. We marched quite rapidly and in the woods, giving the roads to the trains; made eight miles and camped.

18. Marched twelve miles in five hours, and camped eight miles from Fredericksburg.

19. Wet and windy. Started at 9 a. m., and marched nine miles to Falmouth, a small town opposite Fredericksburg.

21. Rained hard all night. Went into the woods—a pine grove—about noon, and built large fires, making ourselves quite comfortable. At 5 p. m. we were ordered on picket, and went down on the banks of the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg. The rebel pickets were on the opposite banks, so near that we could talk with them easily.

23. We were not relieved last night, and had to remain on picket another night and day.

24. We were not relieved last night, and remained on picket another night. We were relieved at 3 p. m., and marched back to camp, two and one half miles away.

26. Had a brigade inspection by General Sumner to-day.

27. Thanksgiving Day. A beautiful day. Had a good dinner of beefsteak, roast potatoes, coffee, fritters, and maple syrup.

29. Had no drill, but a very nice chicken.

Dec. 1. Cloudy and not very cold. Were paid off to-day.

6. Two inches of snow on the ground, and cold.

8. Received orders this morning to fix up tents for the winter. Have two days to do it in.

9. Finished winter-quarters, good chimney and fireplace in each tent; are under marching orders with three days' cooked rations.

11. Firing commenced at 6:30 this morning. We marched down opposite the city, about one mile from the river. It is a beautiful day. God give us the victory! We commenced shelling the city about 10 a. m. The firing was very rapid, sometimes six to ten shots per minute. Our troops effected a crossing at 5 p. m.

12. Marched from our old camp at 9 a. m., and crossed the river into Fredericksburg at 10:30. It was a strange sight that greeted us—dead men, broken muskets, and other things strewed about. The men are getting all sorts of things in the city. We have four pontoon bridges thrown across the river, and our forces are crossing in great numbers. During the afternoon the rebels shelled some of our forces crossing the river. We camped out of doors on some beds, and slept very well.

13. Mild and cloudy. We were ordered to fall in at

9 a. m. The battle commenced at 8 : 30, two or three miles below us. The great event of the day for our regiment was to assist in the capture of some batteries on Marye's Heights, which commanded the pontoon bridges in the river. We advanced about 1 p. m. We had to pass through a raking fire, and lost several of our company. The ground was strewn with dead and dying, and the shells, bullets, grape, and cannister were flying in all directions. It was a terrible scene. We halted on a small elevation, about one fourth of a mile from the rebel batteries, shot away our ammunition, and then other brigades came to our assistance. We lay close to the ground, and were obliged to remain until after dark before we could fall back. The cannonading was terrific, and the musket balls flew like hail all the time.

14. The firing has commenced again this morning. We are going out on picket to-night.

15. We were on picket all day yesterday. Not much firing. Our troops commenced evacuating the city at 5 last night, but we crossed safely at 1 a. m., and were among the last of the troops that left the city.

16. Marched back to our old camp this morning.

17. A fine morning. Company G lost in the battle of Saturday three killed, twenty wounded and missing. We went into action with sixty-two guns.

19. At 7 p. m. we were ordered to fall in without arms, to go down to the river and take up the pontoon bridges; and we did it, reaching camp at 10 : 30 p. m.

30. Made monthly return to-day: aggregate last month, eighty-five men; for this month, eighty-one men. Lost three killed December 13, and one deserted.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY OF CORPORAL ROYAL H. ROBIE, COMPANY E.

"January 19, 1864. Left Blaine's Cross Roads, East Tennessee, and marched to Strawberry Plains.

"January 22. Fell back over the river at Strawberry Plains, and burned the bridge.

"23. Skirmishing across the river; fell back towards Knoxville at night.

"24. The rebels came upon our rear; drawn up in line of battle within three and one half miles of Knoxville. Afterwards we marched through Knoxville, to Lyon's mills, five miles beyond. General Willcox took command of Second Division.

"February 1. Marched at dark towards Knoxville.

"2. Marched back to Lyon's mills again.

"6. Joined my regiment. Have been an orderly at head-quarters, Second Division, since August, 1863.

"15. Marched three miles toward Knoxville, and camped in the rain.

"24. Left for Strawberry Plains. Have been in the Presbyterian Church hospital for some days. Left Knoxville, March 31, and joined my regiment at Annapolis, Md., April 15.

"May 5. Crossed the Rappahannock in the forenoon and the Rapidan in the afternoon.

"May 10. Lay in camp until half-past two; then marched five miles towards the firing, which was quite heavy during the night.

"11. At the front, building breastworks. Took position behind fortifications; remained all night in the rain.

"12. Advanced early in the morning, and forced the rebels back to their intrenchments. Had a hard fight all day; very rainy.

"13 and 14. Heavy cannonading at the left.

"16. About two p. m. were ordered to be ready to advance. Expected the rebels had gone. Sent out skirmishers, and the Eleventh advanced and found the rebels had not gone; were gone from the rifle-pits twenty-two minutes; lost two killed, twelve wounded. John H. F. Philbrick, of Company E, was killed.

"18. Advanced on the rebel ranks, and had a hard fight. Fell back towards night. One killed and six wounded in the Eleventh. The Second Army Corps, Irish Brigade, were driven back, and ran to the rear.

"21. Marched a short distance, and met the rebel skirmishers; remained a while; then fell back to our rifle-pits. Marched all night, and halted at daylight near Bowling Green; lay there until afternoon; then marched eight miles to Bethel church.

"23. Marched all day towards the North Anna river, where there was heavy firing.

"24. Marched until afternoon, then crossed the river under a severe fire and in a heavy shower of rain.

"25. Lay all day under fire, and until the night of the 26th, when we fell back across the river and burned the bridge.

"27. Marched a portion of the day and bivouacked; marched all day of the 28th and until midnight, and then bivouacked, after crossing the Pamunkey river.

"29. Marched three miles, and took position in the woods. Heavy firing in front.

"30. Lay in breastworks behind the First Brigade.

"31. Advanced a short distance, and threw up rifle-pits; remained all night two miles north-west of Bethesda church.

"June 1. Lay behind our rifle-pits all day, pickets skirmishing during the night; advanced and found the enemy in force and intrenched. Heavy firing on our left during a portion of the night.

"2. Fell back to our old line at daybreak; got coffee, marched about two miles south-east, and passed to the rear. Stacked arms, and got coffee; then the rebels attacked our rear. We about-faced, advanced to our old line of pits, and held them through the night.

"3. Fell back a short distance early in the morning, and took up a new line. The First Brigade made the advance and drove in the skirmishers, and commenced the fight about 7 a. m.

"4. The rebels evacuated the line in our front during the night.

"13. Took up our line of march at dark last night, and this morning we are near the White House. Our pickets left their line at 2 a. m., and followed the corps. At night we camped near the Chickahominy river.

"14. Crossed the river, marched all day, and halted at night near the James.

"16. Crossed the James on pontoons at 11 last night, marched all night, and reached the front near Petersburg at almost dusk, but drove the rebels from our line of rifle-pits.

"17. Charged on the rebel works at the Shand House, drove them from their second line, and captured a large number of prisoners, horses, and artillery. Heavy firing all day in front of Petersburg.

"18. Rebels fell back. Advanced our line under a heavy fire, which continued during the day.

"19. Lay in the woods last night until midnight; then advanced, and threw up intrenchments. Heavy skirmishing all day. The siege of Petersburg has begun.

"July 6. At night the rebels sent up rockets. We exchanged a few mortar shells with them.

"30. The rebel fort was blown up at 5 a. m., and the assault was made. There was terrible hand-to-hand fighting; we gained one line of rifle-pits, but were

obliged to fall back to our old position. There was great slaughter on both sides. The Eleventh lost ninety-four men killed, wounded and missing. Second Brigade went to rear at night. It lost five hundred and forty men and fifty officers in the fight.

"31. Sent out a flag of truce, but the rebels would not receive it.

"August 1. Flags of truce were exchanged, and the dead were buried between the lines. Our boys exchanged bread for tobacco with the rebels, as they had more tobacco than bread.

"15. During last night the Ninth Corps was relieved by the Eighteenth, and in turn relieved the Fifth Corps this morning.

"18. Marched five miles to the left, and near the Weldon Railroad. The Second Brigade was on picket on the front line.

"19. The line advanced, and saw no enemy save a few deserters coming in. Threw up breastworks.

"28. One fourth of the men in the breastworks during the day-time and one third at night, by order of Major-General Parke, commanding Ninth Corps.

"September 5. Official notice of the capture of Atlanta.

"7. Marched to the rear two miles, and threw up intrenchments all day; at night came back to our old line, and camped.

"20. News that Sheridan has whipped the enemy, taken some artillery and five hundred prisoners. Great cheering in the evening.

"21. Salute fired this morning in honor of Sheridan's victory in the Shenandoah.

"25. During the afternoon there was heavy firing on our right, and we were ordered to be ready to move immediately. Marched three miles, and camped for the night. Some heavy firing during the night.

"28. Marched back to our old camp, and waited under marching orders.

"30. Marched about a mile to the left, and went to the front; the Fifth Corps had the advance. We advanced on the enemy, took a line of works, and marched two miles towards Petersburg. The enemy charged in full force, but we fell back to their old line, and held our position. Our division lost heavily. *Only two old members* of Company E present for duty to-day,—Corporals J. C. Kimball and R. H. Robie.

"October 2. Made another advance, and intrenched. Three old members present, Horace R. Sawyer having returned to the regiment to-day.

"November 8. Vote of Eleventh Regiment to-day,—157 for Lincoln, 53 for McClellan.

"29. Marched five miles to the right; relieved the Second Corps, which relieved us near Hancock station.

"January 1, 1865. Ground covered with snow. Company E has three corporals, eight privates, and one cook present for duty.

"2. William Turner of Holcomb's Legion (North Carolina) came into our lines to-day. [This boy was 14 years of age, and came in on the post of R. H. Robie, who induced him to come to his father's home in Goffstown. Corporal Robie accompanied him to City Point, where Turner took the following oath of allegiance:

"United States of America. I, William Turner, of Holcomb's Legion, of the county of Orange, state of North Carolina, do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States thereunder, and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all acts of congress passed during the existing Rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void by congress or by decision of the supreme court; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all proclamations of the president made during the existing Rebellion having reference to slaves,

so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the supreme court. So help me God.

his
WILLIAM × TURNER.
mark.

Subscribed and sworn to before me at City Point, this 5th day of January, A. D. 1865.

WILLIAM F. POTTER,
Captain and Assistant Provost-Marshal.

The above man has light complexion, light hair, and blue eyes, and is five feet two inches high."

Corporal Robie took his man to the "bull run," so called, at City Point, where the prisoners were. He furnished him with money, and gave him full directions; and in due time Turner reached Goffstown, where he remained about a year, then returned to his native place in North Carolina. Nothing has been heard from him for several years.]

"17. News received that Fort Fisher had been captured. One hundred guns were fired from Fort Davis.

"February 10. One man shot to-day at division head-quarters for desertion. Rebel deserters coming in every night.

"18. Twenty-five rebel deserters fell into our hands this morning. Charleston, S. C., captured.

"22. Orders to have forty rounds of ammunition and be ready to march at a moment's notice.

"March 14. Attack anticipated. All troops in line at the breastworks.

"18. Rebels moving about a good deal behind their fortifications.

"23. A tornado this afternoon, blowing down trees and tents; blew a tree upon Will Green's tent, and injured him severely. He was taken to the hospital.

"24. Rebels charged Fort Steadman about 5 a. m., and captured it. Hartranft's Division charged, and retook it with twenty-two hundred prisoners.

"30. Our troops passed near 'Fort Hell' for a charge at 4 a. m. The Ninth and Eleventh manned the fortifications.

"April 1. Our troops charged the enemy's line in front of 'Fort Hell;' captured four forts, and held them. Terrible cannonading all day.

"2. Came from the picket line at 9 a. m., and joined the brigade.

"3. Richmond ours! Our troops entered Petersburg at daylight this morning. Started at noon after the enemy; marched two miles south-west towards Danville, and camped.

"4. Marched eight miles, and went on picket on the South Side Railroad.

"5. Marched fifteen miles, and halted.

"6. Marched twelve miles; passed through Nottaway court-house, and camped a 10 p. m.; cannonading in front.

"8. Still in camp. Five thousand rebel prisoners passed by on their way to Petersburg. Marched to Burkeville Junction, and camped.

"10. News received that General Lee and his army of Northern Virginia have surrendered to General Grant.

"12. Still at Burkeville; sixty men detailed for guard at the depot under Captains Shepard and Dimick.

"16. Eleventh Regiment went to City Point on the 14th to do guard duty, reached City Point on the 15th, and to-day learned that President Lincoln had been assassinated.

"May 20. Orders received for all troops whose term of service expires on or before September 30, 1865, to be immediately mustered out of service.

"21. Ordered to be ready to move to-morrow morning, to participate in the grand review at Washington.

"22. Came into Washington, and camped on Capitol Hill.

"23. Participated in the review, and then marched back to our old camp.

"Sunday, June 4. The Eleventh Regiment was mustered out of the service at 10 a. m. to-day.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

The following extracts are from the letters written by a member of the Eleventh, and give vivid pen-pictures of a soldier's life:

HOBBS'S PLANTATION, VA., June 15, 1864.

A little after dark Sunday night, 12th inst., we left our works where we had been one week, and started upon another "flank movement." We marched all night, and about sunrise halted for breakfast, after which we resumed our march—making slow progress, as the roads were full of troops—and bivouacked that night about 1 o'clock, tired and sleepy enough. We started early the next morning, and at about 9 o'clock crossed the Chickahominy at Jones's bridge, where the river was about two rods wide. Halted there until noon, when the march was resumed, and at 4 o'clock halted upon the plantation adjoining the John Tyler estate. Remained there until sundown; then moved two miles in advance, and camped for the night. We are close by Charles City, which consists of an old court-house, a blacksmith-shop, and two old houses. It is about twenty-five miles from Richmond. We are going somewhere,—of course we do n't know where, but it looks like Petersburg, south of Richmond. The whole army is in motion. We are cutting and making roads through the forests, and building bridges. We are encamped on a fine plantation in the midst of a field of wheat of at least twenty-five acres in extent. The grain was nearly ready for the cradle. Our boys pitched their tents, used the straw for beds, and our horses, mules, and cattle are now grazing in the field. When we came the trees near by were loaded with ripe cherries, apples, and peaches, but there are none on them now. The Chickahominy swamp is covered with a magnificent growth of timber.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., July 9, 1864.

We hear that the rebels are making their annual raid up North, but if they expect by any such movement to make Grant loosen his death-grip here they will be sorely mistaken. Grant is not to be jostled from his plans here. He has got Lee by the throat, and will choke him,—although a good many more of us may get choked before the experiment reaches its culmination; but that matters not if we only succeed and our country be saved.

The benefits of the Sanitary Commission are being felt here in the field: never before have their operations extended much beyond the hospitals, but now that they have more means to do with, the boys in the field are reaping enjoyment from the efforts of the kind-hearted ladies of the North. They are getting onions, tomatoes, canned meats, and some clothing. Everything is just what they need to prevent their being sick. The weather is warm and is operating badly; our hospitals are filled with sick and wounded,—no more, however, than should be expected, considering the terrible scenes they have passed through and their fearful exposures.

July 12, 1864.

This is a fine morning: hardly a ripple of wind is to be felt, and the sun is climbing the heavens red and fiery. The day promises to be a "scorcher." Our hearts were made glad at dark last night. The heavens were overcast, and a heavy shower threatened to come upon us; it lightened vividly and thundered heavily. Everything looked promising, but the shower passed around, and we had no rain.

Just as the shower came up, there was a fine display of fireworks upon our lines. The rebels ran a car down the railroad as near as they could, and on it were three mortars. With these they opened fire upon us, but they were quickly responded to by as many from our side, and for a short time the heavens were ablaze with the mortar shells, which went hissing through the air with their long trails of fire. It looks very nice to see the shells going *from* you, but is not quite as pleasant to see them coming *toward* you. We heard the bells ringing over in the city for some time this morning, evidently for a fire. The boys are getting bountiful supplies nowadays. Rev. Mr. Patterson, who has been with the army some months, sent as a contribution from New Hampshire people, to the Sixth, Ninth, and Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, nearly one barrel of cider to each regiment, plenty of soft crackers, ginger cakes, farina, canned meats, and two large cheeses.

To-day the commissary is issuing vegetables in large quantities to the men, and they all feel as though they were not forgotten; they go into the trenches with a good will, and say, "God bless the kind friends at home." The sick and wounded are, of course, being kindly cared for.

July 23, 1864.

We have been having quite exciting times here for three days past. Wednesday evening, July 21, about 9 o'clock, we received orders to be ready for an attack from the rebels at any moment. Both Hill's and Longstreet's corps were reported as being massed in our front, and everything indicated an attack. The attack was expected to commence upon our brigade, which occupied the extreme front, but none was made. Yesterday p. m., General Griffin, as corps officer of the day, started along the line of the Ninth Corps to inspect its works and see that the men were alert. After he had passed the batteries and had reached the line held by the Second Brigade of the Second Division, some 300 feet from the rebel lines, the enemy opened, from some unknown cause, with a fearful shelling; also with volley after volley of musketry in rapid succession. But the boys stood firm, ready for an advance should any be made by the enemy. For half an hour the firing was terrific; several men were wounded severely; one shell exploded, taking off a man's leg close to his body, and he lived but a few minutes. The same shell wounded two officers, one severely, the other slightly. Captain Buswell, of the Ninth New Hampshire, was shot in his right shoulder; the bullet passed down under the blade, and could not be extracted: I saw him in the hospital this morning. [He died August 8 following.] After a while the general succeeded in reaching the left of the line, and then returned to his quarters. We are losing a good many men. The Eleventh had one man killed yesterday, and has lost a number within the past week.

August 3, 1864.

I have not felt like writing, or doing anything else, since the terrible fight of Saturday last in the Crater. Everything seems so strange and so sad! The air itself seems full of sadness. My faith in the justness of our cause is as great as ever, but when I see a golden opportunity allowed to slip away unimproved, the brave boys slaughtered by wholesale, and nothing accomplished, I feel sad. Large bodies of troops lay within musket-shot of us, but none were allowed to assist us. The attack upon us was terrific; the air was filled with seething, fiery mis-

siles of death. How a single man escaped, of our whole number engaged, is indeed marvellous. We buried the dead Monday morning, under a flag of truce. It was an appalling sight: the dead were all buried midway between the lines in long trenches. The officers of the opposing armies met each other, and were received by both sides as though nothing had happened.

A good many old classmates in college met. One of our colonels met a rebel colonel and three other officers who were classmates of his. I saw Generals A. P. Hill, Mahone, and Bushrod Johnson. The truce was up at 9 a. m., and no sooner was the white flag over our lines lowered than the firing commenced again. Almost every one has some incident to relate in regard to the fight at the Crater. One of the most touching that I have heard happened to a boy about fifteen years of age, belonging to Company A, Thirty-first Maine, in our brigade. His father and three brothers are in the service in different regiments. His mother tried hard to get him released after his enlistment, and was nearly insane at the thought of her "darling little boy" leaving her, but her effort was unsuccessful. In the fight on Saturday a big double-fisted rebel took him prisoner. He first made him throw away his gun, and then take off his equipments, when the little fellow, beginning to realize his situation, burst out crying and said, "Oh, what will my poor dear mother say?" His captor immediately left him, and the boy ran back into our lines, and is now doing duty with his regiment.

A boy of Company D, of the Eleventh Regiment, a recruit, was taken prisoner. He made believe he was wounded so severely that he could not be moved very well. He lay in the rebel lines until after dark, when he crept back into our works, and is now with the company safe and sound.

In Company D there are one sergeant, one corporal, and three privates for duty; there are four men on guard at different points, and three sick, making twelve guns in the company present and accounted for; and nearly or quite every company in the regiment is in the same condition.

ARMY TRAINS.

No one unacquainted with army life can have any adequate idea of the immense number of baggage-wagons required for the transportation of the necessary require-

Wm. S. Carter

ments of a great army. There were in round numbers two thousand regiments in the service during the war. Each one of these regiments required from three to nine, or more, wagons, an average of six to each regiment, or at least twelve thousand. This number was at times largely increased, and at times decreased; but all were kept near at hand to be used when emergency required. Add to these the artillery, ammunition, and ambulance trains, and the number seems almost bewildering. Yet everything was so simplified that all worked together smoothly.

Each corps, division, brigade, and regimental headquarters had its chief of transportation, and these were "wheels working within wheels."

Ambulance trains were a corps by themselves. When General Grant cut loose from his base of supplies below the Wilderness, and said good-bye to the North, it was estimated that his wagon train alone would reach a distance of sixty miles, allowing eighty six-horse (or mule) wagons to the mile. Beside these were his artillery, ammunition, and ambulance trains, and thousands of cattle for the feed of the army, and all had to be guarded by thousands of soldiers. The movement was one well calculated to fill (as it did) the mind of the entire world with amazement at the wonderful audacity displayed by Grant in closing all communications with the North from his rear. No man but General Grant could have done it. It was all worked out in his busy brain before the order was given, and he foresaw the consummation of his plans, as he believed, and his hopes and his expectations were all fully realized.

So thoroughly had he mastered his plan, that the army, after fighting almost daily for weeks, appeared at the James river with its trains and supplies intact, and those who witnessed these immense caravans on the spacious

grounds about the White House landing will never forget the inspiriting scene.

The world had never witnessed an army movement such as was this: an immense army and its attendant trains, passing through an enemy's country with such daring bravery, was indeed a magnificent spectacle. General Grant believed in his men, and his men believed in him; and during the entire campaign there was no cooler and apparently more unconcerned man in the entire army than was General Grant.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION—THE MINE BEFORE PETERSBURG—RESOLUTIONS, ORDERS, LETTERS, AND RECOMMENDATIONS—OFFICERS—ROUTINE OF DUTY—HIGH PRICES IN DIXIE—MISCELLANEOUS.

Fort Sumter was surrendered on Saturday, April 13, 1861, and the next day the people of the North began to make preparations for the impending war. Before the first week was past the whole country was engaged in active thoughts and deeds for its preservation: men were hurrying in all directions, either enlisting for the defence of their country, or doing something for those who had already enlisted and were on their way to Washington. Women crowded churches and chapels to make clothes for the soldiers; they besieged the governors and other officials of the loyal states for something to do, by which they could show their zeal and patriotism in behalf of their country, whose life was now in peril. And this zeal and this patriotism burned with a glowing heat, increasing in intensity and in fervor until the war ended.

Out of this great love for their country and their great regard for the brave men who had gone forward, something definite, wherein all could do their share if so disposed, was set in motion; and in the early days of the war Drs. Bellows, Van Buren, Agnew, Hasson, and Harris, representing certain societies in New York, went to Washington, and laid their plan before the government officials, and upon this plan was founded the Sanitary Commission.

Their representations found unwilling ears, and their entreaties fell upon stony hearts. From President

Lincoln down to the lowest menial in office their whole plan was thought to be impracticable; but after much entreaty these gentlemen were appointed a "Commission of Inquiry and Advice in Respect to the Sanitary Interests of the United States forces," limiting their inquiries to the volunteer forces only, as the regular army was something too holy for them to interfere with.

The commission commenced its labors in a small way at first; but almost before it was aware of its transcendent importance, thousands upon thousands of branch societies, scattered all over the land, began to pour in their contributions with a liberality never even dreamed of. These societies, working at first for the regiments in which they were more particularly interested, received many letters from the boys at the front, conveying many hearty thanks; and, in return, many words of cheer and comfort went back to the soldiers. During the war this commission issued, and scattered throughout the armies, seventeen military, medical, and surgical essays, prepared expressly for the purpose by eminent surgeons and others. When the war began, but few officers knew really what their duty was toward the men under their command, or the men their duty toward the officers; still, every man was supposed to be able to take care of himself, and if any fell by the way they were to be left to make the best of it.

Notwithstanding the many obstacles thrown in their way by government officials, who in too many instances looked upon the volunteer soldiers as so many dogs, the loyal people of the North became fairly aroused, and the commission soon found its way into the hospitals filled with the sick, wounded, and dying soldiers; and here they worked with a system and a will that were indeed wonderful. Immediately after the first battle of Bull Run, six permanent inspectors were appointed by the commission to

look after the hospitals; but this was not enough, and, through the efforts of the commission, an act to reorganize the medical department of the army passed congress April 18, 1862. This act provided for eight medical inspectors; and then the better health of the army was assured, as they worked in harmony with the commission. Something new for the benefit of the soldier was continually being devised; as, for instance, there was "inspection of camp and hospitals," "hospital transport service," "general relief," "battle-field relief," and many others.

Throughout thousands of branches there were generally two or three men and women, at least, who were kept informed of the doings of the commission and its varied results. Comrades will remember that the first thing advised for them were the Havelock and the lint, both of but little service in the field. And then what swarms of glass jars in which were packed sweet jellies, recommended as a specific for all diseases. These things were changed, however, as the commission increased its work and made it their aim to provide the soldiers with such things as the government did not include in its rations.

Frederic Law Olmstead was the first secretary, and to his executive ability was largely due the wonderful work of the commission. The work done in its various departments was immense. The mere distribution of its supplies to the soldiers in the field was but a drop in the bucket, compared with what it really did. When a battle was in progress, close by in the rear were to be found its agents dispensing hot soups and hot coffee to the wearied men; the hospitals were filled with its agents, or as many as could well be used, and how tenderly they cared for the dead, the dying, and the wounded,—sponging the wounds, administering some little delicacy to

soothe the pain, listening to the last words of the dying boy as he asked that he be remembered at home, writing letters for the unfortunate to the loved ones at home, and in so many ways alleviating the trouble and suffering all about them.

The hospital boat, steamer, and car were devised by them in order to carry the wounded men in the best and easiest manner possible, and upon them all were found nurses and attendants ready for any duty required of them. And with what a munificent hand the North poured out its supplies! When Vicksburg fell, the city of Pittsburgh sent forward five hundred barrels of potatoes, and other Western cities furnished car-load after car-load of provisions, ice, and other necessaries for the occasion.

And how vividly comrades will remember those huge steamers on the Mississippi, after Vicksburg had surrendered! Open on both sides, with space unlimited as it were, with their long rows of beds ready for the sick and wounded,—great floating hospitals puffing and working their way up the river to a more congenial clime; stopping, now here and now there, to lay to his final rest some sick or wounded soldier who had been hoping, though against hope, that he should reach his loved home before he died, but who had succumbed to death's demand.

During the war more than two hundred and twenty-five thousand sick and wounded soldiers were transported to the hospitals in the rear and to their homes, and the Special Relief of the commission provided more than four million five hundred thousand meals for sick and hungry soldiers. They also provided one million lodgings for soldiers, and assisted them in collecting from the government several millions of dollars as their wages. This was only one of the departments of the commission.

Dr. Bellows, of New York, is considered the father and founder of the Sanitary Commission. He had great executive ability, and a skill for organization which no other person possessed. Through his influence and that of Rev. Thomas Starr King, then a resident of California, that state contributed in money nearly one half million dollars for the commission. Beside this was all that was contributed by the different branches throughout the North, and the two million seven hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars raised by fairs in the great cities of the North.

At a meeting held in Washington near the close of the war, in aid of the Sanitary Commission, President Lincoln said,—"I am not accustomed to use the language of eulogy, I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women,—but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women was applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war. God bless the women of America!"

THE MINE BEFORE PETERSBURG.

There were about as many opinions among the officers of the army as to what should have been done to insure success, and as to what was left undone, as there were officers in number. It is in evidence that General Meade was not in sympathy with the Mine affair, and that every obstacle was thrown in Colonel Pleasants's way by the officials at Meade's head-quarters. But little notice had been taken by Meade thus far in the campaign of General Burnside, or of his gallant Ninth Corps, who had done such brilliant fighting and performed such Herculean tasks from the crossing of the Rapidan on; and his contempt for both Burnside and his corps was still further

shown in the fact that the Ninth Corps filled a space in front of three miles, from the Prince George court-house road to the Hare house on the left, where it connected with the Fifth Corps,—a portion of the troops having their intrenched line within one hundred yards of the enemy's line, where there was continual firing, and where the corps lost from thirty to sixty men daily for six weeks before the explosion of the mine. Of this constant exposure, General Humphrey, chief of General Meade's staff, in "The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65," says this:

"The incessant movements day and night for so long a period, the constant, close contact with the enemy during all that time, the almost daily assaults upon intrenchments having entanglements in front and defended by artillery and musketry in front and flank, exhausted both officers and men. The larger part of the officers who literally led their commands were killed or wounded, and a large number of those that filled the ranks at the beginning of the campaign were absent. It is unreasonable to suppose that the troops were not, for a time, so exhausted as to need rest, and equally unreasonable to suppose that their opponents were not in a similar condition, though to a less degree, since they had not marched so much at night, nor attacked intrenchments."

This referred particularly to the troops that had done so much marching and fighting during the campaign thus far.

On the 26th of July, General Meade called upon General Burnside in connection with the firing of the mine, and Burnside reported his plan of assault, by which two brigades of General Ferrero's Colored Division—the Fourth of the Ninth Corps—were to lead in close column of attack. These brigades were to pass through the openings to the right and left of the mine, after it had exploded, while the other divisions of the corps were to

advance directly to the crest in rear of the mine. Burnside's reason for selecting the colored troops to lead was, that they had not been exposed to the fire of the enemy as the white troops had been for six weeks, and, further, that they had been drilled with a special view to making this assault. Meade objected, and by lot the First Division, General Ledlie commanding, was selected. The men of this division were equally brave with their comrades in the Second and Third divisions, but the general commanding had a poor reputation as a fighting officer. July 29, 1864, Meade issued this order of attack:

The following instructions are issued for the guidance of all concerned:

1. As soon as dark, Major-General Burnside, commanding Ninth Corps. will withdraw his two brigades under General White, occupying the intrenchments between the plank and Norfolk roads, and bring them to his front. Care will be taken not to interfere with the troops of the Eighteenth Corps, moving into their position in rear of the Ninth Corps. General Burnside will form his troops for assaulting the enemy's works at daylight of the 30th, prepare his parapets and abatis for the passage of the columns, and have the pioneers equipped for work in opening passages for artillery, destroying enemy's abatis, etc., and the intrenching tools distributed for effecting lodgment, etc.

2. Major-General Warren, commanding Fifth Corps, will reduce the number of his troops holding the intrenchments of his front to the minimum, and concentrate all his available force on his right, and hold them prepared to support the assault of Major-General Burnside. The preparations in respect to pioneers, intrenching tools, etc., enjoined upon the Ninth Corps, will also be made by the Fifth Corps.

3. As soon as it is dark, Major-General Ord, commanding Eighteenth Corps, will relieve his troops in the trenches by General Mott's Division of the Second Corps and form his corps in rear of the Ninth Corps, and be prepared to support the assault of Major-General Burnside.

4. Every preparation will be made for moving forward the field artillery of each corps.

5. At dark, Major-General Hancock, commanding Second Corps, will move from Deep Bottom to rear of intrenchments now held by the

Eighteenth Corps, resume command of Mott's Division, and be prepared to follow up the assaulting and supporting column, or for such other operations as may be found necessary.

6. Major-General Sheridan, commanding Cavalry Corps, will proceed at dark from the vicinity of Deep Bottom to Lee's mill, and at daylight will move with his whole corps, including Wilson's Division, against the enemy's troops defending Petersburg on their right, by the roads leading from the southward and westward.

7. Major Doane, acting chief-engineer, will have the pontoon trains packed at convenient points in the rear prepared to move. He will see that supplies of sand-bags, gabions, fascines, etc., are in depot near the lines, ready for use. He will detail engineer officers for each corps.

8. At half-past three in the morning of the 30th inst., Major-General Burnside will spring his mine, and his assaulting columns will immediately move rapidly upon the breach, seize the crest in the rear, and effect a lodgment there. He will be followed by Major-General Ord, who will support him on the right, directing his movement to the crest indicated, and by Major-General Warren, who will support him on the left. Upon the explosion of the mine, the artillery of all kinds in battery will open upon those points of the enemy's works where fire covers the ground over which our columns must move, care being taken to avoid impeding the progress of our troops. Special instructions respecting the direction of the fire will be issued through the chief of artillery.

9. Corps commanders will report to the commanding general when their preparations are complete, and will advise him of every step in the progress of the operation, and of everything important that occurs.

10. Promptitude, rapidity of execution, and cordial coöperation are essential to success, and the commanding-general is confident that this indication of his expectations will insure the hearty efforts of the commanders and troops.

11. Head-quarters during the operation will be at the head-quarters of the Ninth Corps.

By command of Major-General Meade.

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant-Adjutant-General.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were adopted by the men of the Eleventh Regiment at the resignation of Colonel Harriman in Mississippi:

CAMP ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS,
MILLDALE, MISS., June 27, 1863.

As we listened, at the distant booming of our cannon at Vicksburg, to the farewell address of our beloved colonel, our only response was the silent sorrow or the tear moistening eyes that have rarely wept since the home partings of last autumn; but our hearts prompt us to a more audible response, which shall be heard in our distant Mountain State, among our friends and his, as a tribute to his worth and of our appreciation of it. Therefore we, the enlisted men of the regiment, unanimously adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That at no period of its existence has it appeared more essential that our national government should know its friends than at the present; that the Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, with its loyalty unquestioned and its patriotism unabated, is still ready to do battle manfully and valiantly for the prosperity of that government under which the nation has in prosperity reached that point where she has no competitor, and which cherishes a general diffusion of knowledge, and encourages and protects all classes of its loyal citizens.

Resolved, That our hearts have been filled with grief at the resignation and departure of our beloved colonel.

Resolved, That his course throughout commands our respect and admiration and devoted love. His affability and courtesy to every man, tempered with dignity which first and ever endeared him to us as his years of usefulness and his great worth made us honor him and confide in his leadership; his sacrifice, labors, and magnetic influence in raising and organizing the regiment; his cheerful sharing with us the fatigues, hard fare, and exposure of camp and weary march and tedious journey, animating our drooping spirits by words of encouragement; his bravery and serenity amid the trying scenes of our first battle at Fredericksburg; his sympathizing tear and soothing caress for our dying and wounded comrades; his constant regard for our welfare and comfort; his perfect command over our willing hearts; his virtues marked and exemplary; his patriotic hopefulness, which amidst clouds and gloom has descried

as from a mountain top the coming dawn, and inspiring us with his prophecy. All this has made us love and honor him.

Resolved, That Colonel Harriman is loyal, patriotic, and uncompromisingly opposed to all external and internal foes of the government, and eminently qualified by experience to lead its supporters in arms to successful results, and to such men, and such alone, should be entrusted the command of our troops.

Resolved, That in the various phases of our soldier life we shall miss his commanding form, his cheering presence, his kindly word, his genial smile, and his cordial salutation for every man.

Resolved, That it has been the wish of our hearts that he who raised and organized us and had been our leader, and on whom we had learned to look as the keystone of the regiment, might have led us back, the remnant of the band he loved, and who loved him, to our first camp at Concord, and that then and there we might have our parting parade.

Resolved, That we ardently hope that everywhere and always, whether in public usefulness and honor, or private repose, he will command that universal honor, admiration, and love which our hearts accord to him.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the colonel, and that they be published in the Manchester *Mirror*, and in such other New Hampshire papers as choose to insert them.

[Signed by Sergeant Willard Wilson, Company A; Sergeant George W. Harvey, Company B; Sergeant J. D. Lyford, Company C; Sergeant Charles E. Wood, Company D; Horace E. Sawyer, Company E; Alexander Lane, Company F; Sergeant James A. Bailey, Company G; Sergeant William C. Wood, Company H; Moses H. Stickney, Company I; Sergeant Charles P. Tompkins, Company K—Committee on Resolutions.]

ORDERS, LETTERS, RECOMMENDATIONS.

The following was the formation for the grand review, May 23, 1865:

SPECIAL ORDERS
NO. 12.

1. The following extracts from Special Orders No. 67, head-quarters Second Division Ninth Army Corps, General Orders No. 27, head-quarters Army of the Potomac, Special Orders No. 22, District of

Alexandria and Ninth Army Corps, are published for the information and guidance of the troops of this command.

I. The troops of this command will be under arms and ready to move at 6 o'clock a. m. Monday, 22d inst., in light marching order.

II. The column will be formed as follows: First Brigade, Colonel S. Carruth, Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, commanding; Second Brigade, Colonel H. B. Titus, Ninth New Hampshire Volunteers, commanding; Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, Colonel Walter Harriman, Fifty-Sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, Colonel S. M. Weld, Jr.; One hundred and Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers, Colonel Wm. M. Gregg; Seventeenth Vermont Volunteers, Colonel F. V. Randall; Thirty-first Maine Volunteers, Colonel Daniel White; One Hundred and Eighty-Sixth New York Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. Marsh; Second Maryland Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Taylor; Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel P. P. Bixby; Ninth New Hampshire Volunteers, Major G. H. Chandler. Each brigade will be followed by six ambulances moving three abreast.

III. The formation of the column will be as designated in Special Orders No. 239, General Head-quarters of the Army, Adjutant-General's office, May 18, 1865, by companies, closed in mass, with shortened intervals between regiments, brigades, and divisions. For the sake of uniformity, and to pass narrow portions of the street, the company front will be, throughout the army, twenty (20) files. The number of companies must depend upon the number of men in the regiment. Mounted officers only will salute in passing the reviewing officers. The cadence step will be taken from the capitol until after passing Seventeenth Street. Arms will be carried at the right shoulder shift from the capitol to the State Department.

IV. Division commanders are authorized to take such small articles of baggage as are absolutely necessary for the comfort of the officers and men for the bivouac, but will provide transportation to move the same before daylight on the morning of the 23d inst., so as not to interfere with, or in any way impede, the movement of the troops of the army. Forage sufficient for the use of officers' and artillery horses will be taken to feed at night and in the morning.

V. Neither officers nor men will be permitted to leave the bivouac except for the most urgent reasons, and then only upon obtaining proper authority from their respective brigade commanders.

By command of

COL. H. B. TITUS,

IRA G. WILKINS, A. A. A. G.

Lieutenant-Colonel Collins's recommendation for the promotion of the following named officers read thus:

HEAD-QUARTERS 2D BRIG., 2D DIV., 9TH A. C.
BLAIN'S CROSS ROADS, TENN., January 6, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JOS. A. GILMORE:

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to make the following recommendations to fill vacancies in Company G, 11th N. H. Vols., to wit:

Arthur E. Hutchins, 1st lieutenant, to be captain, vice George E. Pingree transferred. J. Leroy Bell, 2d lieutenant, to be 1st lieutenant, vice Arthur E. Hutchins promoted. Francis H. Goodall, 1st sergeant, to be 2d lieutenant, vice Bell promoted.

Very respectfully,

[Signed] M. N. COLLINS,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding 11th N. H. Vols.

I concur in the above recommendations.

[Signed] WALTER HARRIMAN,
Colonel.

HEAD-QUARTERS, 2D DIV., 9TH A. C.
WINCHESTER, KY., April 29, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 7.

1. His Excellency the President of the United States, having, in pursuance of a resolution of the senate, appointed and set apart Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1863, as a day of national humiliation, fasting, and prayer, it is earnestly enjoined upon the troops and employés of this command that they faithfully observe that day in the spirit, and to the end set forth in the president's proclamation.

2. All drills and all labor, not absolutely necessary for the safety or police of the camp, will be suspended to-morrow, and at 11 o'clock a. m. divine service will be held throughout the entire command.

By order of

BRIG. GEN. STURGIS.

The following acknowledgment by General Smith is self-explanatory:

HEAD-QUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 16TH A. C.
JACKSON, MISS., July 20, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL PARKE,
Commanding Ninth A. C.:

SIR: Your order transferring our division to the Fifteenth Army Corps is just received. Permit me, in behalf of the division I command, to tender you our thanks for your uniform kindness to us, and for the interest you have manifested in our welfare during our temporary assignment to duty with your corps.

I am happy to assure you that the opportunity afforded us to witness the conduct of the Eastern troops of your command has convinced us that they possess valor and discipline which we may well emulate.

Longer association would, we doubt not, have matured and strengthened the friendship so auspiciously begun. Our best wishes for your welfare and success will constantly attend you.

Very respectfully,
Your most obed't serv't,
WM. S. SMITH,
Brig.-Gen'l Com'd'g First Division.

HEAD-QUARTERS 2D BRIG., 2D DIV., 9TH A. C.
NEAR WELDON R. R., VA., Sept. 14, 1864.

CIRCULAR ORDERS.

The general commanding takes this opportunity to express to the officers and men of this brigade the high appreciation of their gallantry and noble conduct as soldiers, whether displayed at a mere review, on the field of battle, or amidst the harassing fatigue of the march.

Never did troops display higher qualities as soldiers than have those of this command since crossing the Rapidan on the 5th of May last, and never did patriots win a nobler record than those who have endured the hardships and braved the perils of this memorable campaign.

Every soldier and every officer has a right to feel—as your general does—a just pride in his regiment and in his brigade.

By command of
BRIG. GEN'L GRIFFIN.
IRA G. WILKINS,
Lieut. and A. A. A. G.

This is a sample of orders received daily during the siege of Knoxville:

HEAD-QUARTERS 2D BRIG., 2D DIV., 9TH A. C.,
KNOXVILLE, TENN., Nov. 27, '63.

CAPTAIN COGSWELL,
Commanding Eleventh N. H Vols.:

CAPTAIN: You will make the following detail from your command for picket duty, to report at these head-quarters at six o'clock this evening:

Lieut.	Sergts.	Corporal.	Privates.
1	2	4	38

Also the following detail, for same duty, to report to Captain Woodward, Eleventh N. H. Vols., at 4 a. m. to-morrow:

Lieut.	Sergts.	Corporal.	Privates.
1	2	4	38

By command of Edwin Schall,
Lieut. Col. Command'g.

SAM S. HART,
Cap't and A. A. A. Gen'l.

The news of Grant's victory at Chattanooga was received December 1, by the following dispatches. Cheers were also recommended to be given.

CUMBERLAND GAP, Nov. 27, 1863.

COLONEL FOSTER: I send you copy of telegram received.

"Victory at Chattanooga. Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, ours. Captured five thousand prisoners and forty (40) pieces artillery. Complete success on right and centre. Sherman repulsed on left; our loss 300 killed, 2,500 wounded. Bragg whipped and retreating."

[Signed] O. B. WILLCOX,
Brig.-Gen.

COLONEL FOSTER: The following just received at head-quarters, Cincinnati:

"To Brigadier-General Willcox:

"Grant's victory is complete. So far we have taken 6,000 prisoners, 21 pieces of artillery, and 12 stand of colors. The enemy destroyed a large amount of their own stores, and are in full retreat towards Dalton, closely followed by our forces.

[Signed] W. P. ANDERSON,
A. A. Gen'l."

Accompanying these dispatches was the following order:

HEAD-QUARTERS NINTH ARMY CORPS,
KNOXVILLE, TENN., Dec. 1, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 187.

The accompanying order will be distributed promptly:

The general commanding the army recommends *nine cheers* be given by the troops in honor of the victory.

By command of Brigadier-General R. B. Potter.

[Signed] SAM'L WRIGHT,
A. A. Gen'l.

COMMANDING OFFICER 11TH N. H. VOLS.

This is the congratulatory order of General Potter:

HEAD-QUARTERS NINTH ARMY CORPS,
KNOXVILLE, TENN., Dec. 1, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 72.

The commanding general desires particularly to congratulate the officers and soldiers composing the garrison of Fort Sanders on their gallant conduct during the assault on the morning of the 29th of November. To Benjamin's Battery, with such portions of Buckley's and Roemer's as were with them in the fort, the Seventy-ninth Regiment N. Y. Vols., the Second Regiment Mich. Vols., and a detachment of the Twenty-ninth Mass. Vols., is due the credit of repulsing a picked column of the enemy's, killing, wounding, and taking prisoners therefrom treble their own number, besides capturing three stands of colors.

To all the officers and soldiers of the corps too much praise cannot be awarded for the heroism, patience, and valor displayed by them on all occasions for the last three weeks. Whenever you have met the enemy, in battle or in skirmish, you have shown your superiority. The enemy can no longer afford to remain inactive. Already large forces are pressing forward to our relief from different points. Should he hazard an assault on our lines before retreating, he will find that his reception at Fort Sanders was a foretaste of what he will receive at every point of our works.

By command of Brigadier-General Potter.

NICHOLAS BOWEN,
A. A. Gen'l.

COMMANDING OFFICER 11TH N. H. VOLS.

The following is General Grant's congratulatory order:

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
IN THE FIELD, CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Dec. 10, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 9. }

The general commanding takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks and congratulations to the brave armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and their comrades from the Potomac, for the recent splendid and decisive successes achieved over the enemy. In a short time you have recovered from him the control of the Tennessee river from Bridgeport to Knoxville; you dislodged him from his great stronghold upon Lookout Mountain; drove him from Chattanooga valley; wrested from his determined grasp the possession of Missionary Ridge; repelled with heavy loss to him his repeated assaults upon Knoxville, forcing him to raise the siege there; driving him at all points, utterly routed and discomfited, beyond the limits of the state. By your noble heroism and determined courage you have most effectually defeated the plans of the enemy for regaining possession of the states of Kentucky and Tennessee. You have secured positions from which no rebellious power can drive or dislodge you.

For all this the general commanding thanks you collectively and individually. The loyal people of the United States thank and bless you. Their hopes and prayers for your success against this unholy Rebellion are with you daily. Their faith in you will not be in vain. Their hopes will not be blasted. Their prayers to almighty God will be answered. You will go to other fields of strife, and with invincible

bravery and unflinching loyalty to justice and right, which have characterized you in the past, you will prove that no enemy can withstand you, and that no defences, however formidable, can check your onward march.

By order of Major-General U. S. Grant.

T. S. BOWERS,
A. A. Gen'l.

L. W. COGSWELL,
Commanding Eleventh N. H. Vols.

OFFICERS OF THE ELEVENTH.

The roster of the Eleventh Regiment, when it returned to the state, June 7, 1865, was as follows:

Colonel, Walter Harriman of Warner; major, Evarts W. Farr of Littleton; adjutant, William A. Nason of New London; quartermaster, Gilman B. Johnson of Epping; surgeon, John A. Hayes of Concord; assistant-surgeon, Charles M. Jones of Dover; chaplain, Edward T. Lyford of Deerfield; sergeant-major, Jonathan T. Williams of Sutton; quartermaster-sergeant, Henry L. Colby of Warner; commissary-sergeant, William S. Carter of Warner; hospital steward, George P. Ladd of Deerfield; drum major, Andrew J. Coffin of Epping.

Company A—Captain, Charles E. Frost, Hampstead; 1st lieutenant, Charles E. Bartlett, Epping.

Company B—Captain, Sewell D. Tilton, Raymond; 1st lieutenant, Merrill Johnson, Deerfield.

Company C—Captain, Hollis O. Dudley, Manchester; 1st lieutenant, Will C. Wood, Lyme.

Company D—Captain, Charles E. Everett, Dover; 1st lieutenant, Joseph A. Modica, Henniker.

Company E—Captain, Arthur C. Locke, Epsom; 1st lieutenant, Solomon Dodge, Jr., New Boston.

Company F—Captain, Orlando W. Dimick, Lyme; 1st lieutenant, William A. Nason, acting adjutant, New London.

Company G—Captain, J. LeRoy Bell, Haverhill; 1st lieutenant, Ira G. Wilkins, Manchester.

Company H—Captain, Joseph B. Clark, Manchester; 1st lieutenant, Will C. Wood (in Company C), Lyme.

Company I—Captain, George N. Shepard, Epping; 1st lieutenant, R. Baxter Brown, Candia.

Company K—Captain, L. Newell Sawyer, Dover; 2d lieutenant, George H. Demeritt, Dover.

ROUTINE OF DUTY:

The following routine of duty was issued March 25, 1865:

HEAD-QUARTERS, 2D BRIG., 2D DIV., 9TH A. C.
NEAR HANCOCK STATION, VA., March 25, 1865.

CIRCULAR.

The following will be the routine of duty for the regiments of this brigade. The calls will be sounded from these head-quarters, as heretofore:

Reveille, 5 a. m.; breakfast, 6 a. m.; surgeon's call, 7 a. m.; first call for guard mount, 7:30 a. m.; guard mounting, 8 a. m.; drill call, 9 a. m.; recalls from drill, 10:30 a. m.; dinner, 12 m.; drill call (battalion), 1:30 p. m.; recall from drill, 4 p. m.; first call for dress parade, 5:45 p. m.; dress parade and retreat, 6 p. m.; tattoo, 8 p. m.; taps, 8:30 p. m.

By command of
BRIG. GEN'L GRIFFIN.
IRA G. WILKINS,
Lieut. and A. A. A. G.

At reveille, each company will be formed in line and the roll called, immediately after which the camps and quarters will be thoroughly policed and put in order.

At each call for drill, every officer and every man, not otherwise on duty, or excused by proper authority, will appear on parade.

The regimental line will be formed, and the battalion marched to some suitable ground, where the drill will be conducted by the officers, as the case may require, in accordance with this order.

On Saturdays and Sundays there will be no drill, but the usual inspection and preparation for the same will be strictly observed.

Daily inspections will be made by company commanders at dress parade, as required by regulations.

The above calls will be sounded by bugle from these head-quarters, and promptly repeated in each regiment.

By command of
BRIG. GEN'L GRIFFIN.
IRA G. WILKINS,
Lieut. and A. A. A. G.

HIGH PRICES IN DIXIE.

A copy of Parson Brownlow's Knoxville *Whig*, which I obtained at the office of publication when the Eleventh Regiment was in Knoxville, Tenn., contains a very humorous report of the market at that time in Richmond. Brownlow said it was rather extravagant, perhaps, "but is true of what it *will be in twelve months*," and it proved to be nearly correct. It first appeared in the Pulaski (Tenn.) *Chanticleer*.

EDITOR CHANTICLEER: Having just escaped from the kingdom of Jeff Davis,—leaving Richmond about ten days since,—I furnish you with a very late and most reliable report of the markets when I left there, satisfied that it will be ahead of anything yet received from that quarter. At another time I may give you further intelligence from Dixie.

Flour. One hundred pounds imported by Brown & Co. by carrier pigeon, still in first hands. Flour in small quantities is jobbing readily at 70 @ 80c. per pound. We notice four pounds to the major on private terms.

Pork. The barrel of imported overland via Santa Fè, Texas, and Vicksburg before that city was taken, is nearly all in the hands of jobbers. Sales of three pounds of hog, round, at $2, half cash, the remainder in a note of four months, secured by a bushel of Confederate States of America bonds. A half-barrel will accrue in January, if the man's hogs do n't die in the mean time of starvation. This will overstock the market, and make the street where the hog owner lives nearly as busy as ever.

Monetary. A man who ran the blockade at Wilmington brought a sovereign and a Spanish quarter, most of which has been put in circulation here, and has produced unprecedented activity among our business men. Confidence has in a great measure been restored, and our merchants, who have been mowing the grass which grew in the principal streets during the past summer, will most of them resume trade by peddling peanuts and lucifer matches during the ensuing month.

Candy. Sale of six sticks to the purser of the floating battery of hydraulic rams, on private terms; the market has a downward tendency. Candy is jobbing in sticks at 87c. @ $1.00.

Potatoes. We notice the arrival of a peck from near the Dismal

Swamp. No sales. An old contraband who lives on the south side of James river is said to have a quarter of an acre. This keeps the market depressed.

Dry Goods. Sales of ten cotton handkerchiefs by Todd, Dupuy & Co., at $16 @ $23; endorsed notes, six months.

Cotton. The arrival of one bale from the coast per mule-back threw the city into confusion. Such an accumulation of the precious staple in Richmond, it was thought, would attract the cupidity of the Northern mercenaries, and precipitate an attack before the military defences were complete. The provost-marshal sent the cotton back at the expense of the owner.

Tobacco. Unusual scarcity exists in Virginia leaf. Four plugs were sold on 'Change, on Saturday last, to parties who wished to send to Atlanta. A good sale has sprung up in old quids. They are collected by the blacks, put up neatly in tin-foil, and sold to new beginners. The price ranges according to the number of times chewed. The third chewing is made up into snuff.

Whiskey. This necessary article is going down every day, though not in price. The figures now for a common sized drink are $14.75; to wet your tongue, $10; to smell the cork, $4.75; to look at the bottle, $1.17; and 61 cents to say "whiskey" aloud. There was a charge made of 25 cents for passing a saloon, but that tax has been removed by the legislature. A pint of the fluid was bought by a wealthy planter early in September. It cost him a steamboat load of Confederate notes, four niggers, and a hogshead of sugar. This seems almost incredible.

MISCELLANEOUS.

John M. Smith, of Company B, was killed on the picket line, or near it, at Knoxville, Tenn., during the siege of that city. He was on picket the night that the Second Maryland pickets got frightened and ran back, taking a few of the pickets of the Eleventh with them. Comrade Smith made his way into the main works near the Richardson house, where the balance of the Eleventh men were lying in the trenches. Lieutenant Morrison, of Company B, sent him back with orders to report to the officers on the picket line. While he was away the

Leander M. Cogswell.

line had been rearranged, and, as he was making his way to his former place, he came upon the flank of the new line. It was very dark, and he was taken for one of the enemy and shot, probably by one of our own men. He was found dead just in the rear of the line, robbed of his pocket-book and money, and Lieutenant Morrison found his rifle in the hands of one of the men in the Fifty-first Pennsylvania. His death created a good deal of discussion at the time, and some were of the opinion that he was murdered for what little money he had; but the greater probability is that he was accidentally shot by some one of the Union troops on the picket line, being taken for one of the enemy.

James G. Whidden, Company F, when on guard one night near Falmouth, had this experience with General Sturgis, commanding Second Division, Ninth Corps:

The general had been away from his quarters, and attempted to pass Comrade Whidden's beat without the countersign which was demanded of him, but which he had not been furnished with. Whidden said, "I have the countersign, and you can pass if you have it, but not without." Colonel Collins, brigade officer of the day, was called, to whom General Sturgis made known his situation. "Are you General Sturgis?" asked Colonel Collins. "Yes, I am," replied Sturgis. "Well," said Colonel Collins, "I presume you are General Sturgis, but you are most d—dly disguised!"

Adjutant Morrison says,—"When I went to see my mother before going to the front, I found her confined to the bed, she being then seventy-five years of age. She spoke very pleasantly of my going, and said, 'I tell you what John Bedel's mother told him when he went to the Mexican war: Don't get hit in the back.'"

In the fighting before the Shand House, just at night of June 16, 1864, Corporal Samuel O. Gibson and Private George H. Pritchard, of Company D, were both wounded by the same bullet. They were standing side by side just as the firing ceased. A rebel came out from behind an old log house within the enemy's lines, and both men fired at him. While reloading, a shot came from their left, wounding Gibson in his right fore-arm, causing its amputation below the elbow, and then struck Pritchard near his left shoulder, causing the amputation of his left arm at the shoulder joint. Each left the field alone, and passed the night in a field hospital of the Second Corps. From there they were transferred to a Ninth Corps hospital at City Point, Va. Then they were separated, and did not meet again until both were discharged from the service several months afterwards (see final record). Corporal Gibson was known in the regiment as "Old Pepper," because of his bravery in battle.

Charles E. Wason, Company I, born in Candia, was injured at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and was severely wounded at Spottsylvania, May 18, 1864, in the right fore-arm. He was taken to Harewood hospital, Washington, D. C., from which he was discharged June 3, 1864. He was appointed corporal, and was with the regiment in all its movements until last wounded. When only five years of age he lost the sight of his left eye by coming in contact with a door-latch. He was for many years the very efficient secretary of the Eleventh Building and Regimental associations, his records being a model of neatness and accuracy. He is a member of one of the largest firms of dealers in coal, wood, etc., in this state.

William M. Courser was born in Warner August 13, 1843, and enlisted August 21, 1862, for three years. When the call for 300,000 more came, he was at work in a hay-field on the side of Kearsarge mountain. He hung his scythe on an apple-tree that night, and walked four miles to the town hall and enlisted. He was with the regiment in all it marches and fighting until it returned to Kentucky from Mississippi. While the older and larger men were played out, he was always in the ranks, and ready at the end of any march to stack arms or go on picket. Courser did not go to Knoxville, but remained at Covington, Kentucky, sick with the chills and fever. He joined the regiment at Annapolis, and the day before we crossed the Rapidan was detailed into the commissary department. He served there until the end of the war, came home with the regiment, and was mustered out with it.

At the battle of Fredericksburg he was hit on the chin with a piece of shell, and also received nine bullet holes in his clothing and blanket: has his blanket now with the bullet holes in it. The night before the battle he was frying doughnuts in a garden in the city, when one of them burst, severely scalding one of his wrists. He served three years without a furlough, was never excused from duty, and could chase and capture as many pigs and chickens as any other boy.

He never got discouraged or homesick, and he could always sing "We'll not retreat any more." He says,— "During one of the raids in front of Petersburg, beyond the Weldon Railroad, I was with the flying hospital department, and stopped near a farm-house, which some of the officers entered. Very soon two women of suspicious character rode up on horseback out of the rebel lines, took off their bridles and saddles and carried them into the house. Just then an orderly came up and said

we must fly, for the rebels were upon us. I suggested to one of the horses that I would ride, and he carried me sixteen miles that night with only one mishap,—that of being thrown off by his falling headlong in a very muddy brook; but I was pulled out, and rode on to Meade station, the boys taking me for one of Sheridan's scouts."

Comrade Courser is now a prosperous merchant of Dover, and a highly respected citizen.

Dudley J. Marston,[1] Company I, contributes this:

"On the march to Fredericksburg, and while the regiment was in camp some five miles from White Sulphur Springs, Company I, under Captain Patten, was placed on picket in the woods some ways in advance; and as we had not drawn rations, two of the company procured a sheep, and Captain Patten divided it up among us. While we were cooking it there were a good many small fires around, which made it quite light. About eleven o'clock, myself and three others were stationed some four or five hundred feet from the company. We were armed with loaded muskets, and had strict orders to allow no one to pass without the countersign. We had not been there long before a cavalry officer came along with seventy-five or a hundred mounted men. He wished to pass without the countersign, and wanted to know what troops we were. I felt a little shaky, and I noticed that he did also, as I told him that we were a part of the Ninth Corps, that there were about twenty thousand of us back in the woods, and that if he wished to pass without the countersign he could do so. He then ordered his men forward, and as they passed by us we could see that they were rebels. As soon as they

[1] Comrade Marston was a member of the Massachusetts legislature in 1891, and is a carriage manufacturer at Amesbury, Mass.

had gone by a short distance, Captain Patten had our company put out the fires, fall in, and double-quick it to the regiment. When we reached the place where we left it in camp, we found the troops had started in the early part of the evening previous for White Sulphur Springs, where the main portion of the army was already camped. So we started off at double-quick after them, with the rebel cavalry close in our rear. They took a very few prisoners who were not able to keep up with us."

Lewis D. Currier, Company H, enlisted at the age of sixteen, was in the battle of Fredericksburg, in the Mississippi and East Tennessee campaigns, and was in all the battles and marches of the last campaign until September 30, 1864, when, at the battle of Pegram farm, he lost his right arm. In 1880 he removed from Enfield to Ottawa, Canada, where he still resides. But few, if any, saw a greater variety of army life than did he.

John Lorden, the "Irish Boy of Company F," says,—

"I was raised in the town of New London, was a servant in the family of ex-Governor Colby, and enlisted from that town in Company F. Was wounded in left leg at the battle of Fredericksburg, also in left foot and left arm the same day. Went to Point Lookout hospital, and when I returned to the regiment was promoted to corporal. At the battle of Spottsylvania I lost the little finger of my left hand. When I again rejoined the regiment I was made 'left marker,' which position I held until the war closed. I had my part of picket duty and other hard jobs to do in East Tennessee and other campaigns. I have been on picket three nights in succession, when the boys were sick at Knoxville, and in the day-

time amused myself grinding corn in our old company coffee-mill."

"Johnny" now resides in Salisbury, and, although he was always wounded in some *left* limb, he has always managed not to get *left* bodily.

Chester E. Dimick, Company H, was severely wounded in the left arm just above the elbow, and the same bullet wounded him in the right side. This was at the battle of Fredericksburg, just after taking position in line of battle. He remained on the field some time, was then taken to Fredericksburg, and thence to a hospital in Washington, where he remained one day. He was then removed to the hospital at David's Island, N. Y., where he was seriously ill with typhoid fever. He received his discharge from the service March 5, 1863.

Comrade Jacob Ela, Company G, participated in the battle of Fredericksburg; was shortly after taken ill, and was discharged from the hospital and the service at Hampton, Virginia, May 4, 1863. For three years he lost the use of his legs, and is still crippled because of this. He is a resident of Minneapolis, Minn.

Comrade Augustus W. Gray, Company D, was wounded in the right fore-arm at Fredericksburg; was sent to Emory hospital, Washington, where he received a furlough for sixty days, at the expiration of which he reported at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor. After thirty days he proceeded to Louisville, Kentucky, where he was detained and placed on patrol duty until his regiment returned from the Mississippi campaign. He was in the East Tennessee campaign, but at Annapolis was taken ill and sent to St. John's hospital. After his

recovery he was detailed as an assistant of the United States Sanitary Commission at Annapolis and Harper's Ferry, until his discharge from the service April 10, 1865. He is a resident of Bennington, and has represented his district in the New Hampshire senate.

Rufus Baker, Company E, was detailed as cook. At the battle of Fredericksburg he took a comrade's equipments, and while going into the fight was wounded in the face, the ball entering his left cheek and coming out just back of the ear. After falling he was again wounded through a foot. He received his discharge February 21, 1863, being the first soldier from Epsom that was wounded and came home.

One night near Mount Sterling, Ky., two men in a carriage attempted to pass the guard under command of Lieutenant Bartlett. They were halted, and the countersign was demanded of them. They did not have it, and were very indignant at being halted, saying, "What are you stopping us for? We are United States officers, and have a right to pass." Lieutenant Bartlett detailed two men to take them up to head-quarters. One proved to be a major, and the other one the adjutant, of a regiment of Kentucky cavalry.

Henry L. Colby, Company D, was born in Warner, graduated at Dartmouth college, and shortly after enlisted in the Eleventh. He served through the war as quartermaster-sergeant, performing his duties in a quiet but faithful manner. He became a teacher of the academy in Henniker at the close of the war, and died, greatly lamened by all who knew him, in Warner, February 22, 1868.

Plummer E. Carter, Company D, was detailed as one of the pickets near Falmouth, just after the Fredericksburg battle, and upon the post at which he was stationed two men had been shot in a mysterious manner. Comrade Carter, knowing this, kept a sharp lookout for the enemy. A short time after he had been posted he observed at some little distance in his front a small scrub pine, and it seemed to move. He called the attention of the picket on the first post at his right, and each saw the bush advance towards them. Although under strict orders not to fire on the post, Carter watched his opportunity and fired. The bush fell, and nothing more was seen until the pickets were relieved, when Carter and several of his comrades went to the bush. Under it they found a dead rebel, who had evidently crossed the river at some point, and was watching his chance to kill another Union picket when he was himself killed.

No more Union pickets were killed.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BATTLE OF FORT SANDERS—LIFE IN THE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURG—REASON OF THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA—RESCUE OF WILLIAM E. PINGREE—THE MAIL CARRIER—MISCELLANEOUS.

This very interesting description of the battle of Fort Sanders was written by J. C. Fitzpatrick, a war correspondent who was with the Ninth Corps in its East Tennessee campaign, and was printed in the New York *Herald*. It was written the day following the battle, and a copy was given me.

"THE BATTLE OF FORT SANDERS.—The thirteenth day of the siege of Knoxville has been marked by the most important engagement since the enemy first invested the city. The attack, so long expected, has been at length made and splendidly repulsed in a fight which, in the comparison of the loss on either side, finds a parallel only in General Jackson's battle of New Orleans.

"A PRELIMINARY FEINT.—The movements of the enemy during the forty-eight hours previous to the attack were calculated to induce one of two suppositions on our part,—either that they had raised the siege and were evacuating the place, or that they were massing their forces on our left with a view to make an assault from that direction. No doubt they intended us to entertain the former belief; but General Burnside proved himself equal to the emergency, and while not deceived by their movements was prepared for any stratagem.

"A NIGHT ATTACK ALONG THE LINES.—Between 11 and 12 o'clock last night a general attack was made upon our whole line, from our position on the extreme left south of the river to the right of our front north of the

railroad. The moon was shining brightly at the time, and betrayed the rebels in strong line of battle. Heavy skirmishing ensued, lasting until near daylight, and resulting in the falling back of our pickets. Our batteries opened upon the rebels, and a desultory cannonade was kept up throughout the night, the fire of our guns being directed by the flashes of their rifles and the line of their bivouac fires in the rear. That the long-looked-for attack was coming was evident, but from what particular point was a matter of doubt. The general advance upon our skirmish line, though intended to disconcert our plans of defence and distract attention, had the effect of putting every man at his post, eagerly watching for the point from which the enemy would come in force.

"THE ADVANCE OF THE REBELS.—The long, anxious watch, rendered doubly severe by the crisp, frosty atmosphere, came to a termination with daylight and the appearance of the foe. As night lifted her curtain from the landscape, in the dull dawn of the morning they were seen advancing in three lines of battle in a direction oblique to the Loudon road and towards Fort Sanders. Quickly to his place sprang every man in the works, and in less time than it requires to tell it our artillery had opened upon them with shell and canister. At the same time a battery which the rebels had constructed on a high hill across the river was suddenly unmasked, and opened a flanking fire upon the rifle-pits and upon the fort, which, however, was amply protected by dense wings of earth and bales of cotton. A few of their shells burst in the cotton and set it on fire, but, beyond the wounding of one or two men, did no further damage. Their batteries in front and on the other flank of the fort also took part in the cannonade, but with the same ineffectuality. The battle—for it could now be called so—became deafening. The roar of the artillery on all sides, the bursting of the

shells and the rattle of musketry, were grandly commingled. Despite the storm of canister which howled around them, on came the rebel host, with brigade front, slowly pouring over the railroad cut, and anon quickening in motion as the ground presented less obstruction, until at last, emerging from the nearest timber, they broke into the charge.

"Across the open space which intervened between the timber and the fort, and which was crossed with logs and the stumps of felled trees, they now came at impetuous speed. The first check was given when the foremost column encountered a line of telegraph wire, which had been stretched through the low brush and attached from stump to stump out of ordinary view. They halted here momentarily, one falling over another, until the cause of the obstruction was discovered. Our batteries in the fort had full play, and Benjamin, Buckley, and Roemer poured in their rounds quick and fast, while the infantry of Ferrero kept up a galling fire with musketry. The embrasures of the fort and the whole line of the parapet blazed at once with the discharges. Still the rebels pressed on, their battle flags of red, with cross of blue, floating defiantly above their heads over the serried line of bayonets. Rallying over the temporary obstruction, leaping the stumps and logs, and pushing through the brush, they were within pistol shot of the fort. Our men, during the last few minutes, had received orders to reserve their fire until each could single out his target at close range, while Benjamin treble-shotted his guns and Buckley loaded with his terrible canister.

"THE REPULSE, ROUT, AND RETREAT.—And now together all launched forth. The effect was terrific. Broken in their line, a few of the more desperate of the rebels sprang into the ditch, clambered up the glacis, and almost side by side with the flag of the Union, planted

the banner of treason. But, confused, panic-stricken, the rear of the column gave way and retreated down the hill; others, again, afraid to advance or retire in the face of what was certain death, and appalled by the heaps of slain which strewed the field, threw down their arms and surrendered. The most desperate—and a gallant band they were—remained fast by their officers, who valiantly kept the lead to the very fort itself, and following them as they jumped into the ditch, attempted to scale the glacis, each to receive his death-wound as his head appeared above the parapet. A captain, in words which would sound oddly at so thrilling a moment, and in language more forcible than polite, demanded the surrender of the garrison as he pushed his body through one of the embrasures and faced the very muzzle of the cannon. His answer was the discharge of the piece, when, rent limb from limb, his mangled corpse, or what was left of it, was hurled outward into the air. His comrades, still lurking around the corners of the trench, essaying by every means to get within the works, were now subjected to the fire of hand grenades, which Lieutenant Benjamin extemporized by cutting short his fuses, which he lit when he tossed the shells over the edge of the parapet. Baffled at every point, and finding themselves unsupported by the rest of the charging column, they surrendered, and were hauled within the fort, though not until the trench was piled with the dead and dying.

"As the main body gave way and fell back, the carnage among them was fearful. Their disordered line, if indeed line it could be called, where every man seemed to act upon the motto 'Sauve qui peut,' and slunk behind each stump and log, as volley after volley rolled from the infantry and gun after gun belched out from the fort, at length disappeared within the timber, while a wild huzza went up from our victorious boys. A few

straggling shots around the angle of the fort and in the trenches, mingled with the heart-rending moans of the wounded and dying, and the fight was over. The grand assault had been made and repulsed, the storming party which had advanced so lately in all the pride and confidence of veterans had met an enemy their equal at least, and was now a scattered mob in the woods beyond. In short, Knoxville was still ours!

"A TRUCE—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.—And now, how sudden the transformation of man from fiend to angel! The agonizing cries of the wounded and dying called out the better feelings of humanity, and on the very spot where an hour before the combatants were struggling in deadly strife, they now commingled in the offices of charity. The wounded in the trenches were first relieved by Captain Swinscoe and Lieutenant Benjamin, who went to their immediate assistance with canteens of water and liquor. The trench presented a ghastly sight, with the mangled bodies and pools of blood, while the field beyond was strewn with the same terrible objects. Colonels Bowen and Babcock, of General Potter's staff, soon after made their appearance with a formal flag of truce, and passed out upon the Kingston or Loudon road, until halted by the enemy's skirmish line. They were met, after a brief delay, by Colonel Serrell, of General Longstreet's staff, when a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, to last until 5 p. m., to permit the return of the dead who were lying along our lines, and the exchange of the wounded. The following is a copy of the letter which led to the establishment of the truce:

HEAD-QUARTERS, NINTH ARMY CORPS,
KNOXVILLE, EAST TENNESSEE, Nov. 29, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL MCLAWS, OR OTHER OFFICER COMMANDING CONFEDERATE FORCES ON KINGSTON ROAD:—

GENERAL: Under instructions from Major-General Burnside com-

manding the Army of the Ohio, I address you this communication for the purpose of offering a cessation of hostilities for sufficient time to arrange for the removal of your wounded lying in front of my lines. Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen, A. A. G., the bearer of this communication, is authorized to make such arrangements for this purpose as may be agreed upon. Your obedient servant,

ROBERT B. POTTER,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

"The ambulances from both sides now met on the neutral ground, and the dead were carried back to the rebel line, where they were buried by their late comrades. The officers commingled, from generals down to lieutenants; and so also did the soldiers, until their officers ordered them back to their respective places. Nearly a hundred of the rebel wounded had been carried into the city and cared for at the hospital of the Ninth Corps. By direction of Dr. Wilder, our ambulances, with some of those of the rebels driven by Union soldiers, went back into the city, obtained such of the wounded as were not fit to be held as prisoners of war, and delivered them on the dividing line, when our ambulances—drivers being exchanged in turn—went within the rebel line and obtained our wounded. So much delay ensued in doing all this, that the truce was extended beyond 7 o'clock, the opposing officers still remaining together, chatting in the most agreeable manner upon every topic which suggested itself. Finally the last wounded Union soldier was obtained, the last ambulance returned within our works, the officers of the contending army who had mutually found and greeted many old friends and classmates, shook hands with the utmost cordiality and parted. In a few minutes the firing of the pickets indicated the resumption of hostilities. It may be well to mention here that the wounded returned to us were not injured in the fighting of to-day. The rebel wounded manifested the greatest unwillingness to go back, preferring as they did

the comfortable wards of our hospitals to the cold and shelterless woods. When the flag advanced in the morning, thirty rebels threw down their arms in their rifle-pits and ran within our lines, where they surrendered themselves prisoners.

"THE ATTACKING FORCE.—The force which assaulted the fort consisted of three brigades of McLaws's division,—that of General Wofford, consisting of the Sixteenth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-fourth Georgia regiments, and Cobb's and Phillips's Georgia legions; that of General Humphrey, consisting of the Thirteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, and Twenty-third Mississippi regiments; and a brigade composed of portions of Generals Anderson's and Bryant's brigades, embracing among others the Palmetto State Guard, the Fifteenth South Carolina, and Fifty-first, Fifty-third, and Fifty-ninth Georgia regiments. Among their killed was a Colonel Thomas, and among the prisoners we have taken are a lieutenant-colonel, five captains, and seven lieutenants, exclusive of four wounded officers who have been returned according to the temporary cartel. That this force confidently expected to take the city we have the best of proof. The rebel wounded state that General Longstreet issued an address to the troops last night, boasting that they would all take dinner in Knoxville today.

"The following order, congratulatory to our troops for the victory of Sunday last, was addressed to them this morning, and was received with enthusiastic cheering all around the line:

GENERAL FIELD ORDERS, NO. 33.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE OHIO,
IN THE FIELD, Nov. 30, 1863.

The brilliant events of the 29th inst., so successful to our arms, seem to present a fitting occasion for the Commanding General to

thank this army for their conduct through the severe experiences of the past seventeen days, to assure them of the important bearing it has had on the campaign in the West, and to give them the news of the great victory gained by General Grant, toward which their fortitude and their bravery have in a high degree contributed.

In every fight in which they have been engaged, and recently in those near Knoxville, at Loudon, at Campbell's Station, and finally around the defences on both sides of the river, while on the march, and in cold and in hunger, they have everywhere shown a spirit which has given to the Army of the Ohio a name second to none.

By holding in check a powerful body of the enemy, they have seriously weakened the rebel army under Bragg, which has been completely defeated by General Grant, and at the latest accounts was in full retreat for Dalton, closely pursued by him, with the loss of six thousand prisoners, fifty-two pieces of artillery, and twelve stands of colors.

For this great and practical result, toward which the Army of the Ohio has done so much, the Commanding General congratulates them, and with the fullest reliance on their patience and courage in the dangers they may yet have to meet, looks forward with confidence, under the blessing of Almighty God, to a successful close of the campaign.

By command of Major-General Burnside.

LEWIS RICHMOND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURG.

The following is from an eye-witness of the siege of Petersburg, every word true to life:

"Humboldt once said that the most exciting life that one could lead would be to cross from peak to peak of the Alps on *corde elastique*, and keep it up from day to day. That, indeed, would be a dangerous mode of life, but I question whether it would be more exciting than that which is every day experienced by our gallant boys in the rifle-pits. They take their position in the darkness of the night, when the keen eye of the rebel cannot pierce through the mists between the lines. The enemy raise

their heads above their work, but cannot see nor hear anything, save the occasional sound of a rifle.

"Our men peer over the breastwork, but cannot see a living thing. This is the hour for stationing men in the trenches. Both rebels and Federals, covered by the thick darkness that veils them, are, for the moment, comparatively friendly,—not of their own wish, but made so by the interposition of nature. Silently and cautiously our men move down to their positions: each one is stationed where the judgment of his commanding officer sees proper to place him, and he accordingly makes himself at home. The hole, perhaps, is not large enough comfortably to accommodate him. Taking out his cooking utensils, he begins with his spoon to loosen the earth around his body, and then with his stew-pan he shovels it out and throws it upon the top of his breastwork.

"He works for himself a friendly orifice to screen him from any desultory shell that might wish to disturb his new home. This he excavates at a declining angle of forty-five degrees. When this is finished the officers give him his orders, and all are commanded to do their duty. Every one is in his position, and now he is left all alone. A thick ridge of earth, running at right angles to the breastwork, forbids a glance at a neighbor, but he can talk and be heard with distinctness. He expects a hot day, and accordingly raises above his head a small sheet of shelter tent for protection. The gray dawn of early morn has given the enemy 'a sight,' and a bullet whistles near his head, reminding him that he must beware of exposure. Working with more cautiousness, he arranges his shade cover, and is glorying in his constructive ability, from the exercise of which he expects some little comfort, when another bullet, with terrible precision, cuts the cord which bound the tent to its stake, and it falls to the earth. That was a plunge shot, and he

knows that one of those deadly sharpshooters is watching his movements from the cover of some near tree. More fully to impress his mind with this suspicion, he raises his cap gently above the work; in a second of time a bullet from the same direction striking it, sends it spinning on its axis.

"Day has now been ushered in, and it behooves him to beware of his situation, and not expose himself to the unerring aim of the enemy's rifle. The sun pours down with the most deadly heat. Still, he cannot move; he must lie and watch his opportunity, as best he can, to lessen the number of his country's foes. Soon he summons up his courage, which the sun, more than the enemy, had well-nigh driven from him, and he creeps towards the opening of his rifle-pit.

"Then comes an event which, in one case at least, actually occurred. He spies a rebel cautiously pushing his way from tree to tree; his movements betray his purpose, which is to ascend a tall pine that commands a measured view of our lines. He gains the tree, and upon the opposite side he proceeds cautiously to raise himself. Just as he reaches a cross bough of the pine, and is about to move out upon it, the Union boy sees his exposure, and his only opportunity to take advantage, pulls his trigger, and the gaunt rebel falls headlong from that limb dead upon the ground below; and there lies that body until the shades of night give opportunity for its removal. Toward that point at dusk are aimed a score of rifles, and at different hours throughout the night volleys are fired in its direction. Perhaps the morning light will reveal the dead bodies of a score of rebels who had attempted to 'bring in' the form of their departed comrade. So go the days, so the nights, of those in the trenches; a life full of danger and crowded with incidents."

REASON OF THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA.

Various explanations have appeared as to why the battle of Spottsylvania became necessary.

General A. L. Long, a Confederate officer, reconnoitered the Union lines the day following the second day's fighting at the Wilderness, and made a special report to General Lee as to the movements going on within the Union lines, and in his "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee" says this:

"Having been informed by Stuart on the afternoon of the 7th [May] that the wagon-trains of the Federal army were moving southward, Lee at once divined Grant's intention, and he hastily took the necessary measures to forestall it. He ordered Longstreet's Corps, then commanded by R. H. Anderson, to proceed that night, by a circuitous route of a few miles to the right of the left flank of the enemy, to Spottsylvania Court House, situated on the main route to Richmond. While Anderson was in rapid progress toward that point, the Federal army was advancing in two columns for the same place."

General Sheridan, with a small force of cavalry and artillery under General Wilson, was in possession of Spottsylvania Court House on the morning of the 8th, but abandoned the position upon being confronted by General E. M. Low with his division, giving as his reason that the conflicting orders he received left him in the dark as to what Grant's purposes really were.

General Grant, in his "Memoirs," page 211, says,—"Lee by accident beat us to Spottsylvania. Our wagon-trains had been ordered easterly of the roads the troops were to march upon before the movement commenced. Lee interpreted this as a semi-retreat of the Army of the Potomac to Fredericksburg, and so informed his government. Accordingly he ordered Longstreet's Corps, now

commanded by Anderson, to move in the morning of the 8th to Spottsylvania (from the Wilderness). But the woods being on fire, Anderson could not go into bivouac, and marched directly on to his destination that night. By this accident Lee got possession of Spottsylvania. It is impossible to say now what would have been the result of Lee's order, had it been obeyed as given; but it is certain that we would have been in Spottsylvania, and between him and his capital. But accident often decides the fate of battle."

The Ninth Corps held the extreme left of the lines about Spottsylvania, and the men of the Eleventh Regiment will well remember the afternoon of the 10th of May, 1864, when the batteries of its division were brought up and shelled the enemy so furiously, and how the Ninth Corps, in conjunction with the Army of the Potomac, made an attack which resulted in placing the Second Division within a very short distance of Spottsylvania Court House. The brave men of this division will remember also how sullenly and reluctantly they abandoned this position, against the remonstrance of Burnside, and fell back a mile or more and formed a new line. This mistake was not acknowledged until it was too late to rectify it. The men of the Eleventh Regiment called it an "advance to the rear."

RESCUE OF WILLIAM E. PINGREE.

The following letter speaks for itself:

CROOKSTON, MINN., April 27, 1891.

FRANCIS H. GOODALL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,

My dear Comrade and old First Sergeant:

I want to say that I retain very grateful and pleasant memories of yourself, of your soldierly conduct in battle, or wherever else the duties

of army life called you; and especially do I remember your heroic conduct in carrying off the field of Fredericksburg my badly wounded brother, William L. Pingree, a sergeant of my company,—getting him safely over the river, and enabling me to send him home; so that I had at least the consolation of knowing that when he died from his wounds he passed away in the midst of devoted friends. It was no easy task at that time, I know, to save him from the clutches of the enemy and the horrors of a rebel prison. I remember well that trying hour, when in the midst of that terrible fusilade from the enemy, brought out by the charge of the Irish Brigade, you coolly fell back, carrying my only brother with you, aided by brave Chester Simons: it was at the peril of your own life that you saved his, and only those present could realize what it meant to care for him at a time when the battle was really lost, and the retreat had commenced. Slowly and carefully to cross that bloody field with such a burden, when all were weary and almost disheartened, as well as anxious to reach the river, was an act of fidelity and bravery seldom seen, for the whole field was remorselessly swept by the enemy's guns, and men were falling all around you.

I can only thank you for your brave and kindly deed, as one comrade thanks another for aid rendered in the hour of peril.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. E. PINGREE,
Late Capt. Co. G, 11th N. H. Vols.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

A very important position in any regiment is that of the mail carrier. The Eleventh Regiment was very fortunate in the detail of Charles M. Jones, Company K, for this position. It required endurance, persistence, and faithfulness in a large degree to forward and deliver the mails, especially in time of battle, as was the case at the battle of Cold Harbor. What an exciting time always, when the mail arrived, and particularly so when none had been received for several days or weeks! And many a shout of gladness was heard as Comrade Jones appeared with his precious missives, and a good deal of chaffing took place. Praises from the fortunate ones,

and the curses of the unfortunates all fell alike upon the ears of "Charley Jones," who was quick at repartee, giving as good as was sent, overflowing with good humor, kind and gentlemanly to all.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At the battle of Fredericksburg the following sergeants were wounded or killed: R. Baxter Brown, Calvin Magoon, Richard Neally, and John Underhill—all sergeants of Company I—were wounded (Neally died January 5 following); Henry French, Company H, Henry G. Dillenback and Charles M. Newbegin, Company E, wounded; Cyrus E. Poor, Company B, killed; Charles W. Adams, Company A, wounded; John S. Plummer and Plummer Smith, Company A, killed; William L. Pingree, Company G, wounded. At Spottsylvania the sergeants suffered more severely than at Fredericksburg. N. B. Collins, Company A, Merrill Johnson, Company B, Andrew J. Frye, Company C, May 16,—died four days after; Clifford K. Burns, Company E, Isaac H. Tyler, Company G, William H. Snell, Company K, killed; James A. Bailey, Company G, Charles M. Martin, Company H, George W. Harvey, Company B, killed; George E. Johnson, Company B, killed.

The corporals and the privates suffered correspondingly, taking the service as a whole. Of thirty-three men that enlisted from Chester in Company I, W. E. C. Cooledge, D. J. Marston, Nat. West, and J. C. Ordway were the only ones to come home with the regiment. This was a smaller number than the average from any one town.

George E. Davis, Company D, was severely wounded near Jackson, Miss. He says,—

"The first day of the battle at Jackson, Miss., we lay in a grove just in rear of the lines, where the balls were constantly cutting limbs from the trees over our heads. At night we were ordered on the skirmish line, and at daybreak our cook, T. B. Eastman, brought our rations. I was acting orderly at that time, and took the rations down the line to the men and back to the right of the company. As I was eating, a ball struck me under the left shoulder-blade, shattered my spine, struck my right shoulder-blade inside, turned, and lodged in my right lung. I was carried to the rear, the surgeon saying I could live but a short time. In due time I was taken back to the river on a stretcher, it taking a day's hard work to do so. I was then placed in an ambulance and carried to the boat that went down the Yazoo, thence up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Covington, Ky.; there I was placed in the Main Street hospital, where I received the best of care. From there, in due time, I came home, no one expecting me to live long. One day, as I was walking out, I stepped on some ice and fell; the fall dislodged the ball from the lung, but I suffer every day from its position in my body."

Sergeant Davis resides in Concord.

The first man wounded in the regiment, Charles H. Hall, of Company E, belonged to the Pioneer Corps. He was one of the sixty pioneers who assisted in building a bridge at White Sulphur Springs, Va., November 15, 1862. The men were under fire about three hours. A shell exploded near them, and Comrade Hall was hit in three places: one piece struck a leg and tore off a piece of his pants, the other two pieces struck his left foot, one piece cutting through the flesh and bruising it enough to draw blood. Comrade Hall claims to be the first man

in the regiment who was wounded. He was severely wounded at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862, by reason of which wound he was honorably discharged from the service February 21, 1863. He is a resident of Epsom.

Three comrades were buried in the same grave.

Turner S. Grant, born in Lyme, July 18, 1840, John W. Gilbert, born in Lyme, June, 1838, and Charles M. Lovejoy, born in Orford, 1839, were all members of Company H, Eleventh Regiment. They enlisted together August 14, 1862, and were true and constant friends in the service. Lovejoy died March 5, 1863; Grant, March 6; and Gilbert, March 11,—all at Newport News, Va., of measles. The bodies were all taken to Lyme by Captain Morgan, and were buried in one grave in Lyme cemetery, upon which rests a fine marble monument with an inscription for each upon three of its sides. These three youthful martyrs were intimate friends before the war, and it is a very singular fact that the three should have died so near each other, all of the same disease, and have been buried in the same grave.

Among the recruits was Louis Dechamp. He had been a sailor, but was residing at West Lebanon when he enlisted and became a member of Company D. He was wounded in his left leg at North Anna, Dr. Moore extracting the ball. He was taken to Lincoln hospital, Washington, D. C., thence to David's Island, N. Y., Brattleboro', Vt., and Concord, where he was discharged about one year after being wounded. He is a resident of Penacook, has been commander of the G. A. R. post at that place, and is highly respected.

Some other recruits named in the roster are residents of Lynn, Mass., Deerfield, Raymond, Henniker, and Hillsborough,—all excellent citizens, and glad of the fact that they were members of the Eleventh Regiment.

Hiram E. Currier, Company G, lost his left arm at Spottsylvania. He and Charles C. Jones, Company D, and James Tolmay, Company K, were door-keepers in the House of Representatives of this state. Comrade Tolmay died while filling this position. John Underhill, Company I, was for many years sergeant-at-arms of the legislature.

Charles S. Tyler, Company B, was with the regiment nearly every day during its entire term of service.

Asa Young, Company K, was detailed for duty with Dr. Ross, and afterwards for duty at General Griffin's head-quarters.

Samuel F. Roberts, Company H, died in Pleasant Valley, Md., October 14, 1862, his death being the first one in his company.

Jason H. Kemp, Company H, was with his company every day and hour from its muster into the service until after Lee's surrender; he was then taken ill, and died in Washington, D. C., May 5, 1865.

Lieutenant Jacob Douty and Sergeant Henry Rees, both of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, were the two men who volunteered to enter the main shaft of the Mine on the morning of its explosion and ascertain the cause of its failure to explode when first fired.

Herman J. Eaton was born in Goffstown. He received his schooling in his native town largely, and became a member of Company E, Eleventh New Hampshire, at its organization. He followed the fortunes of the regiment until June 16, 1864, when, in one of the severe charges during the evening of that day near the Shand House, he was severely wounded in the left arm just above the elbow, and another ball passed through his knapsack. He was taken to Harewood hospital, Washington, D. C., and in the September following was sent to the hospital at Readville, Mass.; shortly after this he came to Webster hospital in Manchester, where he remained until his discharge from the regiment, May 25, 1865. Upon his discharge he immediately went to Illinois, where he resided until 1887; he then removed to St. Louis, Mo., where he still resides. He has written many sketches of his army life, and they have been read with great interest. His contributions to this work will be highly appreciated by his comrades.

Of the original thirteen non-commissioned officers in Company B, Plummer D. Small was, on June 7, 1864, the only one then with the company: three had been killed, one had been discharged for disability, three had been transferred to the Invalid Corps;—nearly all had been wounded. Plummer D. Small was with the regiment from the day it left Concord until it returned.

More than one hundred and fifty of the privates of the regiment were appointed captains, lieutenants, sergeants, and corporals during their terms of service. These, with the number of the original commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the regiment, make nearly or quite one third of the entire regiment appointed to positions.

Sergeant Andrew J. Bennett, of Company C, was severely wounded in his right fore-arm on the morning of June 3, 1864, near Bethesda church, Va., while the men of the regiment were engaged in picking off the rebel gunners in their front. He says,—

"Sergeant Paige, Company I, who was lying very near me, received a wound in his left arm from the same volley. As soon after as was prudent and consistent with good manners, we started for regimental head-quarters, where we received the kindest care at the hands of Dr. Ross. He assured Comrade Paige that he would without doubt lose his arm, but that I might save mine from amputation, and that if amputation became necessary in either case, he would attend to it personally. Both arms were, however, saved. We were placed in the division hospital, under charge of Dr. Webster, and thence carried to Washington. After remaining there a few days we were visited by several notables from our state, among whom were Hons. Daniel Clark and Daniel L. Marcy. From Washington we were conveyed to a fine hospital in Philadelphia, where we received the kindest care. There we remained until about Christmas, occupying beds side by side. At this time I was transferred to the general hospital at Manchester, Comrade Paige following soon after. I improved faster than Comrade Paige while at Philadelphia, and, being able to walk about, I furnished legs for him, he paying me by writing letters for me until I could use my right hand. At Manchester we were placed under the care of Dr. Alexander Watson, at one time connected with the Ninth Corps, whose autograph was affixed to our final discharge from the service in the May following."

Sergeant Bennett was elected commissary-general for New Hampshire by the legislature of 1871 for one year. His home is in Manchester, where he is highly respected.

Charles M. Lane, Company I, was the first man in the regiment wounded at Fredericksburg, Va. He was taken to a hospital at Washington, D. C., and on March 31, 1864, was transferred to the Veterans' Reserve Corps and appointed first sergeant of his company. He was discharged from the service September 1, 1865. He was for many years a clerk in the treasury department at Washington, D. C., and died at his home in Georgetown, D. C., March 19, 1874.

Lewis D. Currier, Company H, sustained the amputation of his right arm in consequence of the severe wound he received at Pegram farm, September 30, 1864.

Arthur Thompson, Company D, was on detached service during the larger portion of his term of service, principally in the quartermaster's department.

Among the large number of rebel prisoners taken to the rear, in the desperate charges of the Eleventh Regiment and the Second Brigade at the Wilderness, was a squad of more than twenty, in charge of Plummer Page, Company D. When asked if he could take them to the rear, and he had signified his ability to do so, some of the rebels said, "Never mind, cap'n, we are only too glad to get to the rear in your lines."

Of the thirty-three men from Henniker, in the Eleventh Regiment, only eight returned home with it at the close of the war. And what was true of this town was substantially true of the towns from which the men composing the regiment came.

At the Battle of the Mine, Sergeant William Stevens, of Company D, was wounded in the right wrist. The bullet followed up his arm and was extracted just below the shoulder, rendering him a cripple for life. Sergeant Charles E. Wood, Company D, received four bullet wounds at this battle, and died shortly after. Several wounded men came within the Union lines during the night following this assault. One man was nearly the whole night getting in. His left leg was broken, but, getting his head toward the breast-works, he imbedded his right heel into the ground, pushed himself as far as possible, and by repeating this came near enough to receive assistance from the men in the trenches.

The next day after this explosion and assault, was the saddest day the Eleventh regiment ever saw. It mustered but seventy-five guns, and as these heroic survivors told of their terrible experience of the previous day, their sorrowful hearts found relief in manly tears, for they mourned the loss of many noble comrades.

Sergeant Charles S. Davis, Company D, was with the regiment in every battle, and was mustered out with the regiment. He was injured by a piece of a shell at the Wilderness, and by a spent bullet at the Crater.

Nearly or quite every company in the regiment had its little band of singers, enlivening the camp with their beautiful music. At the religious services held by the chaplains, the hymns were sung with a fervor and melody that but few church choirs could equal. How the spirits of the men were often enlivened by the rendering of fervid war-songs and grand plantation melodies, by Le Roy Bell, "Dan" Smith, "Charley" Hardy, and

"Billy" Stevens, assisted by the band boys, and by many others whose names I cannot recall! The entire regiment would join in the chorus. Many of these sweet singers are chanting songs of praise, we all trust, in the eternal camping-ground "over the river," where the mighty armies which confronted each other in the great Rebellion are so rapidly going into camp.

The following is one of the orders issued in the Mississippi campaign:

HEAD-QUARTERS, 2D BRIG., 2D DIV., 9TH A. C.
MILLDALE, MISS., August 6, 1863.

COLONEL: You will have your command in readiness to embark at once on the steamer *Planet*, now lying at the bluff. Line will be formed as soon as possible after the receipt of this order. A staff officer from these head-quarters will accompany you to the boat. You will detail a field officer and suitable guard, in accordance with General Orders, No. 32, from corps head-quarters, to prevent all officers and enlisted men taking away any horses or other animals not lawfully belonging to them. You will see that no *liquor* is issued to the men while on board the transports. The whiskey now on hand will either be turned over here to the brigade commissary, or, if taken with you, must be carefully guarded until your command reaches its destination.

By command of
BRIGADIER-GENERAL FERRERO.

LIEUT. COL. COLLINS, COMMANDING 11TH N. H. V.

Samuel J. Willey, Company A, was one of the very few men who was with the regiment every day from the time it left Concord until it returned. Comrade Willey informed General Griffin of the situation of the Eleventh at Pegram farm, when he supposed the regiment would be captured, and at the general's request piloted it in the darkness of that night to its brigade.

Corporal Francis M. Richards was severely wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, in the right arm below the shoulder, and in the left leg above the knee. He was taken from the field into a log building which had been prepared for the wounded of the Sixth New Hampshire; thence, on the fourth day after, to Fredericksburg, Va.; at the expiration of ten days he was taken to Alexandria, Va., thence to Dale hospital at Worcester, Mass. Several days elapsed from the time he was wounded before any attention was paid to either of his wounds. He carried the ball in his leg for some time, but it was then extracted, and he preserves it as a reminder of his sufferings in the war. From the wound in his arm thirty-one pieces of bone have been taken out,—the larger portion by himself. He has suffered intensely, his limbs and his life having been saved only by the pure state of his blood. He was discharged from the service April 28, 1865, and since the war has been a farmer, a general merchant, and for many years past a dealer in boots and shoes. He was born in Sutton in 1842. His residence is Warner.

Harry O. Franklin, Company H, was wounded severely, just at dark, July 16, 1864, when the brigade assisted the Second Corps in its assault upon the rebel lines. He was hit in the right wrist, and the wound has always caused much suffering. He rested a while, after being wounded, and then found his way to a hospital of the Second Corps; thence to City Point, and then to Annapolis, where he obtained a furlough home. He was afterwards in a hospital at Baltimore, Md., then at Chester, Penn., but on March 1, 1865, was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and was mustered out from Newark, N. J. He contributes these incidents of his war days:

"One night, when the rebels charged our picket lines in front of Knoxville and forced our line back, all the men on my left fell back, and I started to follow, but when I found that the man on my immediate right had remained, I thought that what he could do I could, so I went back to my hole and remained there until relief came."

"I was on picket the night Longstreet left, and was one of the party sent out to see if he had gone. We brought back a camp-fire brand as a proof of his departure."

"After we had carried the rebel works in those charges at the Wilderness, and had fallen back, I ran as fast as my short legs could carry me, and was one of the last to get to the rear. I was so near played out that I thought I would leave my knapsack so I could make better time; but I happened to think that all the tobacco I had was in it, and I said to myself, 'We will keep together.' But as soon as I got where I could do so, I took out the plug and put it in the back part of my cartridge-box, —for what could a fellow do in the Wilderness without his tobacco?"

The following named members of the regiment have rendered more or less assistance in the compilation of this volume:

Adjutant Morrison, Surgeons Hayes, Moore, and Jones, Chaplain Lyford, Captains Shepard, Tilton, Morrison, Dudley, Woodward, Pingree, Bell, Dimick, Currier, Everett, Sawyer, Lieutenants Johnson (G. B.), Bartlett, Johnson (Merrill), Cram, Modica, Dillenback, Wood, Brown, Goodall, Nason, Wilkins, Paige, Demeritt, Dodge, Comrades Coffin, Wilkinson, Paul, Folsom, Bennett, Fish, Cogswell (Fitz E.), Carter, Courser, Crooker, Davis (George E.), Davis (Charles S.), East-

man, Edmunds, Farrar, Gibson, Gray, Hill, Hardy, Jones, Stevens (William), Baker, Eaton, Leighton, Quimby, Robie, Stevens (William O.), Lane, Morgan, Pingree (Walter E.), Richards (Francis M.), McAllister, Williams, Bailey, Currier, Parker, Day, Franklin, Marston, Rowe, Nason, West (Daniel S.), Foote, Jones, Pray, Webster.

Joseph B. Sanborn, Company C, and George W. Burnham, Company H, have excellent rosters of their respective companies, which were kindly loaned for use in this work. Cyrus H. Little, son of Lieutenant H. K. Little, also rendered valuable assistance.

CHAPTER XXII.

REGIMENTAL HEAD-QUARTERS AT THE WEIRS—AGREEMENT—THE DUTIES OF THE ADJUTANT—CHAPLAIN STRATTON'S VALEDICTORY—VOTE FOR A CHAPLAIN—DIAGRAM OF FREDERICKSBURG BATTLE-FIELD—DETAILS—CONCLUSION.

It having been decided that a reunion of all the New Hampshire veteran organizations should be held yearly at The Wiers, several associations at once commenced building regimental head-quarters at that place. After considerable discussion of the matter by the men of the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, a meeting was held at Manchester, January 13, 1886, at which the following articles of agreement were adopted:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

1. The undersigned hereby associate themselves together as a voluntary organization, for the purpose of erecting, maintaining, and keeping in repair a suitable building, or buildings, at The Weirs, near Lake Winnipiseogee, in the town of Laconia, county of Belknap, and state of New Hampshire, and for the purchasing, leasing, and holding the land rights thereto for the accommodation of the Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, their associates and assigns, subscribers and owners of stock in said organization.

2. This Association shall be known as the Building Association of the Eleventh Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, and shall be located at The Weirs, in the county of Belknap, and state of New Hampshire.

3. The capital stock of this Association shall be $1,000, and divided into 200 shares of the value of $5 each, upon which no dividends or profits shall ever be declared.

4. Said Association may have and use a common seal, make and establish all such by-laws, ordinances, and regulations, and elect all such officers, as may be necessary for transacting the business thereof.

5. Each subscriber to these articles agrees to take the number of

shares annexed to his name in the capital stock of said Association, and pay for the same and all subsequent assessments thereon in such manner as the directors may determine: *Provided*, however, honorary members shall not be assessed.

6. The first meeting may be called by any two or more members, subscribers to the capital stock. Notices stating the time and place of the proposed meeting, and the purposes for which it is called, shall be sent by mail to each member of the Association at least five days before the time fixed for said meeting.

Dated at Manchester, this 13th day of January, 1886.

At a meeting held May 14, 1888, the fifth section was annulled, and no assessments are ever to be made.

At a meeting held at The Weirs, August 26, 1886, the following were adopted:

BY-LAWS OF THE BUILDING ASSOCIATION, ELEVENTH REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, AS ADOPTED AT THE WEIRS, N. H., AUGUST 26, 1886.

ARTICLE 1. This Association shall be located at The Weirs, near Lake Winnipesaukee, in the town of Laconia, county of Belknap, and state of New Hampshire.

ART. 2. The annual meeting of this Association shall be held at its head-quarters at The Weirs aforesaid, on the second day of the Soldiers' Reunion, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

ART. 3. Special meetings may be called by the president at such times as he may think proper, and he shall also call all such meetings on the written application of the owners of one fifth of the capital stock, or upon the request in writing of ten members of the Association, setting forth the object and purpose of said meeting or meetings. All such meetings shall be called by the secretary sending a written or printed notice, postage prepaid, to each stockholder five days at least before the time of such meeting. Each stockholder shall be entitled to one vote at all such meetings.

ART. 4. The stockholders shall annually choose by ballot a president, vice-president, secretary, and a treasurer, who shall give bonds for the faithful discharge of his duties in such sum as the president and secretary may approve; and also a board of five directors, who shall have general charge of the business of the Association.

ART. 5. The president shall preside at all meetings of the Asso-

ciation, and also of the board of directors, and in his absence the vice-president shall perform his duties. The secretary shall be sworn to the faithful discharge of his duties, and keep a correct record of the meetings of the Association, and faithfully perform all other duties pertaining to his office.

ART. 6. Any person not a member of the Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, who shall subscribe and pay for one or more shares of stock, may become an honorary member of this Association, and be entitled to all the privileges of the same, except the right to vote.

ART. 7. Five members of the Association shall constitute a quorum for transacting business.

ART. 8. These By-Laws may be altered or amended at any meeting held for that purpose.

Under these by-laws the following named were elected officers:

President, L. W. Cogswell; Vice-President, G. B. Johnson; Secretary, J. B. Sanborn; Treasurer, J. B. Clark; Directors, Charles C. Paige, G. W. Moulton, W. A. Messer, W. W. Critchett, J. LeRoy Bell.

Upon the death of Comrade Clark, Comrade Paige was chosen treasurer.

Books were opened, and money solicited for the purpose of erecting a home for the regiment at The Weirs. At a meeting of the stockholders held in Manchester, December 13, 1887, it was voted to proceed to build an Eleventh Regiment building at The Weirs.

The Ninth and the Eleventh New Hampshire regiments having been closely identified with each other during the war, being in the same brigade during the last year, a joint meeting of both organizations was held in Manchester, March 20, 1888. After due deliberation, it was voted that both associations unite in erecting at The Weirs a building to accommodate both regiments.

At a meeting held at Manchester, May 14, 1888, the following memorandum of Articles of Agreement were

drawn up by Hon. D. A. Taggart, and unanimously adopted:

AGREEMENT.

Memorandum of an agreement made this 14th day of May, 1888, by and between the Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers of the first part, and the Ninth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers of the second part, witnesseth:

1. The party of the first part hereby assigns and transfers to the party of the second part an undivided one half (½) of all that right, privilege, and interest which it has in occupying a certain lot of land at The Weirs, N. H., by allotment or assignment from the New Hampshire Veterans' Association: meaning and intending to transfer one half (½) of said right and privilege so that each regiment may enjoy and occupy said lot equally and alike.

2. Said parties hereby agree to erect a building on said lot as regimental head-quarters, with all necessary approaches thereto, to be constructed and completed for that purpose upon such plans and specifications as a majority of the building committee from each party may hereafter decide, each party hereto contributing equal amounts for the purpose herein contained.

When said building shall be completed to the satisfaction of said committee, the Eleventh Regiment shall own and occupy the north half of the same, and the Ninth Regiment shall own and occupy the south half of the same. It is also mutually agreed and understood that no external additions or alterations shall be made to or upon said building after it has been completed, unless by the consent of both parties hereto, and no internal alteration of any kind shall be made by either party which may affect the *rights* and enjoyment of the other unless by the consent of the latter: the intention being that the Eleventh Regiment shall be the sole owner of the north half, and the Ninth Regiment shall be the sole owner of the south half of said building, and neither party shall at any time do anything to affect the rights which each hereby has equally in the party wall, or partition between the halves of said building. Each party shall contribute in equal shares toward building the foundation of said building, and also equally toward a suitable cellar under said building if said parties hereto shall so decide.

In testimony whereof, the parties by their legally constituted committees have set their hands this 14th day of May, 1888.

L. W. COGSWELL, *President.*
G. B. JOHNSON, *Vice-President.*
C. C. PAIGE, *Treasurer and Director.*
J. B. SANBORN, *Secretary.*
W. W. CRITCHETT, *Director.*
For the Eleventh Regiment.

C. W. WILCOX, *Chairman.*
WM. W. ROSS, *Secretary.*
ALFRED CHASE, *Treasurer.*
J. F. FOSTER, *Director.*
A. J. HOUGH, *Director.*
For the Ninth Regiment Ass'n.

At this meeting C. C. Paige, W. W. Critchett, and W. W. Coburn were appointed to act as building committee to act with a like committee of the Ninth Regiment, with full power to examine plans, make contracts, and erect a building under the instructions of the board of directors. An elegant site for the building had already been secured, and W. W. Coburn, of Company G, Eleventh Regiment, having secured the contract, the commodious and substantial building now occupied by both regiments was erected and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on the evening of August 30, 1888. The exercises consisted of an opening address by the president of the Association, L. W. Cogswell, addresses by Captain S. D. Tilton, Colonel H. B. Titus, Rev. J. K. Ewer, chaplain G. A. R., Department of New Hampshire, Chaplain-in-Chief Anderson, G. A. R. National Encampment, General A. S. Twitchell, Hon. W. C. Harriman, Hon. M. A. Haynes; readings by Miss Annie M. Critchett of Concord and Mrs. Emma Manning Huntley of Nashua, and singing by the Veteran Male Quartette. The same evening the members of the family of Colonel Harriman presented the Association with a

very large and elegant picture of Colonel Walter Harriman, which gift was fitly recognized by the passage of the following preamble and resolution, presented by Captain S. D. Tilton:

WHEREAS, The members of the family of our late commander, General Walter Harriman, have kindly presented this Association this beautiful picture of him we all loved so dearly,—therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender these our friends our sincere thanks for the same, and that we hereby pledge eternal faithfulness to his memory, and will seek to imitate in our lives and teach our children that patriotic devotion to country and right which inspired and animated him.

Improvements have from time to time been made about the building and the grounds, the whole cost for both regiments being substantially the sum of $2,500, which has been cheerfully paid by the veterans of both regiments and their friends. In this beautiful home, supplied with sleeping accommodations for a large number of veterans, each reunion finds a very large number of men of both regiments enjoying themselves with their families, and living over again their war days with their many old friends and acquaintances in song and reminiscence.

This is a home for the men of both regiments, whether stockholders or not, and within its walls by the old campfires every one is made welcome, as witness the following:

HEAD-QUARTERS ELEVENTH REGIMENT BUILDING ASSOCIATION,
WEIRS, N. H., May 27, 1889.

At a meeting of this Association held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, An association has been formed known as the Eleventh Regiment Building Association, and as a result of such an organization and individual effort a large and beautiful building has been erected on the shore of Lake Winnipiseogee upon the grounds of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association, in the town of Laconia, county of Belknap, state of New Hampshire; and

WHEREAS, This building was erected by the money and untiring

efforts of a large number of the veterans of the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, supplemented by the liberality of patriotic citizens of the state of New Hampshire, for the accommodation, use, and comfort of all the surviving members of the Eleventh Regiment, to be occupied and enjoyed by them at their annual reunions and at other times;—therefore be it

Resolved by this Association, that these head-quarters were built expressly for the use and accommodation of all and every surviving member of the Eleventh Regiment, whether he be a stockholder in said Association or not; and be it further

Resolved, That this Association extends a cordial invitation to all members of the Eleventh Regiment to gather with us at our annual reunions, and on other occasions, to receive and enjoy the comforts of these head-quarters; and it is the wish of this Association that all such members of the Eleventh Regiment not stock owners may feel that this is their soldier home, and also to feel that they are welcome.

A true copy. Attest: J. B. SANBORN, *Secretary.*

DUTIES OF THE ADJUTANT.

The duties of the adjutant of the regiment were numerous, and in fact almost endless. It was his duty to make all details for camp, guard, or picket duty, and to assist in mounting regimental guard; to consolidate the company morning reports, and transmit a copy of the same to brigade head-quarters, and to respond to all the calls for reports of various kinds from brigade, division, or corps head-quarters; to copy all orders received or issued in proper records, and publish to company commanders whatever pertained to the affairs of their company; to assist in forming the line for parade; and to perform the clerical duties required. The following persons were commissioned or detailed as adjutants of the regiment: Charles R. Morrison, who held the position from his muster in until his discharge from the service, September 9, 1864; Lieutenant Charles E. Frost, Lieutenant William A. Nason, and Lieutenant R. Baxter Brown, who were acting adjutants.

CHAPLAIN STRATTON'S VALEDICTORY.

LEXINGTON, KY., May 5, 1863.

TO THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

Officers and Men:

Having tendered my resignation as chaplain of your regiment, and having this day received an honorable discharge from the military service of the United States, I find myself obliged to adopt this method of offering you a brief farewell.

It has been with many misgivings that I have arrived at a decision to dissolve the relation which I have borne with you for the past eight months; but my present state of health, and my connections in regard to the future, have dictated the course which I have pursued.

As I review the term of time during which we have been associated, my reflections give rise to emotions both of pleasure and of regret. The respect with which you have regarded me, both in the social circle and in the discharge of my public duties as chaplain, has been gratifying to me; and the memory of the dead, and the recollections of the good will that has bound us together as brethren in the same common cause, will never be blotted from my mind. My regrets are that my services have not been more perfect, and that I have accomplished no more for the moral and spiritual welfare of the regiment. Pardon me in that which I have failed to accomplish; and you should bear in mind that amid your future hardships, trials, and dangers, my best wishes and prayers will attend you. I shall not henceforth be with you in person: my voice will not be heard by the couch of the sick and the dying, upon parade, or in the congregation for worship; but in spirit I will be with you. Let not our love of country decline in our hearts, but let us still perform our duty, trusting that God who rules over the destinies of nations and individuals will speedily give a triumphant and crowning victory into the hands of the loyal, noble, and brave.

I leave you with the satisfaction of having labored at all times to maintain in your presence the character of an honest man, a gentleman, and a Christian. I leave you trusting that you will soon have a good man to fill the place I have vacated,—one who will be eminently useful. Hoping that I may be among the number of your friends, that we may soon have the pleasure of welcoming you all to the happy homes of New Hampshire, when the sounding horn and beating drum will no longer call us to arms, but the bow of peace encircle the whole nation, I bid you all a kindly adieu.

F. K. STRATTON.

VOTE FOR CHAPLAIN.

At a meeting of the line officers of the Eleventh Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, at the head-quarters of said regiment, by order of Captain Hollis O. Dudley, commanding said regiment, on the 29th day of September, 1863, to make choice of a chaplain for said regiment, Adjutant C. R. Morrison was chosen chairman and secretary of said meeting.

Whole number of line officers present	12
Whole number of ballots cast	12
Of these Rev. Edward T. Lyford had	11
L. T. Lyford had	1

and the said Rev. Edward T. Lyford, having a majority of the votes cast, was declared by the chairman to be the choice of said meeting for the chaplain of said regiment.

Attest:

HEAD-QUARTERS ELEVENTH REG'T, N. H. VOLS.
NEAR LONDON, KY., Sept. 30, 1863.

I certify that the whole number of line officers in regiment present for duty on the 29th day of September, 1863, was 12.

C. R. MORRISON, *Adjutant.*

FREDERICKSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.

The diagram of this celebrated and immortal battle-field has quite a romantic history. It was drawn from the rebel works, where an excellent view of the entire field could be taken in, by a member of the Louisiana Washington Artillery, the largest and most efficient battery in the rebel service. The different points of interest upon the field are carefully delineated, and show unmistakably the impossibility of capturing such strong works as

were those of the enemy. A further study of the field will fill with wonder, more than ever, those who were participants in that battle, why Lee ever allowed the Union forces to recross the river when he had them so completely in his power. A rarer opportunity to demoralize and capture a large army has hardly ever occurred in the world's military history. This battery was pitted against the Ninth Corps at Petersburg, and when the Eleventh Regiment, with its brigade, carried the enemy's works in its front, at the last assault, among the relics that had been left by the battery in its hurry to prevent capture was this diagram, which was picked up by Lieutenant Will C. Wood, and by him preserved with great care. When it was decided to use it for this work, Lieutenant Wood opened correspondence with parties in New Orleans, La., in regard to the ownership of the diagram and its draughtsman. It was found to belong to Mr. Plattsmier, who was a member of that celebrated battery, and who was much pleased to know what had become of his diagram. It has been carefully engraved, and is a valuable contribution to this work.

DETAILS.

I give the following details. Most of the orders for details not having been preserved, the list is necessarily limited:

November 30, 1864, the following named men were detailed for duty in the Ninth Army Corps hospital at City Point, Va.: Ira E. Wright, Company H, J. F. Fullonton, Company B, Charles A. Copp, Company C, Oliver Childs, Company H, A. L. Brown, Dudley J. Marston, Company I.

Charles C. Hill, Company D, was detailed, October 31, 1864, for duty in the quartermaster's department

under Captain G. A. Zimmerman. Previous to this he was for some time detailed as orderly at the Ninth Corps head-quarters.

Henry L. Walters, Company H, was, on November 7, 1864, detailed as clerk in the adjutant-general's office, Second Division, Ninth Corps.

October 22, 1864, the following named men were detailed for duty in the Second Brigade Pioneer Corps: Joel S. Sanborn, Company C, Alonzo E. Langmaid, Company A, Everett E. Sanborn, Company F, Ivory Hayes, Company K.

Fitz E. Cogswell, Company D, was, on May 19, 1864, detailed, by order of General S. G. Griffin, for duty at the Second Brigade head-quarters.

James H. Wilkinson, Company A, John C. Pray, Company K, and others whose names are not given, were detailed at different times for clerical duty in the adjutant's office. Robert Clark was for quite a period detailed for duty with the adjutant.

Lieutenant N. A. Sawyer, Company K, was detailed, March 7, 1864, to take charge of working parties from the military prison at Camp Nelson, Ky. Surgeons Ross, Hayes, and Moore were often detailed for important service.

Among the officers detailed for duty upon court-martials were Colonel Walter Harriman, Lieutenant-Colonel Moses N. Collins, Major Evarts W. Farr, Captains Horace C. Bacon, H. O. Dudley, L. W. Cogswell, Arthur C. Locke, George N. Shepard, Orlando W. Dimick, S. G. Pingree, Joseph B. Clark, Nathaniel Low, Lieutenants I. H. Morrison, C. S. Davis, Jr., and others whose names are not known.

Herman J. Eaton, Company E, and William H. Rice Co. D, were members of the provost-guard at Nicholasville, Ky., on the return from Mississippi.

Charles A. Shepard, Company A, was, on October 22, 1864, relieved from duty with the Second Division ambulance train, and ordered to report to the chief ambulance officer, Third Division, for duty.

Charles A. Bean and Warren T. Hackett, Company D, were detailed as drivers in the ammunition train for some time.

In conclusion, it should be said that these comprise but a small portion of the details that were made from the regiment for different purposes; for the wants of an army are almost unlimited, and wherever, whenever, and for what purpose, the men of the Eleventh were detailed, the labors required of them were always promptly and faithfully performed, and not a single instance is known where a detailed man was returned to the regiment because of inefficiency or for neglect of duty.

Composed, as the regiment was, of intelligent and skilful men, every service required of them was carried to completion in such a manner as to win the esteem and respect of all with whom they came in contact.

And when the war closed, and the most magnificent army the world had ever seen was disbanded, how quietly the men returned to their homes, and once more resumed the civil duties of life! How quickly the men composing this great army became absorbed in the duties of life, filling all stations from the lowest to the most exalted, displaying in civil life the same great love of country that inspired their hearts upon the field of battle, recognizing the grandeur of patriotism which has made this nation master of the world, and winning for themselves the confidence and good opinion of their fellow-countrymen!

In common with other regiments the men of the Eleventh became scattered throughout the land, and at the time of the compilation of its history they were to be

found in twenty-five different states of the Union and in Canada, filling a large number of honorable positions in the business affairs of life.

Out of this regiment have come clergymen, mechanics—some of them the most skilled of the land—teachers, physicians, lawyers, civil and railway engineers, railway managers, journalists, literary writers attaining high rank, sergeants-at-arms, doorkeepers, members of legislatures, manufacturers, accountants, persons holding responsible and high positions in state and national affairs, tillers of the soil having no superiors, merchants, conductors of mining enterprises, and occupants of almost every other conceivable industry or position in life.

And in the bustle, activities, and anxieties of life these men have the proud satisfaction of knowing that, as soldiers, they performed their duties faithfully, having but these objects in view—the greatest good of their country, and the maintenance and perpetuation of the American Union.

And thus closes the record of the noble, gallant, and patriotic Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment of Volunteers in the Great Rebellion War. I do not say it was the *best* regiment in the service, but I do say that for intelligence, endurance, bravery, and desperate fighting, the men of the Eleventh New Hampshire were worthy to stand side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the best men in the war, no matter to what arm of the service they belonged, or of what regiment they were members.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOSSES OF THE REGIMENT—RECRUITS, SUBSTITUTES, AND DRAFTED MEN—SUMMARY—CASUALTIES FROM MAY 4, 1864, TO JULY 31, 1864—CASUALTIES AT THE PEGRAM HOUSE—ABRIDGED ROSTER—ABBREVIATIONS—COMPLETE ROSTER.

Colonel William F. Fox, in his "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," has these complimentary words for the Ninth Corps:

"The Ninth Corps fought on the Carolina coast, and then moved a thousand miles westward to the fever-smitten camps at Vicksburg; and yet some of the greatest losses by disease occurred in regiments that were not subjected to the exposure of active service, while those regiments that lost the most in battle lost the fewest in number from disease. The muster-out-roll story is indeed a sad one. One is carried back to the war times, and is surrounded by its sad pictures.

"The campaign in East Tennessee was a memorable one by reason of the siege of Knoxville, and its unparalleled privations endured by the men. The part of the line occupied by the Ninth Corps in the siege of Petersburg was very near the enemy's works, and incessant firing was kept up during the siege, resulting in a daily loss of killed or wounded. While there was comparative quiet in front of the other corps positions, the men of the Ninth were subjected to the terrible strain of a constant watchfulness and deadly exposure.

"The morning report of the Ninth Corps for March 31, 1865, showed a corps strength of 18,153 'present for duty, equipped,' and thirty-six pieces of light artillery. With this force the Ninth Corps entered upon the

final campaign, taking a prominent part in the storming of Petersburg, April 2, 1865, which resulted in the evacuation of Richmond and the downfall of the Confederacy. The corps was not only among the foremost in this brilliant assault, but its flags were the first to wave over the public buildings of Petersburg. This was the last battle in which the corps participated, and on July 27, 1865, the existence of the Ninth Corps was officially terminated."

He gives a list of 300 fighting regiments, including those regiments which lost over 130 in killed and died of wounds during the war. He has these good words for the Eleventh New Hampshire, which is included in the fighting regiments:

"The Eleventh saw its first battle at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, where it behaved with extraordinary gallantry, its conduct receiving commendation. Its losses on that day were 19 killed, 151 wounded, and 25 missing;—total, 195.

"The Ninth Corps passed the greater part of 1863 in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. Before going to the West, there was a month's preparatory stay at Newport News, Va., which, with the time spent in Kentucky, was the pleasantest period in the existence of the regiment. It was a time of blue skies, green fields, comfortable quarters, good food, and pleasant journeys by land and water.

"The Eleventh participated without loss in the investment of Vicksburg, but in the following siege and operations at Jackson, Miss., it lost one killed and five wounded. It was also engaged in the siege of Knoxville, Tenn., in November, 1863—a campaign notable for its hardships and privations.

"Leaving Tennessee in April [March. L. W. C.], 1864, the regiment rejoined the Army of the Potomac

(Griffin's Brigade, Potter's Division). Lieutenant-Colonel Moses N. Collins was killed at the Wilderness. The regiment was engaged at the Petersburg Mine with a loss of nine killed, thirty-two wounded, and twenty-two missing, and in all the subsequent battles of the corps added to its reputation for hard fighting and heavy losses."

He gives these as the losses of the regiment:

"Killed, field and staff, 1; Company A, 15; B, 16; C, 17; D, 10; E, 1 officer, 6 men—7; F, 1 officer, 6 men—7; G, 1 officer, 16 men—17; H, 6; I, 1 officer, 9 men—10; K, 10;—total, 116. Died of disease, accidents, and in prisons—Company A, 14; B, 10; C, 11; D, 12; E, 14; F, 12; G, 16; H, 19; I, 11; K, 10;—total, 119. Number of men in the regiment, field and staff, 13. Company A, 101; B, 101; C, 101; D, 101; E, 95; F, 101; G, 98; H, 102; I, 101; K, 95;—total, 1,009. Recruits, 630. Killed, 29; died, 23. Aggregate: Officers killed, 5; men killed and died of wounds, 140;—total, 145. Died of disease—1 officer, 151 men;—total, 152.

"Killed in all, 145, or 11.4 per cent. of the regiment. Total killed, wounded, and died of disease, 528. Died in prisons, 18. Where killed: Fredericksburg, 40; Jackson, Miss., 2; Knoxville, Tenn., 1; Morristown, Tenn., 2; Wilderness, 10; Spottsylvania, 27; Bethesda church, 9; Siege of Petersburg, 22; Petersburg Mine, 23; Peebles farm, 10;—total, 145.

"Battles of the Ninth Corps—Roanoke Island, New Berne, Camden, Wilmington Island, James Island, Manassas, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, siege of Vicksburg, Jackson, siege of Knoxville, Strawberry Plains, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda church, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, June 17, 1864, Petersburg trenches, Petersburg

Mine, Weldon Railroad, Poplar Spring church, Boydton Road, Hatcher's Run, Fort Stedman, fall of Petersburg."

RECRUITS, SUBSTITUTES, AND DRAFTED MEN.

"Following is a statement of recruits, substitutes, and drafted men assigned to, joined, and deserted from the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers to January 1, 1865: Whole number of recruits assigned, 382; number joined the regiment, 166; number deserted since joining, 16. Whole number of substitutes and drafted men assigned, 200; number joined the regiment, 61; number deserted since joining, 2. Whole number assigned, 582; number joined the regiment, 227; number deserted since joining, 18. Killed in action, 21; wounded, 21; missing in action, 35; absent from wounds, 21; died of disease, 12; discharged, 5.

"By the foregoing it appears that since the first organization of the regiment 582 men have been assigned to it and sent forward, but 355 deserted en route, and only 227 ever reached the regiment. Eighteen of these have deserted since joining, leaving only 209 who have proved to be good and faithful soldiers. These troops were raised at an enormous expense to town, state, and county, and of these 373 have proved to be more than useless. If quotas are to be filled with this class of men, when will the necessity for additional calls cease, and how long will it take to bankrupt the country?"

The above statement by Colonel Walter Harriman is of course substantially correct.

Whole number of recruits assigned to the regiment	661
Deserted before joining the regiment	387
Total number joined to regiment	279

These men were assigned as follows:

Company A	30	Company F	26
Company B	28	Company G	36
Company C	21	Company H	28
Company D	24	Company I	16
Company E	26	Company K	44
Total	129	Total	150

Sum total, 279.

Their record is,—

Deserted after joining the regiment	21
Died of disease	16
Died in prison	10
Killed in action and died of wounds	29
Honorably discharged	28
Transferred to Invalid Corps	10
Whole number wounded	65
Transferred to the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers	175

Of the deserters, 226 were volunteers, 155 were substitutes, and 1 was a drafted man.

Of the 661 assigned to the regiment, 446 were volunteers, 204 were substitutes, and 11 were drafted men.

A careful computation from the official records gives this summary:

Whole number of original officers and men	1,009
Whole number of recruits	661
Total in regiment	1,670
Killed and died of wounds	145
Died of disease	151
Deserted	427
Discharged for disability	295
Transferred to Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers	175
Transferred to other organizations	6
Died in rebel prisons	20
Missing in action (never heard from)	4
Discharged to accept commissions	2
Transferred to Invalid Corps	105
Mustered out with regiment	340
	1,670

REPORT OF CASUALTIES IN THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, FROM MAY 4, 1864, TO JULY 31, 1864, INCLUSIVE.

OFFICERS—KILLED IN BATTLE, 2.

No.	Name.	Rank.	Co.	When.	Where.	Remarks.
1	Moses N. Collins	Lt. Col.		May 6	Wilderness.	
1	Arthur E. Hutchins	1st Lt.		" "	Wilderness.	
2						

WOUNDED, 15.

1	Chas. R. Morrison	Adjutant		May 12	Spottsylvania	Abdomen, severe.
1	John E. Cram	2d Lieut.	B	" "	Spottsylvania	Leg, severe.
1	Isaac H. Morrison	1st Lieut.	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Right arm, severe.
1	Sewell D. Tilton	Captain	"	July 30	Before Petersburg	Right arm, severe.
1	Hollis O. Dudley	Captain	C	May 6	Wilderness	Hand and left arm, slight.
1	Leand. W. Cogswell	Captain	D	June 17	Before Petersburg	Right thigh, grape shot, slight.
1	Hiram K. Little	1st Lieut.	F	" 20	Before Petersburg	Died of wounds, neck.
1	J. LeRoy Bell	2d Lieut.	G	May 12	Spottsylvania	Ankle, slight.
1	J. LeRoy Bell	2d Lieut.	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Head, slight.
1	J. LeRoy Bell	2d Lieut.	"	July 30	Before Petersburg	Head, slight.
1	Joseph B. Clark	Captain	H	May 6	Wilderness	Arm and thigh, severe.
1	Frank S. Bean	2d Lieut.	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Shoulder, slight.
1	J. C. Currier	2d Lieut.	I	May 6	Wilderness	Mouth, severe.
1	George N. Shepard	Captain	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Thigh, slight.
1	L. Newell Sawyer	2d Lieut.	K	" 17	Before Petersburg	Right arm, slight.
15						

MISSING, 2.

1	Walter Harriman	Colonel		May 6	Wilderness	Prisoner of war.
1	Orlando W. Dimick	1st Lieut.	H	June 17	Before Petersburg	Prisoner of war.
2						

ENLISTED MEN—KILLED, 32.

1	Charles H. Smith	Private	A	June 3	Bethesda church
1	George W. Harvey	Serge'nt	"	May 12	Spottsylvania
1	George E. Johnson	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania
1	Greenleaf C. French	Corporal	"	June 7	Cold Harbor
1	James L. Stevens	Private	"	July 30	Before Petersburg
1	Augustus P. Emery	"	C	June 2	Bethesda church
1	Albert P. Gage	"	"	" 3	Bethesda church
1	Washi'n Follansbee	"	"	" 21	Before Petersburg
1	Alex. Hutchinson	"	"	" 29	Before Petersburg
1	Isaac H. Heath	"	"	July 2	Before Petersburg
1	Savory Cheney	"	D	May 18	Spottsylvania
1	W. J. Templeton	"	"	July 30	Before Petersburg
1	Hazen Bartlett	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg
1	George F. Merrill	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg
1	John H. Philbrick	"	E	May 16	Spottsylvania
1	Hiram S. Barber	"	F	" "	Spottsylvania
1	Alvin B. Williams	Corporal	"	" 12	Spottsylvania
1	Joseph Pero	Private	"	July 19	Before Petersburg
1	Henry A. Nelson	"	"	" 30	Before Petersburg
1	Alfred Pinch	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg
1	Moses C. Sargent	"	G	May 12	Spottsylvania
1	Daniel Morrison	"	"	July 18	Before Petersburg
1	George C. Swift	"	"	" 22	Before Petersburg
1	Hollis M. Ham	"	H	May 12	Spottsylvania
1	Aaron Sargent	"	"	June 16	Before Petersburg
1	Moses H. Stickney	"	I	July 30	Before Petersburg
1	William Graves	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg

ENLISTED MEN—*Continued.*

No.	Name	Rank.	Co.	When.	Where.	Remarks.
1	William H. Snell	1st Serg.	K	May 12	Spottsylvania	
1	Charles Kaiser	Private	"	" "	Spottsylvania	
1	Gustavus P. Horne	"	"	June 3	Bethesda church	
1	Joshua B. Gray	"	"	" 16	Before Petersburg	
1	Nathaniel Brown	Corporal	"	July 30	Before Petersburg	
32						

WOUNDED, 227.

1	True W. Langmaid	Private	A	May 6	Wilderness	Left hand, ball, slight.
1	Lewis Chase	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Face, ball, severe.
1	Nathaniel B. Collins	Serge'nt	"	" 12	Spottsylvania	Left arm, shell, severe.
1	John S. Osgood	Corporal	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left arm, ball, slight.
1	Exis Legro	Private	"	June 7	Cold Harbor	Left leg, ball, severe.
1	E. G. Brackett	Corporal	"	" 17	Before Petersburg	Left hand, ball, slight.
1	Chas. F. Purington	Private	"	July 2	Before Petersburg	Left hand, ball, slight.
1	George E. Parks	"	"	" 10	Before Petersburg	Face, ball, severe.
1	George W. Caswell	Serge'nt	"	" 30	Before Petersburg	Left arm and leg, ball, severe.
1	Thomas F. Webb	Private	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Left arm, ball, severe.
1	Orrin B. Cram	Corporal	B	May 6	Wilderness	Left leg, shell, slight.
1	George W. Gilman	Private	"	" "	Wilderness	Heel, ball, severe.
1	Merrill Johnson	1st Lieut.	"	" 12	Spottsylvania	Left leg, ball, severe.
1	Elvin T. Nay	Corporal	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left arm, ball, severe.
1	Jacob Calran	Private	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left shoulder, ball, severe.
1	John R. Prescott	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left breast, shell, slight.
1	Franklin Good	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right thigh, ball, died.
1	Chas. H. Thompson	Corporal	"	" 16	Spottsylvania	Head, ball, severe.
1	Plummer D. Small	Serge'nt	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Left hip, shell, slight.
1	J. P. H. Thompson	Private	"	May 18	Spottsylvania	Both legs, solid shot, slight.
1	George H. Chesley	"	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Shoulder, ball, slight.
1	James Ritchie	Corporal	"	" 16	Pefore Petersburg	Right hand, ball, severe.
1	John McCarty	Private	"	" 17	Before Petersburg	Right arm and side, ball, severe
1	George H. Chesley	"	"	" 25	Before Petersburg	Left shoulder, ball, died.
1	George F. Sylvester	"	"	" 7	Cold Harbor	Both legs, ball, severe.
1	Henry Redin	"	"	" 30	Before Petersburg	Right leg, ball, amputated.
1	Omri K. Eastman	Corporal	"	July "	Before Petersburg	Right arm and side, ball, died.
1	Orrin Bean	Private	C	May 6	Wilderness	Right arm, ball, slight.
1	Charles D. Annis	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Left leg fractured, ball, died.
1	Edward Adann	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Groin, ball, severe.
1	Laomi Searles	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Left shoulder, ball, slight.
1	John B. Lucian	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Left thumb shot off, ball.
1	Geo. T. McGilvreay	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Right leg, ball, slight.
1	A. S. Vickery	"	"	" 12	Spottsylvania	Left leg, ball, died.
1	Ezra B. Collins	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left hand, ball, slight.
1	George A. Tilton	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right leg fractured, died.
1	True O. Fernald	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right wrist, ball, severe.
1	A. J. Frye	1st Serg.	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left hip and arm, died.
1	George A. Gould	Corporal	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left shoulder, shell, slight.
1	Joel Sanborn	Private	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right arm, ball, slight.
1	Joseph Sanborn, Jr.	Corporal	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Breast, shell, slight.
1	William Millerick	Private	"	June 2	Bethesda church	Left wrist, ball, slight.
1	A. J. Bennett	Serge'nt	"	" 3	Bethesda church	Right arm, ball, severe.
1	Leonard Eckle	Private	"	" "	Bethesda church	Head, ball, slight.
1	Andrew J. Lull	"	"	" "	Bethesda church	Left shoulder, ball, slight.
1	Moses Richardson	"	"	" "	Bethesda church	Right hand, ball, slight.
1	Charles A. Mellan	"	"	" "	Bethesda church	Right foot, ball, slight.
1	Charles Williams	"	"	" 6	Cold Harbor	Head, ball, slight.
1	Levi P. Stanley	"	"	" 17	Before Petersburg	Right hand, ball, slight.
1	James W. Kesler	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Head, ball, slight.
1	Daniel M. Leighton	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Head, shell, slight.
1	Thomas A. Parker	Corporal	"	" 18	Before Petersburg	Left shoulder, ball, severe.
1	F. W. Gordon	Private	"	" 20	Before Petersburg	Face, ball, severe.
1	Charles Williams	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Right breast, ball, severe.
1	Levi B. Lewis	"	"	July 4	Before Petersburg	Left knee, cut, slight.
1	Charles F. Johnson	Serge'nt	"	" 30	Before Petersburg	Right leg, ball, slight.
1	H. H. Longley	Private	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Left wrist, ball, slight.
1	Charles A. Sargent	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Back, shell, slight.

ENLISTED MEN—*Continued.*

No.	Name.	Rank.	Co.	When.	Where.	Remarks.
1	Plummer B. Page	Private	D	May 6	Wilderness	Leg, ball, severe.
1	Lewis Abbott	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Side, ball, slight.
1	GeorgeH.Pritchard	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Right leg, ball, slight.
1	William Gartside	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Breast, shell, slight.
1	Savory Cheney	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Left arm, ball, severe.
1	Robert D. Rice	Corporal	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Leg and thigh, ball, severe.
1	Edgar O. Couch	Private	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Shoulder, shell, slight.
1	Lewis Albert	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Arm, shell, slight.
1	George J.Raymond	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Knee, ball, died.
1	Charles S. Davis	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Arm, shell, slight.
1	W. J. Templeton	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Arm, ball, slight.
1	George T. Ordway	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Side, ball, slight.
1	Louis Dechamp	"	"	24	North Anna	Leg, ball, severe.
1	Samuel O. Gibson	Corporal	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Back, ball, slight.
1	Edgar O. Couch	Private	"	" "	Bethesda church	Neck, ball, slight.
1	GeorgeH.Pritchard	"	"	" 16	Before Petersburg	Left arm, amputated, ball.*
1	Samuel O. Gibson	Corporal	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Right arm, amputated, ball.*
1	William Mennie	Private	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Side, ball, slight.
1	Frank B. Flanders	"	"	" 19	Before Petersburg	Leg, ball, severe.
1	Alonzo Carter	"	"	July 27	Before Petersburg	Leg, shell, slight.
1	George F. Merrill	Corporal	"	" 30	Before Petersburg	Right thigh, ball, died.
1	William Stevens	Serge'nt	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Right arm, ball, severe.
1	Geo. F. Edmunds	1st Serg.	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Head, ball, slight.
1	Lewis Childs	Corporal	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Leg, ball, severe, color bearer.
1	Charles E. Wood	Serge'nt	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Side, ball, died.
1	Clifford K. Burns	"	E	May 6	Wilderness	Mouth and arm, ball, severe.
1	John H. Johonnett	Private	"	" "	Wilderness	Leg, shell, slight.
1	George M. Kezar	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Leg, ball, slight.
1	George A. Lewis	"	"	" "	Wildeness	Leg, ball, slight.
1	Duncan Campbell	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Finger, ball, slight.
1	Henry E. Blaisdell	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Finger, ball, slight.
1	Francis Richardson	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Finger, ball, slight.
1	John B. Potter	Corporal	"	" 12	Spottsylvania	Right arm, shell, slight.
1	John Sargent	Private	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Shoulder, ball, severe.
1	William G. Cole	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right arm, shell, slight.
1	Henry E. Blaisdell	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right arm, ball, severe.
1	Sylvester Godfrey	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right hand, ball, severe.
1	John Shorrecks	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right hand, ball, severe.
1	Frank P. Lewis	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Back, ball, slight.
1	Willard B. Moore	"	"	" 26	North Anna	Both legs, ball, died.
1	Henry C. Little	Corporal	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Right leg, ball, slight.
1	William Dickerman	"	"	" "	Bethesda church	Hip, shell, slight.
1	Charles E. Flower	Private	"	" "	Bethesda church	Right arm, ball, slight.
1	Francis Richardson	"	"	" "	Bethesda church	Right great toe, shell, slight.
1	Duncan Campbell	"	"	" "	Bethesda church	Right leg, ball, died.
1	Nat. C. Barker	Serge'nt	"	" 7	Cold Harbor	Hip, ball, slight.
1	Herman J. Eaton	Corporal	"	" 16	Before Petersburg	Left arm, ball, severe.
1	Chas. W. Leighton	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Head, ball, slight.
1	Wm. H. F. Chase	Private	"	" 20	Before Petersburg	Left leg, ball, slight.
1	John Turner	"	"	July 30	Before Petersburg	Head, ball, severe.
1	Horace R. Sawyer	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Face, ball, slight.
1	Frank P. Lewis	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Left foot, ball, severe.
1	John C. Wentworth	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Right shoulder, ball, severe.
1	John Lewis	"	F	May 6	Wilderness	Left thigh, ball, severe.
1	Geo. R. McFarland	Corporal	"	" "	Wilderness	Left foot, ball, slight.
1	George F. Willey	Private	"	" "	Wilderness	Right arm, ball, slight.
1	Francis M.Richards	Corporal	"	" 12	Spottsylvania	Right arm, ball, severe.
1	Reuben Ray	Private	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left arm, ball, severe.
1	Lewis Bruno	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right leg, ball, severe.
1	Everett T. Sanborn	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left side, ball, slight.
1	Alamando Heath	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left side, ball, slight.
1	Warren H.Symonds	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right foot, shell, slight.
1	David L. Luce	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right hip, ball, slight.
1	Joseph Alassene	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Hand, ball, slight.
1	Walter E. Pingree	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left arm, ball, severe.
1	John Hemphill	Corporal	"	" 16	Spottsylvania	Groin, ball, severe.
1	John Lorden	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Little finger shot off, ball.
1	Daniel M. Annis	Private	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right arm, amputated, ball.

* **Both by same ball.**

ENLISTED MEN—*Continued.*

No.	Name.	Rank.	Co.	When.	Where.	Remarks.
1	George B. Robie	Private	F	May 16	Spottsylvania	Right leg, ball, severe.
1	John Johnson	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right leg, ball, slight.
1	John Austin	"	"	" 18	Spottsylvania	Face, ball, slight.
1	Moses C. Colcord	"	"	" 26	North Anna	Left knee, ball, slight.
1	Abram P. Richards	"	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Left thumb, ball, slight.
1	Timothy B. Lewis	"	"	" 16	Before Petersburg	Hand, ball, severe.
1	Abram P. Richards	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Left hand fingers, ball, slight.
1	William Baker	"	"	" 17	Before Petersburg	Both legs, ball, died.
1	Edward Busha	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Left hand, ball, severe.
1	James Merrill	"	"	June 19	Before Petersburg	Right arm, ball, severe.
1	Louis LaMarche	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Left thumb shot off, ball.
1	Reuben F. Stevens	"	"	July 3	Before Petersburg	Hip, shell, slight.
1	Louis Robert	"	"	" 5	Before Petersburg	Head, ball, slight.
1	Joseph Brodeaux	"	"	" 18	Before Petersburg	Neck, ball, severe.
1	Geo. W. Summers	"	"	" 22	Before Petersburg	Head, shell, died.
1	Alexander Lane	Serge'nt	"	" 30	Before Petersburg	Left shoulder, ball, slight.
1	John Johnson	Private	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Left arm, ball, severe.
1	William H. Whitney	Corporal	G	May 6	Wilderness	Left leg, ball, slight.
1	Martin Rogers	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Left shoulder, ball, slight.
1	William D. Avery	Private	"	" "	Wilderness	Finger, ball, slight.
1	Ed. B. Sadler	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Upper lip, ball, slight.
1	James A. Bailey	Serg't*	"	" 12	Spottsylvania	Left leg, ball, severe.
1	Robert W. Haney	Private	"	"	Spottsylvania	Breast, shell, slight.
1	George Hart	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Hands, ball, severe.
1	Daniel M. Howe	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Breast, ball, severe.
1	Richard A. Kolvers	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Neck, shell, slight.
1	John M. Larned	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Bowels, hip, and hands, died.
1	William Rankin	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Right leg, ball, slight.
1	Ed. B. Sadler	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Left leg, ball, severe.
1	Joseph Shanty	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	R. hand, 3 fingers shot off, ball.
1	Henry Walters	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Forehead, shell, slight.
1	George Weller	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	L. arm, ball, amputated.
1	Hiram E. Currier	"	"	" 14	Spottsylvania	L.arm,breast,ball,arm ampu'd.
1	James K. Lane	Corp.*	"	" 16	Spottsylvania	Breast, ball, died.
1	Isaac H. Tyler	Private	"	" 18	Spottsylvania	Right hand, ball, severe.
1	Warren Wetherbee	Corporal	"	June 17	Before Petersburg	Hip, ball, severe.
1	Oscar Holt	Private	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Right arm, ball, severe.
1	Amos Lund, Jr.	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Right arm, shell, slight.
1	Nat. M. Foster	1st Serg.	"	" 19	Before Petersburg	Head, ball, severe.
1	Adin M. Pike	Private	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Right thigh, ball, severe.
1	Henry George	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Right thigh, ball, died.
1	Richard A. Colvers	"	"	July 3	Before Petersburg	Left thigh, ball, severe.
1	Charles N. Godfrey	"	"	" 6	Before Petersburg	Shoulder, ball, severe.
1	John Q. Gilchrist	Corporal	"	" 30	Before Petersburg	Left arm, ball, amputated.
1	Joseph Mason	Private	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Right hand, ball, amputated.
1	Albert Sanborn	Serge'nt	H	May 6	Wilderness	Left wrist, ball, severe.
1	Thomas E. Jones	Private	"	"	Wilderness	Left hand, ball, severe.
1	George C. Webb	"	"	"	Wilderness	Right hand ball, slight.
1	Nathaniel Whittier	"	"	"	Wilderness	Righ ear, ball, severe.
1	Ledus Herbert	"	"	"	Wilderness	Left arm, shell, slight.
1	John O. Barnes	"	"	" 12	Spottsylvania	L. breast & abdomen,ball,died.
1	Charles W. Martin	Serge'nt	"	"	Spottsylvania	Left foot, ball, severe.
1	George W. Emery	Private	"	"	Spottsylvania	Left arm, ball, severe.
1	Joseph A. Gould	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Head, ball, slight.
1	Bertram G. Locke	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Finger, ball, slight.
1	David C. Stark	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Head, ball, severe.
1	Charles H. Smith	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Left hand, ball, severe.
1	Fred. Smith	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Back, ball, slight.
1	Eli S. Tyler	"	"	"	Spottsylvania	Left arm, ball, died.
1	Henry H. Bathroun	"	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Left leg, ball, severe.
1	Byron G. Kenyon	Corporal	"	" 16	Before Petersburg	Leg and right side,ball,severe.
1	Harry O. Franklin	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Left wrist, ball, severe.
1	Nat. Whittier	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Back, ball, died.
1	Will. C. Wood	Serge'nt	"	" 17	Before Petersburg	Left shoulder, shell, severe.
1	Frank Morey	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Left hand, shell, slight.
1	Chas. W. Freeman	Private	"	July 30	Before Petersburg	Left shoulder, ball, severe.
1	Henry Gorman	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Abdomen, ball, died.
1	Auguste Hurner	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Right shoulder, ball, slight.

* Color-bearer.

ENLISTED MEN—*Continued.*

No.	Name.	Rank.	Co.	When.	Where.	Remarks.
1	Frank Miller	Private	H	July 30	Before Petersburg	R. hand, lost 2 fingers, ball.
1	Fred. Smith	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Left foot, shell, severe,
1	Jonathan P. James	Corporal	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Back, ball, severe.
1	C. B. Magoon	Serge'nt	I	May 6	Wilderness	Left leg, ball, severe.
1	S. B. Pevere	Private	"	" "	Wilderness	Face, ball, severe.
1	N. W. Lane	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Finger, shell, slight.
1	S. D. Underhill	"	"	" "	Wilderness	Left foot, ball, slight.
1	R. Baxter Brown	Serge'nt	"	" 12	Spottsylvania	Left hand, ball, severe.
1	Daniel S. West	Corp.*	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Leg, ball, severe.
1	Daniel C. Davis	Private	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left arm, ball, severe.
1	Josiah Watson	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Left leg, ball, severe.
1	David Motherall	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Arm and breast, ball, severe.
1	J. B. Rowe	Corporal	"	" 16	Spottsylvania	Right leg, ball, severe.
1	C. E. Wason	Private	"	" 18	Spottsylvania	Left arm, ball, severe.
1	C. C. Paige	Serge'nt	"	June 3	Bethesda church	Left arm broken, ball, severe.
1	John Brown	Corporal	"	" "	Bethesda church	Right leg, ball, severe.
1	Geo. W. Hartford	Private	"	" 20	Before Petersburg	Right hand, ball, severe.
1	David A. Moulton	Corporal	"	July 30	Before Petersburg	Head, ball, severe.
1	Henry W. Rowe	Private	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Arm and side, ball, severe.
1	Augustus B. Gile	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	Head, ball, slight.
1	Abram Amaseen	"	K	May 6	Wilderness	Finger, ball, slight.
1	Louis A. Young	Corporal	"	" 12	Spottsylvania	Breast, ball, severe.
1	William H. Ford	Private	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right arm, ball, severe.
1	William H. Norton	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right hip, ball, severe.
1	Samuel H. West	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right leg, ball, died.
1	Thomas Curran	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	Right shoulder, ball, severe.
1	James Tolmay	"	"	" 16	Spottsylvania	Shoulder, shell, severe.
1	George A. Nash	"	"	June 6	Cold Harbor	Side, ball, slight.
1	William Sanford	"	"	" "	Cold Harbor	Right elbow, ball, slight.
1	Enoch T. Hamon	"	"	" 16	Before Petersburg	Finger, ball, slight.
1	Albert F. Hill	"	"	" 30	Before Petersburg	Left foot, ball, severe.
1	John Gippert	"	"	" 3	Bethesda church	Right leg, ball, severe.
1	A. P. Henderson	"	"	July 30	Before Petersburg	Left arm, amputated, ball.
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MISSING, 43.

1	John Ham	Private	A	May 6	Wilderness
1	James L. Neal	"	"	" "	Wilderness
1	John Willey	"	"	" 18	Spottsylvania
1	William Grant	"	"	June 2	Bethesda church
1	John Sullivan	"	"	" "	Bethesda church
1	Joseph Lolond	"	"	" "	Bethesda church
1	James McDonald	"	"	" "	Bethesda church
1	Patrick Connor	"	"	" "	Bethesda church
1	John Early	"	"	" 3	Bethesda church
1	Francis S. Syball	"	"	July 30	Before Petersburg
1	Charles Erricks	"	B	May 6	Wilderness
1	Orrin B. Cram	Serge'nt	"	July 30	Before Petersburg
1	David S. Healy	Private	"	" "	Before Petersburg
1	William H. Parsons	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg
1	John Williams	"	"	" 30	Before Petersburg
1	William W. Fish	"	C	May 6	Wilderness
1	John L. F. Phelps	"	"	" "	Wilderness
1	David K. Woodbury	"	"	" 12	Spottsylvania
1	Edgar O. Couch	"	D	July 30	Before Petersburg
1	William Mennie	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg
1	Henry Gorman	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg
1	M. Richardson	"	E	May 6	Wilderness
1	John B. Pattee	Corporal	"	July 30	Before Petersburg
1	Russell B. French	Private	"	"	Before Petersburg
1	L. N. Little	"	"	"	Before Petersburg
1	John Austin	"	F	"	Before Petersburg
1	Leander LaBonta	"	"	"	Before Petersburg
1	Henry D. Hall	Corporal	G	May 6	Wilderness
1	Martin Rogers	"	"	July 30	Before Petersburg

* Color-bearer.

ENLISTED MEN—*Continued.*

No.	Name.	Rank.	Co.	When.	Where.	Remarks.
1	George Day	Private	G	July 30	Before Petersburg	
1	Robert W. Haney	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	
1	William Rankin	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	
1	Webster D. Huse	Corporal	H	June 17	Before Petersburg	
1	Freeman F. Thomas	"	"	July 30	Before Petersburg	
1	James Coffee	Private	I	May 12	Spottsylvania	
1	Mark Waterman	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	
1	James Wilson	"	"	" "	Spottsylvania	
1	Jere. Batcheller	"	"	July 30	Before Petersburg	
1	Warren J. Hills	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	
1	Kingsley L. Hale	"	"	" "	Before Petersburg	
1	James W. Franklin	Corporal	K	May 6	Wilderness	
1	Charles H. Smith	Private	"	" "	Wilderness	
1	Richard Perry	"	"	July 30	Before Petersburg	
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RECAPITULATION.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Aggregate.
Officers,	2	15	2	
Enlisted men,	31	227	43	
Totals,	33	242	45	320

CASUALTIES NEAR PEGRAM HOUSE.

The casualties in the Eleventh regiment, N. H. Volunteers, on the 30th September and October 1, 1864, near Pegram house, were,—

RANK.	NAME.	NATURE OF CASUALTY.
Capt.	A. C. Locke, com'd'g regt.	Gun-shot wound, right arm.
	Company A.	
Capt.	J. C. Currier	Wounded in face severely.
1st Lieut.	Charles Davis	Wounded in leg severely.
Sergt.	Willard Wilson	Wounded in leg severely.
Sergt.	T. F. Caswell	Wounded and captured.
Corporal	M. S. Taylor	Wounded and missing.
Private	W. Allen	Wounded and missing.
"	A. A. Caswell	Wounded and captured.
"	Alexander Groveron	Wounded and missing.
"	Joseph Kuse	Wounded and missing.
"	Daniel H. Lang	Wounded.
	Company B.	
Private	A. G. Ring	Wounded in head severely,
"	S. J. Randall	Wounded in left arm slightly.
"	M. O. Neil	Missing.
"	John Johnson	Missing.
	Company C.	
Sergt.	E. C. Emerson	Wounded in heel slightly.
Corporal	H. B. Corning	Killed.
"	J. W. Kessler	Wounded in left leg slightly.
Private	Edward Welch	Wounded in hand severely.
"	John Hamilton	Killed.
Corporal	Joseph Sanborn, Jr.	Wounded in knee severely.
Private	L. F. Stanley	Missing.
"	L. Eckle	Missing.
"	D. M. Leighton	Missing.
"	L. M. Smith	Missing and wounded.
"	B. J. Springsteel	Missing.
"	C. A. Sargent	Missing.
"	George Smith	Missing.

Company D.

Corporal	C. S. Davis	Wounded in right shoulder.
Private	Francis Gallagher	Missing and wounded.
"	Fred Abel	Missing and wounded.

Company E.

Sergt.	H. C. Little	Missing.
Private	E. Batchelder	Wounded in hip.
"	Charles Gordon	Wounded in abdomen.
Corporal	T. E. Bickford	Wounded in neck and breast.
"	W. Dickerman	Missing.
Private	Charles Reynolds	Missing.

Company F.

Sergt.	James McAllister	Missing.
Private	James Bumford	Wounded right leg, left hip severely.

Company G.

Capt.	J. L. R. Bell	Wounded in leg severely.
1st Sergt.	N. M. Foster	Wounded and missing.
"	C. P. Chamberlain	Missing.
Private	A. Robinson	Wounded in arm severely.
"	J. Burgen	Wounded in hand slightly.
"	Gilbert Chamberlain	Missing.
"	Sumner Emery	Missing.

Company H.

Lieut.	F. S. Bean	Wounded in hip severely.
Corporal	S. D. Currier	Right arm amputated, leg wd. slight.
Private	James Peacock	Wounded in left shoulder severely.
"	J. A. Gould	Wounded in foot slightly.
"	Eugene Fortner	Missing.
"	Richard Dampman	Missing.

Company I.

1st Sergt.	R. B. Brown	Wounded in hip slightly.
Corporal	Levi Barker	Wounded in thigh severely.
Private	J. P. Bean	Missing.
"	J. L. Gleason	Missing.
"	Joseph Goodrow	Missing.
"	Joseph Parean	Missing.

Company K.

1st Sergt.	A. W. Dame	Wounded in arm.
"	C. F. Sperling	Missing.
Private	James Campbell	Killed.
"	Samuel Cotton	Killed.
"	Joseph Oliver	Killed.
"	A. Barker	Missing.
"	John Barry	Missing.
"	Amos Bond	Missing.
"	Joseph Levire	Wounded and missing.
"	William Carr	Missing.
"	John Croley	Missing.
"	Charles W. Hill	Missing.

Five were killed, sixty-five wounded and missing.

ABRIDGED ROSTER.

The following is an abridged roster of all commissioned officers of the Eleventh Regiment during its term of service:

FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONEL.

Walter Harriman.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

Moses N. Collins, Leander W. Cogswell.

MAJORS.

Moses N. Collins, Evarts W. Farr.

ADJUTANTS.

Charles R. Morrison, William A. Nason.

QUARTERMASTERS.

James F. Briggs, Gilman B. Johnson.

SURGEONS.

Jonathan S. Ross, John A. Hayes.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

John A. Hayes, Edward R. Hutchins, John C. W. Moore, Charles M. Jones.

CHAPLAINS.

Frank K. Stratton, Edward T. Lyford.

LINE OFFICERS.

COMPANY A—CAPTAINS.

Horace C. Bacon, J. Charles Currier, Charles E. Frost.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

George N. Shepard, Charles Davis, Jr., Charles E. Bartlett.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Gilman B. Johnson, Charles E. Bartlett.

COMPANY B—CAPTAIN.

Sewall D. Tilton.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Isaac H. Morrison, Merrill Johnson, John E. Cram.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Joseph H. Cram, John E. Cram, George W. Caswell.

COMPANY C—CAPTAIN.

Hollis O. Dudley.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Joseph B. Clark, Jeremiah D. Lyford, Charles C. Paige, William C. Wood.

COMPANY D—CAPTAINS.

Leander W. Cogswell, Charles Davis, Jr., Charles E. Everett.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Thomas L. Sanborn, David C. Harriman, Joseph A. Modica.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

David C. Harriman, Charles Davis, Jr.

COMPANY E—CAPTAINS.

Amos B. Shattuck, Arthur C. Locke.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Arthur C. Locke, Henry G. Dillenback, Charles E. Frost, Solomon Dodge, Jr.

COMPANY F—CAPTAINS.

Samuel M. Carr, Charles Woodward, Orlando Dimick.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Austin W. Messer, Charles Woodward, Hiram K. Little, William A. Nason, R. Baxter Brown.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Hiram K. Little, R. Freeman Sanborn.

COMPANY G—CAPTAINS.

George E. Pingree, J. LeRoy Bell.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Arthur E. Hutchins, L. Newell Sawyer, Ira G. Wilkins.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

J. LeRoy Bell.

COMPANY H—CAPTAINS.

Converse G. Morgan, Joseph B. Clark.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Orlando W. Dimick, Frank S. Bean, William C. Wood, Henry French.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Allen H. George, Frank S. Bean, William C. Wood.

COMPANY I—CAPTAINS.

Wlliam R. Patten, George N. Shepard.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

John K. Cilley,[1] J. Charles Currier, R. Freeman Sanborn, Frank S. Bean, Charles C. Paige, R. Baxter Brown.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

J. Charles Currier, R. Baxter Brown.

COMPANY K—CAPTAINS.

Nathaniel Low, Jr., Isaac H. Morrison, L. Newell Sawyer.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

B. Frank Rackley, Henry W. Twombly, Charles E. Everett.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Henry W. Twombly, Charles E. Everett, L. Newell Sawyer, George P. Demerritt.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

SERGEANT-MAJORS.

Josiah W. Taylor, Jonathan T. Williams.

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANTS.

Henry L. Colby, George W. Burnham.

COMMISSARY SERGEANT.

William S. Carter.[1]

HOSPITAL STEWARDS.

Charles M. Jones, George P. Ladd.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN.

Andrew J. Coffin.

[1] Regimental Commissary.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Ad.	Address.
App.	Appointed.
Appd.	Apprehended.
Brig.	Brigade.
Capd.	Captured.
Capt.	Captain.
Com.	Commissioned.
Corp.	Corporal.
Dis.	Disease.
Des.	Deserted.
Disab.	Disability.
Disch.	Discharged.
Div.	Division.
Exch.	Exchanged.
Gd.	Gained.
Inft.	Infantry.
I. C.	Invalid Corps.
Lieut.	Lieutenant.
Mch.	March.
Mis.	Missing.
Must.	Mustered.
P. O. Ad.	Post Office Address.
Rec'd.	Received.
Regt.	Regiment.
Rec't.	Recruit.
Sergt.	Sergeant.
Sev.	Severely.
Sub.	Substitute.
Trans.	Transferred.
V. R. C.	Veteran Reserve Corps.
Vol.	Volunteer.
Wd.	Wounded.
Wds.	Wounds.

COMPLETE ROSTER

OF THE

ORIGINAL OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

[All officers and men on this roster were honorably discharged from the U. S. service unless otherwise stated, and all were enlisted for three years.]

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, FIELD AND STAFF.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Colonel.							
Harriman, Walter	Warner	45	Warner	Com. Aug. 26, 1862			See biographic sketch.
Lieutenant-Colonel.							
Collins, Moses N.	Brentwood	42	Exeter	Com. Aug. 26, 1862			See biographic sketch.
Major.							
Farr, Evarts W.	Littleton	22	Littleton	Com. Sept. 9, 1862			See biographic sketch.
Adjutant.							
Morrison, Charles R.	Bath	43	Nashua	Com. Sept. 1, 1862		Concord	See biographic sketch.
Quartermaster.							
Briggs, James F.	England	37	Hillsborough	Com. Aug. 22, 1862		Manchester	See biographic sketch.
Surgeon.							
Ross, Jonathan S.	Bath	40	Somersworth	Com. Aug. 14, 1862			See biographic sketch.
Assistant Surgeons.							
Hayes, John A.	Berwick, Me.	24	Concord	Com. Aug. 26, 1862		Great Falls	See biographic sketch.
Hutchins, Edw. R.	Concord	21	Concord	Com. Sept. 2, 1862		Des Moines, Ia.	See biographic sketch.
Moore, John C. W.	Wells, Me.	25	Concord	Com. Jan. 3, 1863		Concord	See biographic sketch.
Chaplains.							
Stratton, Frank K.	Albion, Me.	28	Hampton	Com. Sept. 3, 1862		Newburyport, Mass.	See biographic sketch.
Lyford, Edward T.	St. Albans, Me.	25	Deerfield	Com. Aug. 31, 1863		Goffstown Cen.	See biographic sketch.

Sergeant-Major.							
Taylor, Josiah W.	Exeter	30	Exeter	Aug. 14, 1862			App. Sergt. Major Sept. 2, 1862. Wd. sev. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Died dis. March 18, '65.
Q. M. Sergeant.							
Colby, Henry L.	Warner	27	Warner	Aug. 21, 1862	Aug. 21, 1862		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Warner, Feb. 22, '68.
Hospital Steward.							
Jones, Charles M.				Aug. 31, 1862			App. Asst. Surg. Jan. 2, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Captain.					Com.		
Bacon, Horace C.	Newton, Mass.		Epping		Sept. 4, 1862	Lawrence, Mass.	See biographic sketch.
1st Lieutenant.					Com.		
Shepard, George N.	Epping	38	Epping	Aug. 28, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862	Epping	See biographic sketch.
2d Lieutenant.					Com.		
Johnson, Gilman B.	Epsom	28	Epping		Sept. 4, 1862	Concord	See biographic sketch.
Sergeants.							
Collins, Nathaniel B.	Brentwood	37	Brentwood	" 13, "	Aug. 28, "	Exeter	Wd. sev. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Bartlett, Charles E.	Nottingham	24	Epping	" 12, "	" " "	Derry Depot.	See biographic sketch.
Durant, Charles E.	Epping	20	Epping	" 9, "	" " "		Died of dis. near Summerville, Md., Nov. 17, '62.
Adams, Charles W.	Brunswick, Me.	35	So. Newmarket	" 13, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Boston, Mass., March 9, '63.
Plummer, James S.	Epping	19	Epping	" 14, "	" " "		Died Dec. 16, '62, of wds. received at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Corporals.							
Wilson, Willard	Medfield, Mass.	35	Epping	" 11, "	" " "		App. Sergt. Wd. sev. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Disch. disab. at Concord, May 20, '65.
Caswell, Thomas F.	Newmarket	31	Epping	" 12, "	" " "		App. Sergt. Wd. and capt. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Paroled and died of wds. at Annapolis, Md., Oct. 30, 64.
Harvey, John C.	Nottingham	26	Epping	" 14, "	" " "	South Lee	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. App. Sergt. Feb. 1, '65. Disch. Aug. 15, '65.

LaBree, Benjamin F.	Boston, Mass.	33	Brentwood	Aug.	12,	1862	Aug.	28,	1862	Providence, R. I.	Must. out. June 4, '65.
Badger, Samuel P.	Exeter	32	So. Newmarket	"	14,	"	"	"	"	So. Newmarket	Disch. May 25, '65.
Kennard, John F.	Newmarket	32	So. Newmarket	"	"	"	"	"	"	Boston, Mass.	Disch. disab. at Concord, Apr. 22, '64.
Smith, Charles M.	Dover, Me.	21	So. Newmarket	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Methuen, Mass.	Tr. to V. R. C.
Smith, Plummer	Epping	24	So. Newmarket	"	14,	"	"	"	"		App. Sergt. Disch. disab. Dec. 14, '62, of wds. received at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Musicians.											
Coffin, Andrew J.	Epping	34	Epping	"	12,	"	"	"	"	Epping	App. Reg. Drum-Major Dec. 26, '62; Brigade Drum-Major. Must. out June 4, '65.
Durgin, Henry S.	Madbury	23	Epping	"	"	"	"	"	"		Died dis. at Mound City, Ill., Aug. 14, '63.
Wagoner.											
McCuin, James	Alburgh, Vt.	29	So. Newmarket	"	13,	"	"	"	"		Tr. to V. R. C. March 31, '64. Disch. July 13, '65.
Privates.											
Brown, Ezekiel B.	Epping	26	Epping	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. near Falmouth, Va., Dec. 18, '62.
Brackett, Elbridge G.	Deerfield	26	Brentwood	"	"	"	"	"	"	Brentwood	App. Corp. Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Bartlett, Frank A.	Epping	21	Epping	"	19,	"	"	"	"	Haverhill, Mass.	Wd. at the Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64, Must. out June 4, '65.
Bachelder, Francis F.	Raymond	28	Portsmouth	"	15,	"	"	"	"		Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Aug. 28, '65, at Fort Monroe, Va.
Burnham, David A.	Epping	30	Epping	"	16,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Epping, N. H., June 9, '63.
Brackett, George W.	Deerfield	18	Brentwood	"	13,	"	"	"	"	West Epping	Wd. May 12th and 18th Spottsylvania, Va. Must. out June 4, '65.
Caswell, William F.	Epping	22	Epping	"	11,	"	"	"	"		Tr. to I. C. March 15, '64. Wd. and capt. Sept. 30, '64. Exch. Disch. Aug. 11, '65. Died of wds. in U. S. hospital.
Caswell, George E.	Epping	19	Epping	"	"	"	"	"	"	Epping	Must. out June 4, '65.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Chase, J. Lewis	Epping	20	So. Newmarket	Aug. 13, 1862	Aug. 28, 1862		Wd. sev. at the Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Must. out June 4, '65. Lost by wreck of steamer Columbus.
Caswell, Albert A.	Lowell, Mass.	18	So. Newmarket	" 16, "	" " "	Salem, Mass.	Capt. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Paroled Oct. 7, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Caswell, George W.	Lisbon	42	So. Newmarket	" 13, "	" " "		App. Sergt.; 2d Lt. Co. B July 25, '64. Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Not must. Disch. disab. as Sergt. at Concord May 20, '65. Died at Salem, Mass., Sept. 21, '76.
Davis, Charles	Kingston	18	Raymond	" 12, "	" " "		Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Died dis. March 18, '64, at Washington, D. C.
Edgerly, Lyman	Lee	23	Nottingham	" 19, "	" " "	Oil City, Penn.	Detailed as regimental bugler Feb. 6, '63. Disch. disab. at Concord July 12, '64.
Gear, John F.	Barrington	23	Epping	" 11, "	" " "	Epping	Disch. disab. March 6, '63.
Gillingham, Nelson	Newbury	26	Epping	" " "	" " "	Chester	Must. out June 4, '65.
Glidden, Charles A.	Epping	18	Brentwood	" 18, "	" " "	Rochester	Must. out June 4, '65.
Gilman, John L.	Brentwood	29	Brentwood	" 12, "	" " "	Brentwood	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab.
Goodwin, James L.	Milton	28	Durham	" 18, "	" " "	Stratham	Disch. disab. Sept. 20, '63, at Mound City, Ill.
Ham, George A.	Strafford	18	Epping	" 11, "	" " "	Haverhill, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Ham, John H.	Strafford	21	Epping	" 12, "	" " "		Mis. at the Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Died in Florence, S. C., Sept. 28, '64.

Hopkinson, Geo. W.	Edenfield, Eng.	18	Epping	Aug.	11,	1862	Aug.	28,	1862	Epping	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Aug. 28, '65.
Houghton, Wm. D.	Concord, Mass.	26	So. Newmarket	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of wds. at South Newmarket April 21, '63.
Holman, Amos S.	Raymond	30	Nottingham	"	11,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Acquia Creek, Va., Jan. 29, '63.
Hook, William H.	Brentwood	38	Brentwood	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. at Philadelphia, Pa., April 27, '63. Died in Exeter.
Kuse, Joseph W., Jr.	Danvers, Mass.	22	So. Newmarket	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Kittery, Me.	Capt. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Released. Must. out June 4, '65.
Knight, Albert	Lee	33	Epping	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Disch. June 3, '65. Died at Lee April 11, '85.
Kennard, John H.	Lee	18	Epping	"	18,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Alexandria, Va., Nov. 22, '62.
Kennard, Frank H.	So. Newmarket	21	So. Newmarket	"	13,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Boston, Mass., March 27, '63. Died at South Newmarket April 9, '68.
Kennard, Edward L.	So. Newmarket	20	So. Newmarket	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Tr. to brigade band Oct. 15, '62. Died at Mound City, Ill., Aug. 30, '63. Buried in South Newmarket.
Lock, James H.	Northwood	35	Epping	"	11,	"	"	"	"	Epping	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63. Disch. Aug. 27, '65.
Lane, Joshua W.	Epping	19	Brentwood	"	"	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Mound City, Ill., May 30, '63.
Langmaid, True W.	Lee	18	Lee	"	18,	"	"	"	"	Salem, Mass.	Wd. at the Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Langmaid, Alonzo E.	Lee	19	Lee	"	"	"	"	"	"	Lee	Must. out June 4, '65.
Lang, David H.	Exeter	18	Lee	"	19,	"	"	"	"		Mis. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Wounded. Died same day.
Little, Jay P.	Epping	18	Epping	"	11,	"	"	"	"		Must. out June 4, '65. Died Epping April 26, '75.
Littlefield, Aug.	So. Newmarket	22	So. Newmarket	"	13,	"	"	"	"		Died dis. London, Ky., Sept. 27, '63.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Marden, David N.	Portsmouth	30	Epping	Aug. 11, 1862	Aug. 28, 1862		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Fremont April 26, '83.
Marsh, John N.	Exeter	29	Lee	" 18, "	" " "	So. Newmarket	Must. out June 4, '65.
McCann, Arthur W.	Exeter	31	So. Newmarket	" 13, "	" " "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in South Newmarket.
Miles, George A.	Epping	26	Epping	" 11, "	" " "	Deerfield	Tr. to V. R. C. March 31, '64. Disch. Aug. 28, '65.
Neal, James L.	So. Newmarket	22	So. Newmarket	" 13, "	" " "		Wd. and capd. at the Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Died of wounds at Lynchburg, Va., July 21, '64.
Nickett, Edward	Canada	25	Brentwood	" 11, "	" " "	Plaistow	App. Corp. Tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63.
Osgood, John S.	Epping	19	Epping	" " "	" " "	Epping	App. Corp. Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out. June 4, '65.
Parks, Enoch	Exeter	26	Epping	" " "	" " "	Epping	Must. out June 4, '65.
Paul, H. Jenness	So. Newmarket	23	So. Newmarket	" 13, "	" " "	So. Newmarket	Tr. to brigade band Oct. 15, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Parks, Charles E.	Epping	23	Epping	" 11, "	" " "	Epping	Wd. sev. at Petersburg, Va., July 10, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Plummer, Albray	Dover	18	Lee	" 18, "	" " "		App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Lee Sept. 14, '69.
Purrington, Chas. F.	Epping	22	Epping	" 12, "	" " "	Raymond	Wd. Petersburg, Va., June 28, '64. Disch. disab. Feb. 4, '65.
Purrington, Josh. W.	Epping	18	Epping	" " "	" " "	Haverhill, Mass.	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Aug. 28, '65, at Fort Monroe, Va.
Purington, John D.	Fremont	27	Epping	" " "	" " "		Died Dec. 14, '62, of wds. received at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Rand, Edward T.	Rye	27	So. Newmarket	" 13, "	" " "		Supposed to have died of wds. received at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.

Richardson, Edward	Roxbury, Mass.	25	So. Newmarket	Aug.	14,	1862	Aug.	28,	1862	Newmarket	Tr. to brigade band Oct. 15, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Richardson, J. M.	Roxbury, Mass.	28	So. Newmarket	"	"	"	"	"	"		Tr. to brigade band Oct. 15, '62. Must. out June 4, '65. Killed by a fall from a building in Lawrence.
Robinson, Jona. W.	Brentwood	21	Brentwood	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Robinson, Dudley H.	Brentwood	39	Brentwood	"	"	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Falmouth, Va., Jan. 9, '63.
Sanborn, George O.	Brentwood	27	Brentwood	"	13,	"	"	"	"		App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Brentwood March 4, '91.
Sanborn, Oliver G.	Epping	25	So. Newmarket	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wakefield, Mass.	Tr. to brigade band Feb. 6, '63. Must. out June 4, '65.
Shepard, Charles A.	Brentwood	25	Epping	"	11,	"	"	"	"	Raymond	Must. out June 4, '65.
Shepard, Samuel T.	Epping	23	Epping	"	"	"	"	"	"	Raymond	Tr. to V. R. C. March 31, '64. Disch. Aug. 28, '65, at Fort Monroe, Va.
Smith, Daniel C.	Ipswich, Mass.	19	So. Newmarket	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Danville	Tr. to brigade band Oct. 15, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Smith, C. Henry	So. Newmarket	27	So. Newmarket	"	"	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Killed Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64.
Speed, John	Durham	28	So. Newmarket	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Milldale, Miss., July 9, '63.
Sleeper, James M.	Epping	30	Epping	"	11,	"	"	"	"		Died Dec. 14, '62, of wds. received at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Spinney, Chandler	Kittery, Me.	41	Epping	"	"	"	"	"	"		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Exeter March 15, '79, of disease contracted in the service.
Stickney, Charles F.	Exeter	18	Epping	"	13,	"	"	"	"		App. Corp. Killed at Jackson, Miss., July 12, '63.
Storer, Nathan E.	Bowdoin, Me.	28	So. Newmarket	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Exeter	Must. out June 4, '65.
Tarbox, William C.	Limerick, Me.	28	Epping	"	22,	"	"	"	"		Des. at Concord, Sept. 10, '62.
Taylor, Moses S.	Epping	30	So. Newmarket	"	13,	"	"	"	"		App. Corp. Wd. and capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Paroled. Died of wds. Annapolis, Md., Oct. 30, '64.
Titcomb, Joseph P.	Webster	28	Epping	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Covington, Ky., March 21, '64.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY A—*Concluded.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Thurstin, Samuel D.	Nottingham	43	Epping	Aug. 11, 1862	Aug. 28, 1862		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of wds. Washington, D. C., Feb. 28, '63.
Thurston, Henry J.	Raymond	18	Epping	" " "	" " "		Died of dis. at Crab Orchard, Ky., Oct. 12, '63.
Thurstin, James	Nottingham	44	Epping	" " "	" " "		Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Aug. 28, '65.
Thyng, Charles G.	Brentwood	21	Brentwood	" " "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of wds. Washington, D. C., Jan. 31, '63.
Towle, William H.	Nottingham	29	Epping	" " "	" " "	Hopkinton	Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Feb. 16, '63.
Tuttle, George W.	Epping	22	Epping	" 12, "	" " "		Died of dis. Camp Nelson, Ky., Jan. 12, '64.
Veasey, Herman W.	Brentwood	19	Brentwood	" 11, "	" " "	Harriman, Tenn.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to V. R. C. May 1, '65. Disch. June 28, '65.
Waterman, A. W.		30	So. Newmarket	" 16, "	" " "	Crewe, Va.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Wilkinson, James H.	Stockport, Eng.	34	So. Newmarket	" 14, "	" " "	So. Newmarket	Must. out June 4, '65.
Willey, John	Barnstead	43	Epping	" 11, "	" " "	Fremont	Capd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, '64. Paroled and exch. Dec., '64. Disch. disab. Concord, May 17, '65.
Willey, Samuel J.	Fremont	19	Epping	" " "	" " "	Fremont	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Worthen, John F.	Fremont	22	Raymond	" " "	" " "		Tr. to Battery E, 1st U. S. Art., Oct. 14, '62. Died Feb. 29, '64.
Webb, Thomas F.	Epping	30	Epping	" " "	" " "		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64; Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Died of wds. Epping, Dec. 11, '64.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY B.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Captain.					Com.		
Tilton, Sewell D.	Deerfield	37	Raymond	Aug. 11, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
1st Lieutenant.					Com.		
Morrison, Isaac H.	Deerfield	32	Deerfield	" 15, "	Sept. 4, 1862	Deerfield Centre	See biographic sketch.
2d Lieutenant.					Com.		
Cram, Joseph H.	Deerfield	22	Deerfield	" 13, "	Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
Sergeants.							
Cram, John E.	Raymond	20	Raymond	" " "	Aug. 28, "	Raymond	See biographic sketch.
Johnson, Merrill	Alexandria	35	Deerfield	" " "	" " "	Candia	See biographic sketch.
Poor, Cyrus E.	Raymond	31	Raymond	" " "	" " "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Law, John K.	Franklin	24	Deerfield	" 12, "	" " "	New London	Disch. disab. at Portsmouth Grove, R. I., Jan. 19, '64.
Harvey, George W.	Newmarket	31	Deerfield	" 15, "	" " "		Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Corporals.							
Hilton, Winthrop A.	Deerfield	25	Deerfield	" 12, "	" " "	Lynn, Mass.	App. Sergt. Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Aug. 28, '65.
Tripp, George	Lyman, Me.	41	Raymond	" 15, "	" " "		Tr. to V. R. C. Oct. 20, '64. Deceased.
Johnson, George E.	Meredith	23	Deerfield	" 13, "	" " "		App. Sergt. Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
French, Daniel W.	Nottingham	30	Nottingham	" 16, "	" " "	Haverhill, Mass.	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 16, '64.
Demerritt, John K.	Madbury	31	Nottingham	" 22, "	" " "	Nottingham	Mis. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Gd. from mis. Must. out June 4, '65.
Small, Plummer D.	Lee	21	Fremont	" 15, "	" " "	Raymond	App. Sergt. Wd. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. App. 1st Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Thompson, J. L. B.	Deerfield	28	Deerfield	" 13, "	" " "	Deerfield	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. May 23, '65.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Corporals.							
Brant, John B.	Whitefield, Me.	35	Raymond	Aug. 22, 1862	Aug. 28, 1862		Wd. Jackson, Miss., July '63. Tr. to V. R. C. Disch. disab. June 27, '64.
Musicians.							
Littlefield, J. Anson	Effingham	18	Raymond	" 11, "	" " "	Raymond	Must. out June 4, '65.
Folsom, John D.	Raymond	20	Raymond	" 7, "	" 29, "	Epping	Must. out June 4, '65.
Wagoner.							
Smith, Joshua	Exeter	34	Raymond	" 15, "	" 28, "	Haverhill, Mass.	Disch. disab. at Concord, April 15, '63.
Privates.							
Bachelder, Edm. R.	Raymond	41	Deerfield	" 12, "	" " "		Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Feb. 21, '63. Died at Manchester.
Bachelder, Daniel	Deerfield	32	Raymond	" 15, "	" " "	Raymond	Must. out June 4, '65.
Bachelder, Jona. H.	Deerfield	27	Deerfield	" 19, "	" " "	Deerfield	Must. out June 4, '65.
Bachelder, Oliver P.	Raymond	31	Nottingham	" 22, "	" " "	Kansas	Must. out June 4, '65.
Boody, Charles H.	Barrington	32	Deerfield	" 12, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died dis. Covington, Ky., Aug. 26, '63.
Brown, Charles O.	Northwood	42	Deerfield	" 15, "	" " "		Disch. disab. Nov. 16, '63. Died in Deerfield, July 17, '91, of apoplexy.
Cram, Orrin B.	Raymond	25	Raymond	" " "	" " "		App. Corp. Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. App. Sergt. Mis. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Never heard from.
Carter, Charles H.	Pittsfield	25	Deerfield	" 12, "	" " "	Deerfield	App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Copp, Daniel F.	Pittsfield	27	Nottingham	" 16, "	" " "	Wolfeborough	Must. out June 4, '65.
Doe, Rufus D.	Northwood	25	Deerfield	" 12, "	" " "	Epsom	Wd. Jackson, Miss., July '63. Must. out June 4, '65.
Dennett, Benj. F.	Portsmouth	19	Deerfield	" 14, "	" " "		App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Deerfield, Sept. 3, '68.
Durgin, Henry E.	Great Falls	20	Deerfield	" 6, "	" " "		Died dis. at Newport News, Va., Feb. 26, '63.

Dow, John H.	Newmarket	18	Nottingham	Aug. 18,	1862	Aug. 29,	1862				Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Corp. May 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Nottingham, July 18, '73.
Eastman, Omri K.	Montpelier, Vt.	27	Nottingham	" 21,	"	" 28,	"				App. Corp. Died July 31, '64, of wds. rec'd at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Fifield, Henry L.	Salisbury	31	Deerfield	" 14,	"	"	"	"	Deerfield		Disch. disab. at Cairo, Ill., July 28, '63.
French, Greenleaf C.	Nottingham	24	Nottingham	" 21,	"	"	"	"			App. Corp. Killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 7, '64.
Fuller, Gayton W.	Melrose, Mass.	19	Nottingham	" 14,	"	"	"	"			Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to I. C. Jan. 16, '64. Deceased, date unknown.
Fullonton, Jacob F.	Raymond	18	Raymond	" 11,	"	"	"	"	Chichester		Must. out June 4, '65.
George, Rufus P.	Goffstown	35	Deerfield	" 12,	"	"	"	"	Hartford, Conn.		Must. out June 4, '65.
Gilman, George W.	Raymond	22	Raymond	" 15,	"	"	"	"	Raymond		Wd. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Gile, Elisha	Raymond	22	Raymond	" "	"	"	"	"	Raymond		Must. out June 4, '65.
Harvey, Albert M.	Stratham	26	Deerfield	" 12,	"	"	"	"			Died dis. Covington, Ky., Sept. 14, '63.
Harvey, Ladd P.	Nottingham	20	Deerfield	" "	"	"	"	"			Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of wds. Falmouth, Va., Dec. 19, '62.
Healey, David S.	Chester	26	Raymond	" "	"	"	"	"			Mortally wd. and mis. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Hill, William E.	Deerfield	18	Deerfield	" 13,	"	"	"	"	Deerfield		Must. out June 4, '65.
Hill, Bradbury W.	Nottingham	22	Nottingham	" 21,	"	"	"	"	Raymond		Tr. to I. C. Jan. 16, '64.
Hildreth, S. F.	Westford, Mass.	25	Deerfield	" 13,	"	"	"	"	Lowell, Mass.		Must. out June 4, '65.
Jones, David	Nottingham	37	Nottingham	" 20,	"	"	"	"	Nottingham		Must. out June 4, '65.
Jones, Charles W.	Newmarket	32	Raymond	" 15,	"	"	"	"			Died dis. at Washington, D. C., Mar. 29, '63.
Jenkins, James	Deerfield	34	Deerfield	" 14,	"	"	"	"			Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Deerfield, '66.
Ladd, George P.	Deerfield	18	Deerfield	" 12,	"	"	"	"	Kansas City, Mo.		App. Hosp. Steward Jan. 8, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Lang, William H. H.	Deerfield	21	Deerfield	" "	"	Sept. 2,	"		Deerfield		App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Langley, Almon S.	Newmarket	26	Deerfield	" "	"	Aug. 28,	"				Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Exeter, April 22, '66.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Le Gro, Mitchel P.	Canada	21	Deerfield	Aug. 15, 1862	Aug. 28, 1862	Bradford, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Marsh, John	Brentwood	22	Raymond	" " "	" " "		Died dis. at Jefferson, Va., Nov. 10, '62.
Maloon, Enoch F.	Deerfield	21	Deerfield	" 12, "	" " "	Candia	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Maloon, Samuel S.	Deerfield	27	Deerfield	" " "	" " "		Died dis. Knoxville, Tenn., Feb. 5, '64.
McLane, Sylvester J.	Fremont	21	Fremont	" " "	" " "	Fremont	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Marsh, John M.	Fremont	30	Fremont	" 14, "	" " "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Magoon, David L.	Raymond	47	Raymond	" 15, "	" " "		Disch. disab. at Washington, D. C., Feb. 3, '63. Committed suicide in N. H. State Prison, Nov. 26, '76.
Morrill, George W.	Deerfield	23	Fremont	" 12, "	" " "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Morrill, Enoch	Canterbury	28	Deerfield	" 15, "	Sept. 3, "	Rochester	Disch. disab. at Frederick, Md., Dec. 17, '62.
Moore, Daniel M.	Deerfield	29	Allenstown	" 14, "	Aug. 28, "	Suncook	Des. at Falmouth, Va., Dec. 16, '62.
Nay, Elvin T.	Nottingham	21	Nottingham	" 18, "	" " "	Decatur, Ill.	App. Corp. Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. Oct. 28, '64. Disch. June 28, '65.
Neally, Moses B.	Nottingham	27	Nottingham	" 16, "	" " "	Nottingham	Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to I. C. Mar. 15, '64. Hon. disch. July 5, '65.
Nelson, George F.	Deerfield	24	Allenstown	" 13, "	" " "		Des. Oct. 8, '63. Died in Strafford soon after the war.
Parsons, William H.	Deerfield	24	Deerfield	" 14, "	" " "		Wd. at Cold Harbor, Va., June 7, '64. Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.

Perkins, Charles H.	Danvers, Mass.	25	Raymond	Aug. 25, 1862	Aug. 28, 1862			Wd. sev. and supposed killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Prescott, John R. S.	Nottingham	25	Nottingham	" 14, "	" " "	Nottingham		Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Ritchie, William	Scotland	19	Deerfield	" " "	Sept. 2, "	Manchester		App. Corp. May 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Ring, Abijah	Deerfield	42	Deerfield	" 12, "	Aug. 12, "			Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of wds. Georgetown, D. C., Dec. 29, '62.
Randall, Samuel J.	Nottingham	34	Deerfield	" " "	" 28, "			Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62; Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. App. Corp. Jan. 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65. Moved to Indiana soon after the war.
Robinson, S. B., Jr.	Deerfield	33	Deerfield	" 13, "	" " "	Deerfield		Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord, May 10, '63.
Rollins, Francis S.	Deerfield	31	Deerfield	" 20, "	" " "			Died dis. at Cairo, Ill., Aug. 8, '63.
Rundlett, Charles L.	Raymond	18	Raymond	" 13, "	" " "	Haverhill, Mass.		Tr. to brigade band, Nov. 1, '63. Must. out June 4, '65.
Ritchie, James, Jr.	Scotland	19	Deerfield	" 14, "	Sept. 2, "	Lake Village		App. Corp. Wd. near Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Robinson, B. W.	Deerfield	28	Deerfield	" 13, "	Aug. 28, "	Deerfield		Dishon. disch. by S. O. No. 22, W. D. A. G. O., Jan. 14, '65, and to be confined at hard labor for the period of three years.
Small, Joseph L.	Northwood	28	Fremont	" 14, "	" " "	Fremont		Must. out June 4, '65.
Sanborn, Thomas W.	Deerfield	37	Deerfield	" 13, "	" " "	Deerfield		Must. out June 4, '65.
Simpson, Samuel A.	Quincy, Mass.	27	Nottingham	" 19, "	" " "			Died dis. at Milldale, Miss., July 5, '63.
Small, George F.	Lee	18	Fremont	" 14, "	Sept. 2, "	Chester		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Smith, David, Jr.	Pittsfield	20	Deerfield	" " "	Aug. 28, "	Exeter		Wd. Jackson, Miss., July '63. Tr. to I. C. February 15, '64. Disch. June 28, '65.
Smith, John M.	Raymond	34	Raymond	" " "	" " "			Killed at Knoxville, Tenn., November 22, '63.
Stevens, James L.	Raymond	40	Raymond	" 15, "	" " "			Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Stevenson, Moses P.	Fremont	21	Fremont	Aug. 14, 1862	Aug. 28, 1862	Danville	Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord, Apr. 29, '63.
Sturtevant, Paschal	Barton, Vt.	36	Deerfield	" 13, "	" " "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Vermont in '67.
Sylvester, George F.	Wells, Me.	19	Deerfield	" 12, "	" " "		Wd. sev. Cold Harbor, Va., June 7, '64. App. Corp. May 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65. Deceased. Supposed to have been killed by the Indians in the West.
Thompson, Chas. H.	Deerfield	22	Deerfield	" 14, "	" " "	Brunswick, Ga.	App. Corp. Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 16, '64. Disch. disab. Jan. 19, '65.
Tyler, Charles S.	Milbury, Mass.	22	Deerfield	" 12, "	" " "	Gilford	Must. out June 4, '65.
Thompson, Jos. H.	Nottingham	18	Nottingham	" 16, "	" " "	Deerfield	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Tilton, Charles E.	Deerfield	27	Deerfield	" 13, "	" " "	Deerfield	Disch. disab. Concord, Sept. 3, '64.
Tilton, Leonard G.	Raymond	23	Raymond	" 15, "	" " "		Tr. to I. C. Jan. 16, '64. Capd. at Cold Harbor, Va., June 11, '64. Died dis. at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 11, '64.
Trickey, John C.	Epping	18	Fremont	" 18, "	" " "		Died dis. at Newport News, Va., Mar. 1, '63.
Thurston, W.H.G.O.	Nottingham	39	Raymond	" 25, "	" 25, "	Raymond	Must. out June 4, '65.
Tuttle, Charles C.	Nottingham	18	Nottingham	" 18, "	" 28, "	Nottingham	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Tuttle, Thomas R.	Lee	29	Raymond	" 15, "	" " "	Epping	Tr. to brigade band Nov. 1, '63. Must. out June 4, '65.
True, Elias, Jr.	Chester	21	Raymond	" " "	" " "	Raymond	Tr. to brigade band Jan. 31, '63. Must. out June 4, '65.

Wallace, William A.	Raymond	27	Raymond	Aug. 13, 1862	Aug. 28, 1862		App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Raymond.
Wallace, Chase O.	Raymond	32	Raymond	" " "	" " "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in R mond.
Whidden, James S.	Lancaster	36	Deerfield	" " "	" " "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Worthen, Asa T.	Fremont	16	Raymond	" 15, "	" " "	Hampstead	Tr. to 2d U. S. Artillery, Oct. 14, '62.
Young, Isaiah G.	Deerfield	42	Raymond	" " "	" " "	Deerfield	Must. out June 4, '65.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY C.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Captain.					Com.		
Dudley, Hollis I.	Alton	28	Manchester	June 1, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
1st Lieutenants.							
Clark, Joseph B.	Gilford		Manchester		" " "		See biographic sketch.
Wilkins, Ira G.	Mont Vernon	24	Manchester	Aug, 9, "	Aug. 21, "		App. 2d Lt. May 11, '64; 1st Lt. Co. G Nov. 5, '64. Wd. Petersburg, Va., Apr. 2, '65. App. Capt. U. S. V. by brevet, to date from Apr. 2, '65, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the assault before Petersburg, Va. Mustered out June 4, '65.
2d Lieutenant.							
Heath, Thorndike P.		29	Manchester		Sept. 4, "	Manchester	Com. Sept. 4, '62. Resigned Aug. 3, 1863.
Sergeants.							
Lyford, Jeremiah C.	Pittsfield	37	Manchester	" 7, "	Aug. 21, "		See biographic sketch.
Frye, Andrew J.	Portsmouth	25	Manchester	July 26, "	" " "		App. 1st Sergt. Died May 20, '64, of wds. received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 16, '64.
Bennet, Andrew J.	New Boston	27	New Boston	Aug. 19, "	" " "		Wd. sev. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Disch. disab. at Manchester.
Clark, John L.	Sanbornton	25	Manchester	" 6, "	" " "		Died Aug. 21, '63, at Campton, Ky., of wds. received at Jackson, Miss., July 12, '63.
Emerson, Edward C.	Windsor	28	Manchester	" " "	" " "	Manchester	Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Corporals.							
Johnson, Charles L.	Danbury	30	Manchester	" 12, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. 1st Sergt. Wd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Died of wds. David's Island, N. Y. H., Sept. 15, '64.

Parker, Thomas A.	Chelmsford, Ms.	21	Merrimack	Aug. 1,	1862	Aug. 21,	1862	Chicago, Ill.	App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Gould, George A.		42	Sandown	" 9,	"	"	"	St.Johnsb'ry, Vt	Wd. Fred'sburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Sergt. Apr. 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Glines, Ezra B.	Haverhill	29	Manchester	June 20,	"	"	"		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Sanborn, Joseph, Jr.	Fremont	19	Fremont	July 31,	"	"	"		Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Must. out June 4, '65. Name changed.
Crombie, Abner B.	New Boston	22	Antrim	Aug. 19,	"	"	"	Antrim	Disch. disab. at Concord, Jan. 20, '65.
Farnum, Enoch F.	Jefferson, Me.	26	Manchester	" 6,	"	"	"		Died Dec. 15, '62, of wds. received at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 12, '62.
Sargent, Albert F.	Great Falls	32	Manchester	July 29,	"	"	"		Must. out June 4, '65. Deceased.
Musicians.									
Dudley, George E.	Grafton	16	Manchester	June 28,	"	"	"	Holyoke, Mass.	Left leg broken while in line of duty, Jan. 3, '64. Must. out June 4, '64.
French, Edmund P.	Merrimack	22	Merrimack	Aug, 4,	"	"	"		Disch. Aug. 21, '65.
Wagoner.									
Searls, Loami.	Windham	33	Manchester	" 11,	"	"	"	Manchester	Wd. sev. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Disch. disab. Jan. 25, '65.
Privates.									
Annis, Charles D.	Londonderry	34	Londonderry	" 9,	"	"	"		Died May 18, '64, of wds. received at the Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64.
Ames, Howard B.	Pelham	18	Lyndeborough	" 13,	"	"	"		Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Mont Vernon, Nov. 12, '76.
Buckland, Lucius L.	New London, Ct.	23	Manchester	" 8,	"	"	"		Must. out June 4, '65.
Baker, Charles N.	Springfield, Ms.	17	Manchester	" 6,	"	"	"	Manchester	Tr. to 2d U. S. Art. Oct. 14, '62. Re-tr. May 26, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Bickford, Gilman	Barrington	20	Tamworth	" 11,	"	"	26, "	Tamworth	Wd. sev. Fred'sburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord, Dec. 5, '63. Must. out June 4, '65.
Bartlett, Rotheous E.	New Boston	21	New Boston	" 19,	"	"	21, "	Newport	Must. out June 4, '65.
Bartlett, William H.	Newbury, Vt.	22	Concord	" 8,	"	"	"	Concord	App. Corp.; Sergt. May 10, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Bean, Horace F.	Sandwich	18	So. Tamworth	" 14,	"	"	26, "	Sandwich	Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Bradford, Mass., '85.
Bean, John P.	Danville	31	Brentwood	" 13,	"	"	21, "		Wd. sev. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Bean, Orrin	Fremont	27	Fremont	" 14,	"	"	"	Fremont	

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Copp, Charles O.	Brentwood	18	Fremont	Aug. 2, 1862	Aug. 21, 1862		App. Corp. May 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Haverhill, Mass., July 2, '91.
Clement, John B.	Fremont		Fremont	" 4, "	" " "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Fremont, Jan. 6, '84.
Corning, Horace B.	Londonderry	21	Merrimack	" " "	" " "		App. Corp. Killed at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64.
Critchett, Wm. W.	Epsom	18	Concord	" 8, "	" " "	Concord	Must. out June 4, '65.
Clark, Mayhew	Ossipee	44	Hooksett	" 9, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord, Oct. 24, '64. Died Dec. 4, '89, at Boston, Mass.
Chandler, George W.	Bartlett	21	Bartlett	" 13, "	" 26, "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Des. at Philadelphia, Pa., Mch. 26, '63.
Dustin, William	Tunbridge, Vt.	27	New Boston	" 15, "	" 21, "	Derry Depot	Disch. Concord, N. H., May 20, '65.
Dodge, Solomon, Jr.	New Boston	26	New Boston	" 14, "	" 26, "	Andover	App. 1st Sergt.; 1st Lieut. Co. E, Mch. 25, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Emery, Augustus P.	Allenstown	20	Allenstown	" 25, "	" 28, "		Killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64.
Follansbee, Wash'n	Weare	23	Weare	July 30, "	" 21, "		Killed Petersburg, Va. June 21, '64.
Follansbee, Benj.	Weare	37	Weare	Aug. 13, "	" " "	Weare	Must. out June 4, '65.
Fish, William W.	Massachusetts	19	Manchester	" 8, "	" " "	Somerville, Mass	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Capd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Par. Disch. disab. July 31, '65.
Furnald, True O.	Northwood	43	Manchester	July 24, "	" " "	Manchester	Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. May 12, '65.
Flint, Frank A.	Allenstown	29	Manchester	" 18, "	" 26, "		Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Feb. 24, '63.

Gage, Albert	Wilton	24	Wilton	Aug. 16,	1862	Aug. 21,	1862		Killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64.
Gordon, Frederick W	Vermont	18	Haverhill	June 10,	"	"	"	"	Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., June 20, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. Disch. July 10, '65. Supposed to have died in Philadelphia.
Glines, Humphrey M.	Franklin	37	Manchester	July 21,	"	"	"	"	So. Boston, Mass. Tr. to Invalid Corps March 15, '64. Disch. June 29, '65.
Griffin, Lyman W.	Manchester	19	Manchester	" 23,	"	"	"	"	Manchester Tr. to 2d U. S. Art. Oct. 14, '62. Retr. May 26, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Gilman, George W.	Newmarket	37	Tamworth	" 18,	"	"	26,	"	Tamworth Must. out June 4, '65.
Gilman, David M.	Tamworth	29	Tamworth	Aug. 11,	"	"	"	"	So. Tamworth Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Capt. 39th U. S. Col. Troops Apr. 5, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Heald, David	Temple	28	New Boston	" 21,	"	"	21,	"	Burlington, Mo. Wd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. May 15, '65.
Hutchinson, Alex.	Bristol	27	Manchester	" 8,	"	"	"	"	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Killed at Petersburg, Va., June 28, '64.
Hadley, Gilbert	Goffstown	43	Weare	July 30,	"	"	"	"	Mont Vernon Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, '63.
Henno, Israel	Canada	23	Manchester	Aug. 7,	"	"	"	"	Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Deserted at Washington, D. C., Mch. 16, '63.
James, Cyrus B.	Tamworth	18	So. Tamworth	July 12,	"	"	26,	"	Died of dis. at Summerville, Va., Nov. 11, '62.
Johnson, James C.	Tamworth	25	Tamworth	Aug. 14,	"	"	"	"	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of dis. at Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 15, '63.
Kessler, James W.	Ohio	18	Manchester	" 11,	"	"	21,	"	Manchester Wd. Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64. App. Corp. Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Absent wd. No discharge furnished.
Leet, James	Shipton, Canada	27	New Boston	" 18,	"	"	"	"	Deserted at Concord, N. H., Aug. 23, '62.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY C—*Continued.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Lewis, Levi B.	Townsend, Ms.	22	Manchester	Aug. 5, 1862	Aug. 21, 1862	Chicopee, Mass.	Disch. May 20, '65.
Lull, Andrew J.	Weare	33	Weare	July 30, "	" " "	Weare	Wd. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Lucian, John B.	Goffstown	24	Goffstown	Aug. 11, "	" " "	Goffstown	Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Lancaster, Chas. H.	Manchester	18	Goffstown	" 13, "	" " "	Goffstown	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Longley, Henry H.	Chittendon	37	Wilton	" 16, "	" " "	New London	Wd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Leighton, Daniel M.	Wheelock, Vt.	40	Pembroke	" 13, "	" 29, "	Dover	Wd. Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64. Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Paroled. Disch. May 19, '65.
Mead, Addison S.	Candia	30	New Boston	July 28, "	" 21, "	Wellsboro', N.Y.	Mustered out June 4, '65.
Marsh, John B.	Loudon	33	Manchester	Aug. 11, "	" " "		Disch. disab. at Falmouth, Va., Jan. 16, '63. Died winter of '62–'63, at Washington.
McGilvreay Geo. F.	Nashua	19	Merrimack	" 4, "	" " "	Nashua	Wd. sev. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Disch. May 10, '65.
Merriam, Rufus	Pittsburgh, Pa.	18	Merrimack	July 7, "	" " "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Mellen, Charles A.	Boston, Mass.	18	Manchester	" 22, "	" " "		Wd. sev. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Must. out June 4, '65. Dead, date unknown.
Mansfield, Elb. M.	Lynn, Mass.	24	New Boston	Aug. 19, "	" " "	Danvers Centre, Mass.	Tr. to V. R. C.
Morgan, Austin W.	New Boston	27	New Boston	" 22, "	" 26, "		Died of dis. at Knoxville, Md., Oct. 27, '62.

Osgood, Enoch F.	Fremont	21	Fremont	Aug. 2, 1862	Aug. 21, 1862		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Ordway, Jeremiah C.	Loudon	28	Sandown	" 14, "	" 26, "	Sandown	Mustered out June 4, '65.
Patrick, Henry C.	Jackson	21	Merrimack	" 1, "	" 21, "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Phelps, John L. F.	Northfield	30	Manchester	July 22, "	" " "		Capd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Died at Florence, S. C., Nov. 10, '64.
Parker, George A.W.	Boston, Mass.	35	Manchester	Aug. 11, "	" " "		Killed by a citizen at Stamford, Ky., Mch. 31, '64.
Page, Henry T.	Gilmanton	32	Tamworth	" " "	" 26, "	Tamworth	Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Feb. 21, '63.
Riddle, James F.	Amherst	21	Bedford	" 8, "	" 21, "	Fall River, Mass.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., Apr. 15, '64.
Riddle, Charles A.	Amherst	23	Bedford	" 11, "	" " "	Amherst	Tr. to I. C. Mch. 15, '64. Disch. July 5, '65.
Richardson, Moses	Dracut, Mass.	32	Dracut, Mass.	July 28, "	" " "	Hudson	Wd. sev. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Disch. Baltimore, Md., May 12, '65.
Rowell, Smith A.	Brentwood	34	Sandown	Aug. 12, "	" " "	Sandown	Disch. disab. Baltimore, Md., Mch. 24, '63.
Rumsey, George A.	Lancaster	23	Concord	" 7, "	" " "		Disch. disab. Concord, Aug. 14, '63.
Stanley, Levi F.	Tamworth	19	Tamworth	July 10, "	Sept. 3, "		Wd. Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64. App. Corp. Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Jan. 31, '65.
Stevens, Benjamin	Unity	40	Manchester	" 16, "	Aug. 21, "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Manchester, March 13, '82.
Smith, Luther M.	Sandwich	38	Manchester	Aug. 9, "	" " "		Wd. and capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Released. Died of wds. Annapolis, Md., Nov. 26, '64.
Smith, Reuben V. G.	Manchester	21	Manchester	" 6, "	" " "	Manchester	Disch. May 16, '65.
Smith, Gilman M.	Manchester	23	Manchester	" " "	" " "		App. Corp. Died of dis. Camp Nelson, Ky., Feb. 10, '64.
Sargent, Cyrus W.	Goffstown	19	Goffstown	" 13, "	" " "		Died of dis. at Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 15, '64.
Sanborn, David J.	Somersworth	35	Tamworth	" 5, "	" 26, "	Lowell	Disch. May 24, '65.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY C—*Concluded.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at lastest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Sanborn, Joel S.	Tamworth	40	Tamworth	July 26, 1862	Aug. 26, 1862		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Tamworth, N. H.
Tilton, John A.	Sanbornton	44	Fremont	Aug. 9, "	" " "	Fresno, Cal.	Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Jan. 24, '63.
Tilton, George A.	Sanbornton	18	Fremont	" " "	" " "		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Died of wds. May 29, '64.
Thrasher, Henry H.	Cornish	21	Cornish	July 7, "	" 21, "	No. Adams, Mass	Deserted at Falmouth, Va., Dec. 8, '62.
Vickery, George W.	Merrimack	24	Londonderry	Aug. 8, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Sergt.; 1st Sergt., Apr. 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Manchester June 1, '76.
Vickery, Annanda S.	Litchfield	19	Londonderry	" 7, "	" " "		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Died of wds. Washington, D. C., June 10, '64.
Vickery, William H.	Litchfield	18	Londonderry	" 11, "	" " "	Manchester	App. Corp. May 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Williams, Charles	Fremont	34	Danville	" 9, "	" " "	Fremont	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., June 20, '64. Disch. at Manchester, N. H., June 6, '65.
Woodbury, Daniel K.	Dunbarton	31	Manchester	" 11, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Missing and supposed captured at Battle of Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.

Worthen, George W.	Plymouth	27	Concord	Aug. 7, 1862	Aug. 21, 1862	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Corp. May 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Concord, N. H., Jan. 7, '86.
Whipple, John Jr.	Lowell, Mass.	26	New Boston	" 18, "	" " "	App. Corp. Capd. Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 22, '63. Died of dis. Andersonville, Ga., June 27, '64.
West, Josiah R.	Exeter	18	Fremont	July 31, "	" " "	Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Manchester, N. H., June 27, '82.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Captain.					Com.		
Cogswell, L. W.	Henniker	37	Henniker	Aug. 13, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862	Henniker	See biographic sketch.
1st Lieutenant.							
Sanborn, Thomas L.	Henniker	26	Henniker	" " "	" " "	New York city	See biographic sketch.
2d Lieutenant.							
Harriman, David C.	Warner	42	Warner	" 18, "	" " "	Warner	See biographic sketch.
Sergeants.							
Davis, Charles J.	Salem, Mass.	24	Warner	" 16, "	" 2, "		See biographic sketch.
Modica, Joseph A.	Boston, Mass.	22	Henniker	" 13, "	Aug. 29, "	Kansas City, Mo.	See biographic sketch.
Edmunds, George F.	Warner	22	Warner	" 14, "	" " "	Warner	App. 1st Sergeant. Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. disab. at Concord, May 15, 1865.
Wood, Alphonzo B.	Henniker	22	Henniker	" 13, "	" " "		Died dis. Falmouth, Va., Dec. 25, '62.
Davis, George E.	Warner	25	Warner	" 21, "	" " "	Concord	Wd. sev. Jackson, Miss., July 12, '63. Disch. disab. Nov. 10, '63.
Corporals.							
Green, Hamilton F.	Hill	28	Henniker	" 13, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. at Concord, Apr. 1, '65. Died at Henniker, May 16, '65.
Jones, Charles C.	Warner	20	Warner	" 14, "	" " "	Warner	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. at Concord, May 7, '63.
Rice, Robert D.	Henniker	34	Henniker	" 18, "	" " "		Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. disab. Oct. 20, '64. Died at Henniker, Jan. 13, '76.
Stevens, William	Warner	21	Warner	" " "	" " "	Manchester	App. Sergt. Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. disab. at Manchester, June 6, '65.

Dodge, Samuel G.	Bennington	40	Bennington	Aug. 20, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862		Killed Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Childs, Lewis	Vergennes, Vt.	24	Warner	" 12, "	Aug. 29, "	Henniker	App. Color Sergt. Wd. sev. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. disab. May 12, '65.
Templeton, Madison	Bennington	32	Hillsborough	" 16, "	Sept. 2, "		Disch. disab. Falmouth, Va., Dec. 3, '62. Died Worcester, Mass., April 21, '64.
Bean, Nathaniel	Warner	19	Warner	" 19, "	Aug. 29, "		Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Jan. 16, '63. Died Warner, April 13, '63.
Musicians.							
Colby, George H.	Warner	22	Warner	" 21, "	" " "		Died dis. Covington, Ky., Aug. 15, '63.
Adams, Israel	Henniker	16	Henniker	" 22, "	" " "	Hillsborough	Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Mch. 12, '63.
Wagoner.							
Howe, Rufus S.	Hopkinton	30	Henniker	" 13, "	" " "	Henniker	Disch. disab. Knoxville, Md., Jan. 14, '63.
Privates.							
Ager, Frank P.	Warner	18	Warner	" 15, "	" " "	Warner	Must. out June 4, '65.
Browne, Arthur A.	Harpswell, Me.	19	Henniker	" 13, "	" " "	S. Waldoboro Me	Must. out June 4, '65.
Bean, Charles A.	Sutton	39	Henniker	" 16, "	" " "	Henniker	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 28, '64. Disch. July 8, '64.
Badger, John F.	Warner	22	Warner	" 12, "	" " "		Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. June 28, '65. Died Warner, Jan. 3, '82.
Badger, Freder'k E.	Warner	20	Warner	" " "	" " "		Died dis. Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, '63.
Barnes, George E.	Bradford	27	Henniker	" 21, "	" " "	Henniker	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Feb. 15, '64.
Barnes, Freder'k H.	Henniker	18	Henniker	" 14, "	" " "	Henniker	Must. out June 4, '65.
Barnes, Alfred A.	Henniker	21	Henniker	" 16, "	" " "	Nahant, Mass.	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. July 5, '65.
Baker, Tompkins	Henniker	27	Henniker	" " "	Sept. 2, "		Died dis. Acquia Creek, Va., Feb. 7, '63.
Ball, Emri W.	Henniker	36	Warner	" 18, "	Aug. 29, "	Hebron	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. May 5, '64.
Bartlett, Hazen	Warner	19	Warner	" " "	" " "		Wd. and capd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Died of wds. Sept. 5, '64.
Bell, Charles H.	Acworth	29	Henniker	" " "	" " "	Henniker	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 31, '64. Disch. July 13, '65.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Bowers, Albert W.	E. Windsor, Vt.	39	Henniker	Aug. 18, 1862	Aug. 29, 1862		App. Sergt. Disch. disab. at Concord, June 5, '65. Died Henniker, April 21, '78.
Burbank, David S.	Hopkinton	33	Warner	" 29, "	Sept. 2, "	Warner	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Carter, William S.	Warner	19	Warner	" 20, "	" " "	Lebanon	App. Com. Sergt., Sept. 2, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Carter, Plumer E.	Warner	19	Warner	" 29, "	" " "	Henniker	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Sept. 1, '65.
Clark, George	Henniker	25	Henniker	" 13, "	Aug. 29, "	Stamford, Conn.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Cogswell, Fitz E.	Henniker	23	Henniker	Sept. 3, "	Sept. 3, "	Concord	Must. out June 4, '65.
Cheney, Newton	Bradford	22	Bradford	Aug. 14, "	Aug. 29, "		Wd. Petersburg, Va., Aug. 7, '64. Died of wds. Alexandria, Va., Aug. 27, '64.
Cheney, Savory	Bradford	20	Bradford	" " "	" " "		Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Killed Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, '64.
Clapp, William N.	Taunton, Mass.	35	Hillsborough	" " "	" " "		Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Jan. 16, '63. Died Hillsborough, Nov. 8, '76.
Crooker, Andrew J.	Bath, Me.	29	Hillsborough	" " "	" " "	Hillsborough	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62; Petersburg, Va., Aug. 7, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
Couch, Edgar O.	Warner	27	Warner	" 16, "	" " "		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64; Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Capd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Died dis., Danville, Va., Feb. 1, '65.
Colby, Philip	Warner	20	Warner	" " "	" " "		Died dis., Feb. 28, '63.
Collins, Er.	Warner	43	Warner	" 21, "	" " "	Canaan	Disch. disab. Hampton, Va., August 1, '63.
Courser, Wm. M.	Warner	19	Warner	" " "	" " "	Dover	Must. out June 4, '65.

Davis, Charles S.	Warner	21	Warner	Aug. 16, 1862	Aug. 29, 1862	Warner		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. App. Corp. Wd. Poplar Spring ch'h, Va., Sept. 30, '64. App. Sergt. Mch. 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Davis, Thomas M.	Henniker	20	Henniker	" 21, "	Sept. 2, "			Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to I. C. Disch. July 18, '65. Died St. Augustine, Fla., Dec. 17, '90.
Eastman, Timo. B.	Warner	30	Weare	" " "	Aug. 29, "	Contoocook		Must. out June 4, '65.
Eaton, Jubal	Warner	22	Warner	" 18, "	" " "	Hillsborough		Deserted Dec. 20, '62. Reported under president's proclamation May 10, '65. Disch. May 11, '65, with loss of all pay and allowances due at time of desertion, or that may have accrued since.
Flanders, Thos. B.	Warner	31	Warner	" 22, "	" " "	Warner		Des. Falmouth, Va., Dec. 20, '62.
Flanders, Frank B.	Warner	18	Warner	" 21, "	" " "	East Rindge		Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., June 18, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
Farren, Warren	Boscawen	38	Henniker	" 15, "	" " "			Died dis. Camp Nelson, Ky., Feb. 15, '64.
Farrar, Alden P.	Hillsborough	24	Hillsborough	" " "	" " "	Hillsborough		Must. out June 4, '65.
French, Henry L.	Boscawen	18	Weare	" 18, "	" " "	Concord		Disch. disab. at Newport News, Va., Mch. 13, '63.
Gray, Augustus W.	Bennington	19	Bennington	" 21, "	" " "	Bennington		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Annapolis, Md., April 10, '65.
Greene, George H.	Andover	24	Henniker	" 13, "	" " "			Must. out June 4, '65. Died Hartland, Vt., Sept. 16, '89.
Gibson, Samuel O.	Hillsborough	21	Hillsborough	" 14, "	" " "	Hillsborough		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Corp. Wd. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64; Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Disch. at Manchester, June 3, '65.
Hardy, Charles E.	Lowell, Mass.	20	Warner	" 16, "	" " "	Warner		App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Hill, Charles C.	Henniker	18	Henniker	" 14, "	" " "	Henniker		Must. out June 4, '65.
Hall, Charles G.	Hillsborough	30	Hillsborough	" " "	" " "			Disch. disab. at Hampton, Va., May 6, '63. Died Hillsborough, Aug. 24, '69.
Harriman, Wm. G.	Henniker	19	Henniker	" 16, "	" " "	MeddybempsMe		Must. out June 4, '65.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY D—*Continued.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Hoyt, Charles D.	Hillsborough	21	Hillsborough	Aug. 14, 1862	Aug. 29, 1862	St. Albans, Vt.	App. Corp. Disch. disab. at Concord, June 2, '65.
Hoyt, Joseph B.	Warner	21	Warner	" " "	" " "		Died dis. Acquia Creek, Va., Feb. 5, '63.
Haines, Frank E.		18	Concord	" 11, "	Sept. 2, "	California	Must. out June 4, '65.
Hackett, Warren T.	Henniker	25	Warner	" 18, "	Aug. 29, "	Hillsborough Bridge	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. July 13, '65.
Jewell, James M.	Warner	19	Warner	" 25, "	" " "	Southern Pines, N. C.	Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Mch. 19, '63.
Knott, Charles	Boston, Mass.	35	Henniker	" 13, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65. Died Hillsborough, May 25, '79.
Leslie, Charles W.	Henniker	43	Hillsborough	" 14, "	" " "		Disch. disab. Hampton, Va., May 5, '63. Died at Soldiers' Home, Chelsea, Mass., July 9, '84.
Morse, Henry W.	Bradford	20	Sutton	" 21, "	" " "	Sutton	Des. Falmouth, Va., Dec. 20, '62. Reported under president's proclamation, May 2, '65. Disch. May 5, '65, with loss of all pay and allowances due at time of desertion, or that may have accrued since.
Merrill, George F.	Hillsborough	20	Hillsborough	" 16, "	Sept. 2, "		App. Corp. Wd. and capd. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Died same day.
Morse, Charles C.	Bradford	43	Sutton	" 15, "	Aug. 29, "	Sutton	Des. Falmouth, Va., Dec. 20, '62. Reported under president's proclamation May 2, '65. Disch. May 5, '65, with loss of all pay and allowances due at time of desertion, or that may have accrued since.

Miller, Alfred A.	Hillsborough	20	Hillsborough	Aug. 15, 1862	Aug. 29, 1862	Antrim.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Ordway, John H.	Hopkinton	23	Henniker	" 13, "	" " "		Died at Camp Nelson, Ky., Feb. 24, '64.
Ordway, Joshua	Hopkinton	44	Henniker	" 18, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of wds. Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, '63.
Ordway, George T.	Warner	20	Warner	" 28, "	Sept. 2, "	Pasadena, Cal.	Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Osgood, Imri	Francestown	21	Warner	" 21, "	Aug. 29, "	Santa Cruz, Cal.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Right leg amputated. Disch. disab. May 3, '64.
Osgood, Henry	Warner	26	Warner	" " "	" " "	Warner	App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Pond, Charles M.	Bennington	19	Bennington	" 20, "	" " "	Milford	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63. Disch. Nov. 15, '65.
Presby, Henry F.	Bradford	21	Bradford	" 21, "	" " "	Henniker	Disch. disab. Newport News, Va., March 13, '63.
Pritchard, Geo. H.	New Ipswich	32	Hillsborough	" 12, "	" " "		Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64; sev. Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Oct. 25, '64. Died Hillsborough, Aug. 19, '84, from railroad accident.
Page, Alonzo	Henniker	29	Boscawen	" 29, "	Sept. 2, "	Aurora, Ill.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Paige, Plummer B.	Bradford	18	Warner	" 16, "	Aug. 29, "	Aurora, Ill.	Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. Sept. 16, '64. Disch. June 29, '65.
Paige, Henry E.	Henniker	19	Warner	" " "	" " "	Francestown	Disch. May 20, '65.
Ripley, James W. P.	Litchfield	21	Henniker	" 14, "	" " "		Died at Camp Nelson, Ky., Feb. 7, '64.
Roby, George	Sutton	27	Warner	" 21, "	" " "	Sutton	Tr. to I. C. Nov. 15, '63. Disch. Aug. 5, '65.
Reed, George F.	Washington	19	Hillsborough	" 20, "	" " "		Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. June 28, '65. Died in Hillsborough, May 24, '71.
Rogers, Joseph S.	Warner	36	Warner	" 18, "	" " "	Warner	Must. out June 4, '65.
Raymond, Wm. H.	Hopkinton	18	Hopkinton	" 19, "	" " "	Penacook	Disch. disab. Hampton, Va., March 30, '63.
Raymond, George J.	Hopkinton	22	Hopkinton	" " "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62; Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Died wds. May 18, '64.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Royleigh, Trask W.	Francestown	36	Warner	Aug. 18, 1862	Aug. 29, 1862	Salisbury	Des. at Falmouth, Va., Dec. 1, '62.
Rice, William H.	Henniker	25	Henniker	" 13, "	" " "		Died dis. Alexandria, Va., July 17, '64.
Scott, Don E.	Fairfax, Vt.	18	Warner	July 29, "	" 8, "	Hopkinton	Tr. from Co. E, 9th N. H. V., Aug. 29, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Savory, Cyrus P.	Warner	38	Warner	Aug. 18, "	Sept. 2, "	Contoocook	Tr. to I. C. March 15, '64.
Smith, John W.	Henniker	20	Hillsborough	" 14, "	" " "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Scobey, Addison	Francestown	44	Warner	" 18, "	" " "		Disch. disab. Hampton, Va., Dec. 27, '63. Died, date unknown.
Stevens, Frank	Warner	21	Warner	" 16, "	Aug. 29, "	Tumwater Wash	App. Corp., March 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Templeton, W. J.	Hillsborough	20	Hillsborough	" 14, "	" " "		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Killed Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Thompson, Arthur	Warner	18	Warner	" 20, "	Sept. 2, "	Warner	Must. out June 4, '65.
Wood, Charles E.	Henniker	20	Henniker	" 18, "	Aug. 29, "		App. Color Sergt. Wd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Died wds. David's Island, N. Y. H., Aug. 30, '64.
Wood, Ziba S.	Deering	19	Hillsborough	" 15, "	" " "	Henniker	Disch. Manchester, June 1, '65.
Wadsworth, Wm. H.	Henniker	22	Henniker	" 18, "	" " "		Died dis. Falmouth, Va., Jan. 12, '63.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Captain.					Com.		
Shattuck, Amos B.	Lowell, Mass.	28	Manchester	Aug. 14, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
1st Lieutenant.					Com.		
Locke, Arthur C.	Epsom	38	Epsom	" 15, "	Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
2d Lieutenant.					Com.		
Frost, Charles E.	Belgrade, Me.	21	Hampstead	" 12, "	Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
Sergeants.							
Dillenback, Henry J.	Dickinson, N. Y.	30	Derry	" 18, "	Aug. 29, "		See biographic sketch.
Dodge, William B.	New Boston	22	Goffstown	" 15, "	" " "	Lewinsville, Va.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Burnham, Jeremiah	Epsom	37	Epsom	" " "	" " "	No. Berwick, Me.	App. 1st Sergt. Disch. disab. Concord May 8, '63.
Newbegin, Chas. M.	Portland, Me.	22	Hampstead	" 13, "	" " "	Lewiston, Me.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Aug. 29, '63.
Burns, Clifford J.	Goffstown	24	Goffstown	" 15, "	" " "		App. 1st Sergt. Wd. sev. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Disch. Manchester Aug. 23, '65. Died in California Feb. 16, '90.
Corporals.							
Sawyer, Daniel L.	Haverhill, Mass.	26	Hampstead	" " "	" " "		App. Sergt. Disch. disab. Concord Sept. 7, '64. Died Haverhill, Mass., June 23, '78.
Thorn, Henry B.	Bowdoinham Me	26	Hampstead	" 13, "	" " "		Died of dis. at Covington, Ky., Aug. 28, '63.
Barker, Nathaniel C.	Piermont	25	Merrimack	" 21, "	" " "	Somerville, Mass	App. Sergt. Wd. Cold Harbor, Va., June 7, '64. Disch. May 25, '65.
Bickford, Samuel	Epsom	36	Epsom	" 15, "	" " "	Epsom	Disch. at Hampton, Va., Mch. 31, '63.
Kimball, Caleb J.	Manchester	26	Manchester	" 22, "	Sept. 3, "	Hampstead	App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Corporals.							
Brickett, Albert C.	Hampstead	18	Hampstead	Aug. 13, 1862	Aug. 29, 1862	Haverhill, Mass.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. disab. June 24, '65.
Young, Levi G.	Epsom	40	Epsom	" 14, "	" " "		Died of dis. at Falmouth, Va., Dec. 19, '62.
Chapman, Charles A.	Epsom	18	Epsom	" 15, "	" " "	Lynn, Mass.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Feb. 18, '63.
Musicians.							
Stevens, William O.	Manchester	17	Manchester	Sept. 6, "	Sept. " "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Melrose, Mass., Oct. 25, '90.
Whitney, Daniel D.	Boston, Mass.	18	Manchester	Aug. 15, "	Aug. " "		Must. out June 4, '65.
Wagoner.							
Tufts, Charles H.	Cambridge, Ms.	32	Manchester	" 20, "	" " "		Must. out June 4, '65.
Privates.							
Allen, George	Kingston	23	Hampstead	" 12, "	" " "	Hampstead	Disch. disab. June 19, '63.
Arnold, Thomas M.	Hampstead	29	Hampstead	" " "	" " "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Haverhill, Mass., Apr. 8, '89.
Balch, Wayland F.	Johnson, Vt.	23	Goffstown	" 14, "	" " "	Nashoba, Mass.	Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., Oct. 26, '63.
Barter, Thomas D.	Boothbay, Me.	26	Hampstead	" 13, "	" " "	Boston, Mass.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Brown, David, Jr.	Epsom	40	Epsom	" 15, "	" " "		App. Corp. Died of dis. at Covington, Ky., Sept. 3, '63.
Bickford, Benj.	Epsom	40	Epsom	" " "	" " "	Epsom	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. June 30, '65.

Blaisdell, Henry E.	New Boston	18	Goffstown	Aug.	14,	1862	Aug.	29,	1862	Minnesota	Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. Oct. 17, '64.
Bodwell, John G.	Salem	20	Salem	"	15,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Falmouth, Va., Dec. 28, '62.
Bickford, Thomas E.	Epsom	27	Epsom	"	"	"	"	"	"		App. Corp. Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Died of wds. at Alexandria, Va., Nov. 23, '64.
Bickford, George W.	Campton	32	Hampstead	"	"	"	"	"	"		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Haverhill, Mass., May 2, '66.
Burnham, William	Epsom	25	Epsom	"	"	"	"	"	"	Epsom	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. May 24, '64.
Baker, Rufus	Pembroke	33	Epsom	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deerfield	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec, 13, '62. Disch. disab. Feb. 21, '63.
Batchelder, Elbridge	Epsom	21	Epsom	Sept.	8,	"	Sept.	9,	"		Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Oct. 1, '64. App. Corp. Mch. 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Epsom May 15, '84.
Corson, Nathaniel	Lebanon, Me.	27	Hampstead	Aug.	13,	"	Aug.	29,	"	Hampstead	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. David's Isl. Feb. 20, '63.
Campbell, Duncan	Scotland	26	New Boston	"	20,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Died of wds. Washington, D. C., July 12, '64.
Connor, Ogilvia	Londonderry	22	Salem	"	15,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of dis. Camp Nelson, Ky., Dec. 2, '63.
Cottrell, John	Watervleit, N.Y.	23	Epsom	"	26,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Hampton, Va., Mch. 23, '63.
Chase, William H. F.	Derry	24	Salem	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Salem Depot	Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., June 20, '64, Disch. June 5, '65.
Cole, William G.	Salem	18	Salem	"	"	"	"	"	"		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Cross, Joseph	Swanzey	44	Manchester	"	16,	"	"	"	"	Merrimack	Must. out June 4, '65.
Dickerman, William	Boston, Mass.	21	Manchester	"	20,	"	"	"	"	Boston, Mass.	App. Corp. Wd. sev. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Capd. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Oct. 1, '64. Released. Disch. June 7, '65.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY E.—*Continued.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Dow, John D.	Epsom	18	Epsom	Aug. 18, 1862	Aug. 29, 1862		Disch. disab. Camp Nelson, Ky., Mch. 2, '64. Died in Epsom Nov. 18, '67.
Edmunds, Jeff. A.	Chichester	38	Epsom	" 15, "	" " "	Epsom	Tr. to V. R. C. Oct. 17, '64.
Eastman, Frank S.	Candia	20	Hampstead	" " "	" " "	Hampstead	Disch. disab. Concord Jan. 27, '63.
Eaton, Herman J.	Goffstown	23	Goffstown	" 14, "	" " "	St. Louis, Mo.	Wd. Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. App. Corp. Disch. as private May 25, '65.
Ferren, Alonzo	Plymouth	39	Danville	" 16, "	" " "		Disch. disab. at Newport News, Va., Mch. 16, '63. Died in Michigan in '88.
Fife, John H.	Chichester	37	Epsom	" 15, "	" " "	Epsom	Must. out June 4, '65.
French, Russell B.	Plainfield	25	Plainfield	" " "	Sept. 10, "	Plainfield	Capd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Exchanged. Disch. May 27, '65.
Flower, Charles E.	Epsom	36	Epsom	" " "	Aug. 29, "	Battle Cr'k, Neb.	Wd. sev. Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 8, '65.
Gordon, Charles	Epsom	37	Epsom	" " "	" " "	Epsom	Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Disch. June 5, '65.
Graham, Edward alias Elbridge Barr	Bedford	18	Goffstown	" 14, "	" " "	Nashua	Disch. disab. Baltimore, Md., June 4, '63. Enlisted in V. R. C. Aug. 18, '64. Disch. Nov. 4, '65.
Grover, Charles H.	Quincy, Mass.	19	Hampstead	" 13, "	" " "	Hampstead	Must. out June 4, '65.
Godfrey, Sylvester	Thetford, Vt.	36	Goffstown	" 21, "	" " "	Thetford, Vt.	Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. disab. Philadelphia, Pa., Mch. 15, '65. Died Mch. 24, '90.
Greer, Benjamin	Goffstown	21	Goffstown	" 15, "	" " "		Died dis. at Covington, Ky., Sept. 3, '63.
Giles, Charles A.	Pittsfield	23	Epsom	" 30, "	Sept. 3, "		Wd. at siege of Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 20, '63. Must. out June 4, '65. Deceased.

Hall, Daniel	Epsom	18	Epsom	Aug.	15,	1862	Aug.	29,	1862	Suncook	Disch. disab. Hampton, Va., Apr. 9, '63.
Hall, Charles H.	Epsom	31	Epsom	"	"	"	"	"	"	Epsom	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord Feb. 21, '63.
Hoyt, Caleb J.	Hampstead	29	Hampstead	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Haverhill, Mass.	Disch. disab. Concord Feb. 21, '63.
Hoyt, Ebenezer B.	Northwood	30	Epsom	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Lynn, Mass.	App. Corp. Disch. May 6, '65.
Johnson, James	Hampstead	36	Hampstead	"	12,	"	"	"	"	Hampstead	Wd. and mis. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Gd. from mis. Must. out June 4, '65.
Johnson, Samuel	Boston, Mass.	27	Hampstead	"	"	"	"	"	"		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Hampstead Feb., '89.
Johonnett, John H.	New Boston	19	New Boston	"	20,	"	"	"	"	New Boston	Must. out June 4, '65.
Johonnett, Albert P.	New Boston	29	Goffstown	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Goffstown	Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., Oct. 12, '63.
Kimball, John C.	Bradford, Mass.	29	Hampstead	"	12,	"	"	"	"	Ayer, Mass.	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Kezar, George W.	Plaistow	21	Hampstead	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Hampstead	Wd. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Little, Linus H.	Hampstead	22	Hampstead	"	12,	"	"	"	"	Hampstead	Capd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Par. and exch. Disch. June 3, '65.
Little, Frank H.	Hampstead	18	Hampstead	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Hampstead	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. App. Sergt. Dec. 7, '64; 1st. Sergt. June 8, '65. Disch. July 13, '65.
Lake, Henry G.	Chichester	27	Epsom	"	"	"	"	"	"	Chichester	Disch. disab. Hampton, Va., Aug. 31, '63.
Langley, Josiah D.	Deerfield	30	Epsom	"	"	"	"	"	"	Epsom	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord May 18, '65.
Laighton, Lauren A.	Newmarket	18	Epsom	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Georgetown, D. C., Nov. 25, '62.
Leighton, Charles W.	Newmarket	21	Epsom	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Gossville	App. Corp. Wd. Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Disch. Manchester May 28, '65.
Lamprey, Charles	Pittsfield	30	Epsom	"	21,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of dis. Georgetown, D. C., Feb. 27, '63.
Little, Henry C.	Hampstead	24	Hampstead	"	12,	"	Sept.	3,	"		App. Sergt. Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va. Sept. 30, '64. Par. and exch. Mch. 1, '65. Died of dis. at Hampstead, Apr. 3, '65.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY E—*Continued.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Lewis, Joseph	Pembroke	44	Pembroke	Sept. 5, 1862	Sept. 9, 1862		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Suncook Feb. 22, '75.
Morrill, William S.	Chichester	27	Epsom	Aug. 15, "	Aug. 29, "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Deerfield May 6, '67.
Moulton, George W.	Eaton, P. Q.	28	New Boston	" 19, "	" " "	Merrimack	Must. out June 4, '65.
Moore, Willard B.	Pembroke	33	Epsom	" 14, "	" " "		Wd. North Anna, Va., May 26, '64. Died of wds. July 24, '64.
Martin, Allen B.	Dickinson, N. Y.	31	Hampstead	" 12, "	" " "		Died of dis. at Concord Apr. 2, '65.
McDuffie, George H.	Manchester	18	Hampstead	" 13, "	" " "	Haverhill, Mass.	Tr. to I. C. Sept., '63. Disch. July 13, '65.
Otis, William L.	New Boston	33	Goffstown	" 14, "	" " "	Salisbury, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Pattee, John B.	Salem	21	Salem	" 15, "	" " "	Salem	App. Corp. Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Capd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Par. Oct. 18, '64. Exch. Dec. 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Quimby, Charles	New Hampton	33	Epsom	" " "	" " "	Epsom	Must. out June 4, '65.
Robie, Royal H.	Goffstown	18	Goffstown	" 22, "	" " "	Macon, Ga.	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Reynolds, Charles L.	Derry	18	Derry	" 21, "	" " "	Boston, Mass.	Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Escaped April, '65. Disch. May 24, '65.
Richardson, Francis	Manchester	25	Springfield	" 13, "	" " "	Springfield	Wd. Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64. Disch. June 5, '65.
Richardson, M. C.	Newbury	18	Newbury	" 26, "	" " "		Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64.
Robinson, James T.	Goshen	21	Nashua	" 14, "	Sept. 9, "		Capd. near Kingston, Tenn., Nov., '63. Never heard from.
Smith, Lucius B.	Manchester	18	Pembroke	" 21, "	Aug. 29, "		Died of dis. at Hampton, Va., Mch. 17, '63.

Smith, Joseph O.	Londonderry	22	Bedford	Aug.	16,	1862	Aug.	29,	1862	Capd. near Strawberry Plains, Tenn., Jan. 22, '64. Died of dis. Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 23, '64.
Sawyer, Horace R.	Hampstead	26	Hampstead	"	13,	"	"	"	" Hampstead	Wd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Shannon, Charles H.	Hampstead	29	Hampstead	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of wds. Washington, D. C., Dec. 31, '62.
Swain, Elbridge L.	Bristol	33	Chichester	"	29,	"	Sept.	3,	"	Died of dis. Newport News, Va., Mch. 17, '63.
Stark, William F.	Goffstown	19	Goffstown	"	14,	"	"	"	" Boston, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Tarleton, Charles W.	Epsom	18	Epsom	"	"	"	Aug.	29,	" Epsom	Tr. to 2d U. S. Art. Re-tr. to I. C. Jan. 5, '63. Discharged Aug. 29, '65.
White, Edwin A.	Deerfield	34	Epsom	"	18,	"	"	"	"	Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Deerfield.
Yeaton, Benjamin B.	Epsom	22	Epsom	"	30,	"	Sept.	3,	" Epsom	Disch. May 16, '65.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY F.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Captain.					Com.		
Carr, Samuel M.		27	New London		Sept. 4, 1862	San Francisco,C.	See biographic sketch.
1st Lieutenant.					Com.		
Messer, Austin W.		26	New London		Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
2d Lieutenant.					Com.		
Little, Hiram K.	Newbury	32	Sutton		Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
Sergeants.							
Sanborn, Freeman R.	Springfield	38	Springfield	Aug. 13, 1862	Aug. 29, "	Ashland	See biographic sketch.
Woodward, Charles	Sutton	24	New London	" 9, "	" " "	New London	See biographic sketch.
Nason, William A.	Monmouth, Me.	27	Springfield	" 7, "	" " "		See biographic sketch.
McAllister, Jas. H.	Sutton	19	Sutton	" 12, "	" " "	Bannack, Mont.	Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Exch. Feb. 27, '65. Disch. June 2, '65.
Philbrick, Sam'l B.	New Boston	31	New London	" 14, "	" " "		Died dis. New London, May 14 '64.
Corporals.							
Nichols, Francis	Springfield	27	Springfield	" 12, "	" " "	Joliet, Ill.	App. Sergt. Disch. disab. Concord Sept. 25, '64.
Little, Thomas	Newbury	24	Sutton	" 13, "	" " "	Peterborough	App. Sergt. Disch. disab. Concord Jan. 28, '64.
Lane, Alexander	Gloucester, Mass	32	New London	" 20, "	" " "	Penacook	App. Sergt.; 1st Sergt. Wd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Must. out June 30, '65.
McFarland, Geo. R.	Blue Hill, Me.	20	New London	" 9, "	Sept. 1, "	New London	Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Disch. May 13, '65.
Blood, Robert A.	New London	24	Springfield	" 13, "	Aug. 29, "	New London	Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord May 11, '63.

Hemphill, John	Deering	23	Sutton	Aug.	11,	1862	Aug.	29,	1862		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 16, '64. Died wds. Fredericksburg, Va., May 25, '64.
Colby, John D.	Springfield	26	Springfield	"	20,	"	"	"	"	Chicago, Ill.	Disch. disab. Frederick, Md., March 13, '63.
Whidden, James G.	Portsmouth	43	Sutton	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Sutton	Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., Nov. 28, '63.
Musicians.											
Sargent, Ransom F.	New London	25	New London	"	11,	"	"	"	"	New London	Must. out June 4, '65.
Colby, Charles M.	Springfield	23	Springfield	"	7,	"	"	"	"		Died dis. Covington, Ky., Aug. 14, '63.
Wagoner.											
Nelson, Joseph P.	Sutton	41	Sutton	"	15,	"	"	"	"		Disch. disab. Concord May 23, '63. Died Warner March 3, '91.
Privates.											
Adams, Moses J.	Newbury	27	Springfield	"	21,	"	"	"	"	Boston, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Austin, John, Jr.	Alexandria	18	Springfield	"	11,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, '64. Capd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Released. Must. out June 4, '65. Died Springfield Aug. 1, '83.
Annis, Daniel M.	Londonderry	26	New London	"	21,	"	"	"	"		Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 16, '64. Absent sick, June 4, '65. No disch. furnished. Died New London '77.
Abbott, Thomas B.	New London	34	New London	"	15,	"	Sept.	1,	"	Derry Depot	Tr. to V. R. C. Nov. 25, '64. Disch. Jan. 2, '65.
Bean, Alfred J.	Sutton	20	New London	"	"	"	"	"	"		Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., July 22, '64.
Bingham, Carlos S.	Pomfret, Vt.	26	Sutton	"	14,	"	Aug.	29,	"		Must. out June 4, '65.
Bickford, Samuel T.	Allenstown	26	Sutton	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Epsom	Must. out June 4, '65.
Blake, Mansel	Sutton	39	Sutton	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Concord	App. Musician. Must. out June 4, '65. Died Concord March 7, '91.
Blanchard, Free. S.	Washington	21	Sutton	"	15,	"	"	"	"		Des. Sulphur Springs, Va., Nov. 13, '62.
Bohenan, Andrew J.	Peterborough	30	Sutton	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Sutton	Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to I. C. Feb. 15, '64. Disch. Sept. 7, '64.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY F—*Continued.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Bagley, David W.	New York	29	Sutton	Aug. 14, 1862	Aug. 29, 1862	Sutton	Wd. Jackson, Miss., July 16, '63. Tr. to V. R. C. Nov. 24, '64.
Bunker, David W.	Munroe, Ohio	21	New London	" 13, "	" " "	No. Sanbornton	Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. June 29, '65.
Baker, Byron K.	Bradford, Vt.	18	New London	" 14, "	" " "	Scytheville	Disch. disab. Concord Aug. 31, '63.
Colcord, Moses C.	Plaistow	27	Springfield	July 29, "	" " "	Springfield	Wd. sev. North Anna, Va., May 26, '64. App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Chadwick, George	Sutton	28	Sutton	Aug. 15, "	" " "	Sutton	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. May 12, '65.
Collins, Phineas G.	Grafton	25	Sutton	" 14, "	" " "	Nashua	Must. out June 4, '65.
Chase, Walter F.	New London	21	New London	" 18, "	" " "	Concord	Disch. disab. Concord May 6, '64.
Chase, Thomas S.	New London	30	New London	" 11, "	" " "	Springfield	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. June 28, '65.
Davis, Darius K.	Sutton	44	Springfield	" 15, "	" " "		App. Corp. April 18, '65. Must. out June 4, '65. Died Concord Sept. 10, '81.
Davis, James M.	New London	18	Springfield	" " "	" " "		Disch. disab. Fort Schuyler, N. Y., Jan. 23, '63. Died Springfield Nov. 30, '69.
Derby, Francis E.	Orford	26	New London	" 26, "	" " "	New London	Must. out June 4, '65.
Eastman, Ziba S.	Sunapee	19	Springfield	" 14, "	" " "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died Springfield Dec. 16, '67.
Everett, Newton C.	Springfield	25	New London	" 18, "	" " "	Sioux City, Ia.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord Aug. 5, '63.
Ellis, John H.	Boxford, Mass.	29	New London	" 11, "	" " "	New London	Must. out June 4, '65.
Fellows, David B.	Sutton	19	Newbury	" 20, "	" " "		Killed Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Heselton, Sydney A.	Springfield	17	Springfield	" 13, "	" " "		Died dis. Annapolis, Md., April 10, '64.
Hazelton, Otis S.	Springfield	34	Springfield	" " "	" " "	Panama, Neb.	Must. out June 4, '65.

Hill, Benjamin F.	Springfield	30	Springfield	Aug.	14,	1862	Aug.	29,	1862	Lake Village	Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., Jan. 20, '64.
Heath, Stephen	Springfield	22	Grafton	"	9,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died dis. Washington, D. C., June 18, '64.
Hart, Charles, Jr.	Sutton	30	Sutton	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Sutton	Tr. to I. C. Oct. 1, '63. Disch. July 6, '64.
Johnson, H. M.	Springfield	21	Springfield	"	8,	"	"	"	"		App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Janesville, Wis.
Jewett, George M.	Sutton	18	New London	"	9,	"	"	"	"	New London	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord March 12, '63.
Luce, David S.	Campton	35	Springfield	"	11,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. disab. Dec. 17, '64. Died Springfield Sept. 22, '81.
Lewis, Timothy B.	Newbury	21	Sutton	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Sutton	Wd. Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Disch. Manchester, June 3, '65.
Lewis, John	Newbury	19	New London	"	16,	"	"	"	"	Sutton	Wd. sev. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Lorden, John	Ireland	19	New London	"	9,	"	"	"	"	Salisbury	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62; Spottsylvania, Va., May 16, '64. App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
McConnell, Robert	Bangor, Me.	30	New London	"	11,	"	"	"	"	New London	App. Corp. Tr. to V. R. C. March, '64. Disch. July 13, '65.
Morrill, James	Springfield	24	Springfield	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Springfield	Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., June 19, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. Sept. 16, '64. Disch. June 28, '65.
Morgan, George	Sutton	28	Sutton	"	20,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. Alexandria, Va., July 23, '64.
Mitchell, Frank A.	Kennebunk, Me.	44	Sutton	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Brentwood	Tr. to I. C. Dec. 12, '63. Disch. July 14, '65.
Martin, James H.	Concord	18	Sutton	"	12,	"	"	"	"		App. Corp. Died dis. Covington, Ky., Aug. 25, '63.
Messer, William A.	New London	20	New London	"	11,	"	Sept.	1,	"	New London	Must. out June 4, '65.
Messer, John M.	New London	34	New London	"	20,	"	Aug.	29,	"	New London	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Messer, Francis P.	New London	23	New London	"	15,	"	"	"	"	New London	Must. out June 4, '65.
Messer, Hamilton M.	New London	18	New London	"	11,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 13, '64.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Morgan, Dura P.	New London	22	New London	Aug. 26, 1862	Aug. 29, 1862	New London	Disch. June 16, '64, to accept appointment of hosp. steward U. S. Army.
Mills, William A.	Hyde Park, Vt.	35	New London	" 25, "	" " "		Died of dis. Falmouth, Va., Jan. 29, '63.
Nichols, Lovell W.	Springfield	23	Springfield	" 8, "	" " "		Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Aug. 28, '65. Died Springfield Aug. '83.
Nelson, Benjamin P.	Sutton	38	Sutton	" 15, "	" " "		Killed Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Nelson, Henry A.	Newport	20	Sutton	" " "	" " "		Wd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Died of wds. July 31, '64.
Nye, Newell J.	Hartland, Vt.	38	Sutton	" " "	" " "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died Sutton March 15, '78.
Pike, Charles C.	New London	18	New London	" 9, "	" " "	Peabody, Mass.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Apr. 18, '63.
Pingree, Walter E.	New London	21	New London	" " "	" " "	New London	Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Philbrick, Geo. H.	Sutton	18	New London	" 16, "	" " "		Killed Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Robie, George B.	Springfield	24	Springfield	" 14, "	" " "	Franklin	Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 16, '64. Disch. disab. Concord June 7, '65.
Rollins, John	Salisbury	27	Springfield	" 18, "	" " "	Springfield	Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to I. C. Oct. 31, '63. Disch. Aug. 29, '65.
Robie, Merrill	Springfield	20	Springfield	" 11, "	" " "	New London	Must. out June 4, '65.
Robie, Samuel	Springfield	18	Springfield	" 21, "	" " "	Salisbury	Must. out June 4, '65.
Rowe, William	Brunswick, Vt.	30	Springfield	July 29, "	" " "	Hanover	Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Mch. 9, '63.

Richards, Francis M.	Sutton	20	Sutton	Aug.	20,	1862	Aug.	29,	1862	Warner	App. Corp. Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. disab. Manchester April 29, '65.
Russell, Horace E.	Sutton	18	Sutton	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Sutton	Must. out June 4, '65.
Roby, John B.	Springfield	30	New London	"	"	"	"	"	"	New London	Disch. disab. Portsmouth Grove, R. I., July 22, '63.
Ray, Reuben	New London	19	New London	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Keene	Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Richards, Abr'm P.	Sutton	18	Sutton	"	19,	"	"	"	"	Warner	Wd. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64; Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64. App. Corp. April 18, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Stinson, Henry C.	Goffstown	18	New London	"	9,	"	"	"	"	Centralia, Wash.	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Stevens, George R.	Bedford	43	Springfield	"	19,	"	"	"	"		Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., Feb. 13, '64. Died Springfield May 4, '85.
Stevens, Alexander	Springfield	38	Springfield	"	11,	"	"	"	"	Enfield	Must. out June 4, '65.
Sanborn, Henry T.	Springfield	33	Springfield	"	9,	"	"	"	"	Springfield	Must. out June 4, '65.
Sanders, John	Springfield	24	Springfield	"	"	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. on board transport, Aug. 9, '63.
Stevens, Frank P.	Acworth	18	Sutton	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Alliance, Neb.	Disch. May 15, '65.
Simons, Warren H.	Warner	35	Sutton	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Sutton	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62; Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. disab. Jan. 3, '65.
Sargent, James S.	Warner	23	Sutton	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Deering	Must. out June 4, '65.
Sanborn, Everett T.	Sutton	18	Sutton	"	22,	"	"	"	"	Elora, Neb.	Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Sargent, Benja. F.	New London	28	New London	"	15,	"	"	"	"		App. Corp. Died dis. Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 24, '63.
Saunders, Geo. H.	New London	26	New London	"	9,	"	"	"	"	New London	App. Corp., May 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Williams, Jona. F.	Sutton	24	Sutton	Sept.	2,	"	Sept.	3,	"	Lowell, Mass.	App. Sergt.; Sergt. Maj. Mch. 18, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Wright, William P.	Mason	34	New London	Aug.	11,	"	Aug.	29,	"	Beverly, Mass.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. dis. Concord Aug. 6, '63.
Williams, Alvin B.	New London	18	New London	"	"	"	"	"	"		App. Corp. Killed Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Williams, Oscar L.	New London	20	New London	"	15,	"	"	"	"		Died dis. Annapolis, Md., Apr. 19, '64.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY F—*Concluded.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Wiley, George F.	Milford	18	Newbury	Aug. 18, 1862	Aug. 29, 1862	Sutton	Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. App. Corp.; Sergt. April 18, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Worth, John L.	Georgetown, Ms.	18	Sutton	" 14, "	" " "		Died of dis. Washington, D. C., Feb. 13, '63.
Wadleigh, James H.	Sutton	34	Sutton	" " "	" " "	Warner	Wd. sev. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to I. C. Oct. 1, '63. App. Corp.; 1st Sergt. Disch. Nov. 10, '65.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY G.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Captain.					Com.		
Pingree, George E.	Littleton	23	Lisbon		Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
1st Lieutenant.					Com.		
Hutchins, Arthur E.	Bath	23	Benton	Aug. 22, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
2d Lieutenant.					Com.		
Bell, J. LeRoy	Haverhill	22	Haverhill	" 12, "	Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
Sergeants.							
Goodall, Francis H.	Bath	24	Bath	" 22, "	Sept. 2, 1862	Washington, D.C	Disch. disab. at Concord May 23, '64.
Tyler, Isaac H.	Benton	22	Benton	" 21, "	" " "		Wd. sev. May 18, '64. Disch. as private June 3, '65.
Bean, Lewis	Maine	33	Haverhill	" 14, "	" " "	Philadelphia, Pa	Tr. to I. C. Mch. 11, '64. Disch. May 16, '65.
Simonds, Chester	Landaff	23	Landaff	" 15, "	" " "		Died of dis. at Mount Sterling, Ky., April 11, '63.
Lang, George R.	Bath	21	Monroe	" 18, "	" " "		Tr. to V. R. C. Jan. 28, '65. Disch. July 14, '65.
Corporals.							
Bailey, James A.	Lyman	37	Bath	" 13, "	" " "	Lisbon	See color bearers. App. Sergt. Wd. sev. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. disab. Concord June 7, '65.
Clark, Ward E.	Landaff	23	Landaff	" 15, "	" " "	Colton, Cal.	Disch. disab. Concord June 30, '64.
Foster, Nathaniel M.	Haverhill	27	Bath	" 11, "	" " "		App. Sergt.; 1st Sergt. May 14, '64. Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., June 19, '64. Wd. and capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Par. Died of wds. Annapolis, Md., Oct. 14, '64.
Wetherbee, Wm. C.	Haverhill	22	Lisbon	" 15, "	" " "		Disch. disab. Hampton, Va., April 16, '63. Died North Haverhill Mch. 18, '70.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Corporals.							
Chamberlin, Edwin	Bath	18	Bath	Aug. 11, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862		Died of dis. Camp Nelson, Ky., Jan. 23, '64.
Pingree, William L.	Littleton	29	Lisbon	" 22, "	" " "		App. Sergt. Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Jan. 12, '63.
Hall, Henry D.	Landaff	19	Landaff	" 14, "	" " "		Mis. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64.
Privates.							
Aldrich, Charles C.	Littleton	18	Bethlehem	" 15, "	" " "		Des. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Archer, Darwin	Canada	20	Monroe	" 13, "	" 6, "		Killed near Knoxville, Tenn., Mch. 17, '64.
Alden, Cyrus	Middleboro', Ms.	30	Haverhill	" 18, "	" 2, "		Must. out June 4, '65.
Bedell, Charles H.	Bath	25	Bath	" " "	" " "		Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. Sept. 27, '64. Killed at Monroe Sept. 4, '88.
Bowman, David	Lyman	41	Benton	" 16, "	" " "		Died of dis. at Mt. Sterling, Ky., Apr. 17, '63.
Blake, Otis F.	Landaff	18	Lisbon	" 20, "	" " "		Died of dis. at Acquia Creek, Va., Jan. 30, '63.
Blake, William H.	Landaff	20	Lisbon	" 14, "	" " "	Littleton	App. Corp. Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., Aug. 24, '63.
Barker, Jason S.	Landaff	18	Bath	" " "	" " "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Bowles, Miles	Lisbon	18	Lisbon	" 20, "	" " "	Lisbon	Disch. disab. at Washington, D. C., Feb. 20, '63.
Bedell, James M.	Bath	24	Bath	" 13, "	" " "		Died of dis. at Wheatland, Va., Oct. 30, '64.
Burgin, John	Lancaster	42	Lancaster	" 11, "	" " "	Littleton	Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.

Burnham, Charles F.	New Hampshire	28	Bath	Aug.	13,	1862	Sept.	2,	1862	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Des. July 1, '63. Apprehended. Disch. on account of wds. Concord Jan. 29, '64.
Briggs, Roswell	Bethlehem	36	Bath	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Died of dis. Georgetown, D. C., Oct. 2, '62.
Baxter, Thomas	Canada East	24	Haverhill	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Stoneham, Mass. Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Bisbee, Levi B.	Haverhill	27	Haverhill	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Bath Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Bixby, Benjamin	Warren	22	Haverhill	"	18,	"	"	"	"	Bradford, Vt. App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Currier, Hiram E.	Bath	18	Bath	"	15,	"	"	9,	"	Littleton Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 14, '64. Disch. Nov. 17, '64.
Cady, Martin V. B.	Haverhill	20	Haverhill	"	"	"	"	2,	"	E. Haverhill App. musician. Disch. May 12, '65.
Cady, Riley B.	Haverhill	24	Haverhill	"	"	"	"	"	"	App. Corp. Died of dis. Baltimore, Md., Apr. 11, '64.
Chandler, Joseph Jr.	Lisbon	19	Landaff	"	"	"	"	"	"	Lisbon Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to I. C. Sept. 17, '63. Disch. July 6, '65.
Coburn, Willard W.	Bath	18	Bath	"	18,	"	"	"	"	No. Haverhill Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Sept. 20, '63.
Carr, Frank B.	New Hampshire	33	Haverhill	"	14,	"	"	"	"	No. Haverhill Disch. disab. Aug. 29, '63.
Chamberlin, Gilbert	Bath	19	Bath	"	15,	"				Monroe Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Exch. Disch. May 31, '65.
Chamberlin, Chas. P.	Lyman	22	Bath	"	12,	"	"	"	"	Bath Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Sergt. May 12, '64. Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Exch. Feb. 28, '65. Disch. June 2, '65.
Coburn, George	Bath	18	Bath	"	22,	"	"	3,	"	Stoneham, Mass. Must. out June 4, '65.
Carr, Hiram S.	Haverhill	30	Haverhill	"	"	"	"	2,	"	Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62. Died Woodsville Oct. 2, '81.
Coburn, Daniel J.	Haverhill	21	Haverhill	"	"	"	"	"	"	Frankfort, N.Y. Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62.
Carr, Charles F.	North Haverhill	31	Haverhill	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Woodsville Disch. disab. Concord Dec. 29, '62.
Dexter, George A.	Lisbon	23	Lisbon	"	22,	"	"	"	"	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of wds. Dec. 15, '62.
Ela, Jacob	Lisbon	18	Lisbon	"	"	"	"	"	"	Minneap's, Minn Disch. disab. Fort Montroe, Va., May 4, '63.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Elliott, Henry P.	Landaff	29	Lisbon	Aug. 22, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862		App. Corp. Died of dis. on board transport Aug. 9, '63.
Foster, Edward	Bath	24	Bath	" 11, "	" " "		Tr. to I. C., Oct. 7, '63. Disch. Sept. 2, '65. Died Bellows Falls, Vt., Jan. 24, '79.
Grelee, John	Lyndon, Vt.	25	Monroe	" 14, "	" " "		Died of wds. Alexandria, Va., Apr. 7, '63.
George, Henry	Derby, Vt.	28	Monroe	" 22, "	" " "		Died June 26, '64, Washington, D. C., of wds. received near Petersburg, Va., June 19, '64.
Gilchrist, John Q.	Barnet, Vt.	18	Monroe	" 14, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Corp. May 2, '64. Wd. sev. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. Manchester May 30, '65. Died Monroe Jan. 16, '84.
Grelee, Daniel B.	Lyndon, Vt.	26	Monroe	" " "	" " "	Denver, Col.	Des. Alexandria, Va., July 24, '63.
Gould, Ira B.	Hanover	41	Haverhill	" 15, "	" " "	Lisbon	App. Drum Maj. Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62. Disch. Jan. 27, '63. Enl. in V. R. C. June 27, '64. App. Drum Maj. Disch. Nov. 14, '65.
Haney, Robert W.	Canada	25	Haverhill	" 16, "	" " "		Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Mis. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Gd. from mis. Absent sick June 4, '65. No disch. furnished. Died at Haverhill.
Howe, Chas. W. H.	Bath	22	Benton	" 15, "	" " "		Died of dis. Washington, D. C., Dec. 31, '62.
Howe, Daniel M.	Benton	27	Benton	" " "	" " "	Benton	Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. disab. Apr. 21, '65.

Holt, Oscar	Bath	17	Benton	Aug.	15,	1862	Sept.	2,	1862	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Disch. disab. Dec. 31, '64.
Judd, Henry	Landaff	19	Lisbon	"	21,	"	"	"	"	Easton	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Des. Lisbon Mch. 16, '63.
King, George W.	Landaff	19	Landaff	"	18,	"	"	"	"		Killed Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Learned, John N.	Newbury, Vt.	18	Bath	"	15,	"	"	"	"		Died May 16, '64, of wds. received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Lund, Amos, Jr.	Haverhill	21	Haverhill	"	"	"	"	"	"	Bedford, O.	Wd. near Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Lane, James K.	Wiscasset, Me.	18	Piermont	"	14,	"	"	"	"		App. Corp. Died May 16, '64, of wds. received May 12 at Spottsylvania, Va.
Learned, George E.	Ryegate, Vt.	19	Bath	"	15,	"	"	6,	"	Piermont	Must. out June 4, '65.
Muchmore, Henry S.	Concord	26	Orford	"	21,	"	"	2,	"	Piermont	Must. out June 4, '65.
Moulton, Elias	Corinth, Vt.	39	Haverhill	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Haverhill	Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Jan. 9, '63.
Merrill, Henry	Haverhill	19	Haverhill	"	15,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Mount Sterling, Ky., Apr. 13, '63.
Morse, George B.	Waltham, Mass.	20	Monroe	"	22,	"	"	"	"		Capd. Par. Died of dis. at Annapolis, Md., June 1, '64.
Marston, Moody C.	Haverhill	22	Haverhill	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Bath	Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62. Disch. Mch. 15, '63.
Miller, George W.	New Hampshire	23	Haverhill	"	"	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. near Petersburg, Va., Feb. 28, '65.
Morrison, William P.		42	Bath	"	"	"	"	"	"		Capd. Strawberry Plains, Tenn., Jan. 22, '63. Died Andersonville, Ga.
Newell, Arthur C.		23		"	29,	"	Oct.	25,	"		Tr. to 6th N. H. V. June 1, '65. Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Pennock, Jona. C.	Haverhill	20	Haverhill	"	15,	"	Sept.	2,	"	Woodsville	Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62.
Pike, Adin M.	Orford	24	Orford	"	13,	"	"	"	"		Died Sept. 14, '64, Washington, D. C., of wds. received near Petersburg, Va., June 19, '64.
Pettee, Henry M.	Haverhill	24	Landaff	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Died Jan. 27, '63, Acquia Creek, Va., of wds. received Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Parker, Riva F.	Haverhill	22	Orford	Aug. 22, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862	Whitefield	Must. out June 4, '65.
Philbrick, Edwin P.	Meredith	27	Orford	" 15, "	" " "	Sonoma, Cal.	Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62.
Rutherford, D. W.	Columbia	23	Lisbon	" 22, "	" " "		Died Jan. 15, '63, at Washington, D.C., of wds. received Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Rogers, Martin	Ireland	44	Haverhill	" 14, "	" " "	Hanover	App. Corp. Wd. Wilderness., Va., May 6, '64. Mis. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Gd. from mis. Disch. Concord June 4, '65.
Samson, James W.	New Hampshire	34	Haverhill	" 15, "	" " "		Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62. Died Washington, D. C., Jan. 14, '63.
Santy, Joseph	Canada	27	Lyman	" " "	" " "	Lyman	Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 2, '65. Disch. June 26, '65.
Shanty, Joseph	Canada	27	Monroe	" 16, "	" " "		Capd. Strawberry Plains, Tenn., Jan. 22, '64. Died of dis. Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 8, '64.
Santy, Grey	Canada	23	Lyman	" 15, "	" " "	Lyman	Must. out June 4, '65.
Southard, George	Haverhill	19	Haverhill	" 18, "	" " "		Died of dis. at Cincinnati, O., Apr., '63.
Sanborn, Charles S.	Thornton	21	Haverhill	" 21, "	" " "	Underwood	Disch. disab. Sept. 18, '63.
Simonds, William	Landaff	28	Landaff	" 15, "	" " "	Bath	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. July 13, '65.
Sullivan, Richard T.	Ireland	33	Lisbon	" 18, "	" " "	Lisbon	Must. out June 4, '65.
Smith, Perry J.	Bath	18	Bath	" 13, "	" " "	S. Francisco, Cal.	Disch. May 26, '65.
Swift, George C.	Haverhill	18	Haverhill	" 15, "	" " "		Killed near Petersburg, Va., July 22, '64.
Swift, Solon	Weathersfi'd, Vt	44	Haverhill	" 20, "	" 3, "		Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Deceased.
Sargent, Moses C.	Grantham	42	Landaff	" 15, "	" 2, "		Killed near Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.

Tefft, Albert H.	Rhode Island	32	Haverhill	Aug.	15,	1862	Sept.	2,	1862	No. Haverhill	Disch. disab. Sept. 21, '63.
Towne, George W.	Groton	18	Bath	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. at Washington, D. C., Feb. 9, '63. Died at Bath Apr. 7, '63.
Towne, Arthur D.	Bath	22	Bath	"	"	"	"	"	"		Died dis. at Camp Dennison, O., Aug. 29, '63.
Wetherbee, Warren	Lisbon	24	Lisbon	"	"	"	"	"	"	Lisbon	App. Corp. Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64. Disch. disab. Feb. 5, '65.
Willey, Otis	Shipton, P. Q.	30	Landaff	"	18,	"	"	"	"		Tr. to V. R. C., Mch. 31, '64. Disch. Sept. 1, '65.
Whiting, William H.	Bath	20	Bath	"	11,	"	"	9,	"		App. Corp. Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Littleton Jan. 12, '82.
Willey, Albert U.	Wheelock, Vt.	39	Haverhill	"	16,	"	"	2,	"		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Willis, Joseph	Haverhill	20	Haverhill	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Haverhill	Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Whitman, Orrin M.	North Haverhill	24	Haverhill	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Boston, Mass.	Tr. to brigade band Oct. 14, '62.
Woodard, Geo. W.	New York	22	Haverhill	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Lynn, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Captain.					Com.		
Morgan, Converse G.	Canaan	35	Enfield	Aug. 12, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
1st Lieutenant.					Com.		
Dimick, Orlando W.	Braintree, Mass.	22	Lyme	" 13, "	Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
2d Lieutenant.					Com.		
George, Allen H.	Canaan	26	Canaan		Sept. 4, 1862		2d Lieut. Disch. May 23, '64.
Sergeants.							
French, Henry	Plainfield	28	Enfield	Aug. 20, "	" 2, "	Chicago, Ill.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Reduced to ranks May 26, '63. App. Sergt. Aug. 1, '64, having been unjustly reduced to ranks. App. 1st Lieut. June 1, '65. Not must. Must. out as Sergt. June 4, '65.
Kendrick, Addison E	Hanover	25	Lyme	" 15, "	" " "	W. Randolph, Vt.	Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., Dec. 19, '63.
Bean, Frank S.							See biographic sketch.
Wood, William C.	Boston, Mass.	23	Lyme	" 12, "	" " "		See biographic sketch.
Day, Lorenzo	Enfield	41	Enfield	" " "	" " "	Enfield	Capt. 125th U. S. Colored Troops Apr. 21, '65.
Corporals.							
Martin, Charles W.	Hebron	29	Lyme	" 16, "	" " "		App. Sergt. Died Mch. 16, '65, of wds. received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Sanborn, Albert	Grafton	29	Orange	" 15, "	" " "		App. Sergt. Jan. 8, '64. Wd. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. App. 1st Sergt. Sept. 1, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
James, Jonathan P.	Barnstead	27	Enfield	" 12, "	" " "		Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. May 9, '65. Died Lynn, Mass.

Richardson, Geo. H.	Canaan	26	Canaan	Aug.	20,	1862	Sept.	2,	1862		Tr. to V. R. C. Nov. 2, '64. Must. out Indianapolis, Ind., July 1, '65. Died Canaan Oct. 4, '72.
Grant, Turner S.	Lyme	22	Lyme	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of dis. at Newport News, Va., Mch. 6, '63.
Codman, George B.	Enfield	23	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"	Concord	Must. out June 4, '65.
Morey, Frank	Wilmot	22	Canaan	"	9,	"	"	"	"	Andover	App. Sergt. May 1, '64. Wd. near Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Gilbert, John W.	Lyme	23	Lyme	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died of dis. at Newport News, Va., Mch. 6, '63.
Musicians.											
Culver, J. Newton	Royalton, Vt.	20	Enfield	"	"	"	"	"	"	St. Albans, Vt.	Disch. disab. Concord June 7, '65.
Boutwell, Luman, Jr.	Hanover	16	Hanover	"	22,	"	"	"	"	Hanover	Must. out June 4, '65.
Wagoner.											
Walcott, William	Barnard	28	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"	Enfield	Must. out June 4, '65.
Privates.											
Ames, Isbon N.	Orford	18	Orford	"	23,	"	"	"	"	Colebrook	Tr. to V. R. C. Jan 1, '65.
Bailey, George M.	Berlin, Vt.	27	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 19, '64.
Barnes, John O.	Wentworth	24	Canaan	"	9,	"	"	"	"		Died May 15, '64, Fredericksburg, Va., of wds. received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Batchelder, Reuben	Hill	35	Orange	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Orange	Must. out June 4, '65.
Burnham, Geo. W.	Enfield	30	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"	Enfield	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 26, '63, by G. O. No. 321 A. G. O. War Dept. App. Corp. App. Q. M. Sergt. Disch. as Corp. Sept. 2, '65.
Bean, Nathaniel W.	Kirby, Vt.	22	Canaan	"	11,	"	"	"	"		Died dis. Alexandria, Va., June 29, '64.
Blake, Joseph, 2d	Enfield	44	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Absent sick from July 11, '64. Died Concord May 21, '86.
Boudett, Ezra	Canada	34	Lyme	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Sanquire, Can.	Disch. disab. Dec. 9, '62.
Betterly, Orlando W.	Jaffrey	28	Lyme	"	"	"	"	"	"	Winchendon, Ms	Must. out June 4, '65.
Blood, Downer K.	Lyme	22	Lyme	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Kansas	Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Apr. 21, '63.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Private.							
Baithrow, Henry H.	Bradford, Vt.	21	Hanover	Aug. 22, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862		Wd. sev. Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64. Disch. disab. Concord June 7, '65. Died Hancock Mch. 20, '83.
Cummings, Perley M.	Enfield	18	Enfield	" 11, "	" " "	New Boston, Tex	App. Corp. Jan. 8, '64. App. Sergt. Jan. 9, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Currier, Lewis D.	Enfield	18	Enfield	" " "	" " "	Ottawa, Canada	App. Corp. Wd. sev. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Disch. disab. May 13, '65.
Currier, John C.	Wentworth	33	Enfield	" 12, "	" " "		Disch. May 19, '65. Died Enfield Sept. 2, 88.
Childs, Oliver B.	Thetford, Vt.	26	Canaan	" 11, "	" " "	East Canaan	Wd. in side and head by falling of tree Feb. 17, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Colburn, Edward	Dorchester	23	Dorchester	" 21, "	" " "		Died dis. Newport News, Va., Feb. 24, '63.
Cambridge, Henry	Putney, Vt.	34	Enfield	" 12, "	" " "		Disch. by order at Brattleborough, Vt., Dec. 27, '64. Died Grafton, Vt., Jan. 25, '71.
Chandler, B. T.	Hanover	18	Hanover	" 22, "	" 9, "	Cincinnati, O.	Disch. disab. Concord, Oct. 25, '63.
Cook, Harrison	Norwich, Vt.	25	Norwich, Vt.	" 18, "	" 2, "		Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Sept. 2, '65.
Decatur, Almon K.	Strafford	36	Canaan	" 9, "	" " "	Compton, Que.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Dicky, William	Canada	36	Canaan	" " "	" " "		Tr. to 2d U. S. Art. Oct. 14, '62. Died Cincinnati, O., Aug. 23, '63.
Dimick, Chester E.	Lyme	28	Lyme	" 13, "	" " "	Manchester	Disch. disab. David's Island, N. Y., Mch. 5, '63.
Derby, David L.	Lyme	28	Lyme	" 12, "	" " "	Lyme	Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Mch. 19, '63.

French, Elias	Plainfield	24	Enfield	Aug.	12,	1862	Sept.	2,	1862	Chicago, Ill.	Must. out June 4, '65.
French, John	Plainfield	24	Enfield	"	"	"	"	"	"	Edna, Kan.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Louisville, Ky., Jan. 13, '64.
Folsom, Horace F.	Enfield	43	Enfield	"	"	"	"	"	"		Tr. to I. C. Feb. 11, '64. Disch. Sept. 1, '65. Died Townsend, Mass. Oct. 3, '78.
Freeman, Charles W.	Royalton, Vt.	36	Enfield	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Lowell, Mass.	Wd. sev. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. at Manchester June 13, '65.
Franklin, Harry O.	Lyme	20	Lyme	"	16,	"	"	"	"	Lyme	Wd. sev. near Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 5, '65. Disch. Sept. 2, '65.
Fox, James H.		18	Hanover	"	22,	"	"	"	"	West Canaan	Must. out June 4, '65.
Flint, J. Morey	Lyme	25	Lyme	"	16,	"	"	9,	"		Died dis. Paris, Ky., May 17, '63.
Gordon, William B.	Canaan	44	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	2,	"		Disch. disab. Concord Nov. 24, '63. Died Enfield Aug. 3, '69.
Gould, Joseph A.	Dracut, Mass.	37	Enfield	"	"	"	"	"	"		Wd. sev. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Disch. disab. at Manchester Feb. 6, '65. Died Enfield April 30, '79.
Gordon, Scott	Canada	35	Lyme	"	18,	"	"	"	"		Died dis. New York Oct. 2, '64.
Howe, Warren	Stanstead, P. Q.	35	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Absent sick from Aug. 12, '63. Died Enfield Dec. 25, '86.
Huse, Webster D.	Enfield	33	Enfield	"	"	"	"	"	"		App. Corp. Capd. near Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64. Died dis. Andersonville, Va., Oct. 3, '64, while prisoner of war.
Herbert, Ledus	W. Randolph, Vt.	18	Canaan	"	7,	"	"	"	"	Worcester, Mass.	Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. App. Corp. Jan. Mch. 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Ham, Hollis M.	Epsom	22	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Killed Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Hammond, L. D.	Piermont	24	Lyme	"	"	"	"	"	"	Fairlee, Vt.	Disch. disab. Newport News, Va., Mch. 16, '63.
Hanscom, Mark	Dorchester	21	Lyme	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Winchendon, Mass.	Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., Nov. 27, '63.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Jones, Thomas E.	Warner	21	Canaan	Aug. 11, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862		Wd. sev. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Died at Canaan July 27, '65.
Johnson, James	West Fairlee, Vt.	36	Enfield	" 16, "	" " "		Accidentally killed on railroad Aug. 16, '63.
Johnson, John W.	West Fairlee, Vt.	46	Enfield	" 12, "	" " "	Enfield	Must. out June 4, '65.
Kenyon, Byron G.	Plainfield	19	Orford	" 22, "	" " "		App. Corp. June 1, '64. Wd. sev. at Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Leg amputated. Died Orford, May 6, '71.
Kemp, Jasper H.	Dorchester	19	Dorchester	" 21, "	" " "		Died dis. Washington, D. C., May 5, '65.
Kemp, Wallace W.	Dorchester	21	Dorchester	" " "	" " "		App. Corp. Jan. 8, '64. App. Sergt. Mch. 17, '65. Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Lyme Aug. 7, '86.
Kibber, Howard C.	Strafford	18	Lyme	" 14, "	" " "	Harrisville, Mich.	Tr. to I. C. Mch. 5, '64. Disch. Apr. 22, '64.
Lovejoy, Charles M.	Maria, N. Y.	22	Lyme	" " "	" " "		Died dis. Newport News, Va., Mch. 5, '63.
Loverin, John B.	Springfield	37	Canaan	" 6, "	" " "	Enfield	Must. out June 4, '65.
Locke, Bertram G.	Waterbury, Vt.	19	Enfield	" 12, "	" 9, "	Hollis	Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Marshall, Moses H.	Concord	18	Canaan	" 8, "	" 2, "	Chelsea, Mass.	Tr. to I. C. Mch. 5, '64.
Marshall, Thomas S.	Hudson	43	Canaan	" 6, "	" " "		Disch. disab. Concord May 6, '64. Died Hanover Nov. 25, '84.
McConnell, Robert	Ireland	44	Enfield	" 12, "	" " "	Bethel, Me.	Disch. by order at Cincinnati, O., Nov. 9, '63.
Niles, Edwin C.	Newbury	24	Orford	" 26, "	" " "		Died dis. Newport News, Va., Mch. 16, '63.
Newell, Lewis M.	Grantham	27	Enfield	" 12, "	" " "		Died dis. Washington, D. C., Feb. 8, '63.

Osmer, Charles F.	Worcester, Mass.	19	Enfield	Aug.	12,	1862	Sept.	9,	1862		Must. out June 4, '65. Killed on railroad near Penacook, Dec. 23, '75.
Prescott, Philip G.	Grafton	26	Canaan	"	9,	"	"	2,	"	Canaan	Wd. sev. Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., July 15, '63.
Powers, Edward	Ireland	39	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 19, '64. Disch. July 13, '65. Died Enfield June 2, '87.
Putnam, Albert R.	Enfield	22	Enfield	"	"	"	"	"	"	Cambridge, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Proctor, Peter K.	Sharon, Me.	30	Enfield	"	"	"	"	"	"		Must. out June 4, '65. Died Keene Apr. 6, '85.
Pollard Royal S.	Lyme	18	Dorchester	"	15,	"	"	9,	"		Died dis. Cincinnati, O., Apr. 3, '63.
Roberts, Samuel F.	Northfield	28	Dorchester	"	21,	"	"	2,	"		Died dis. Pleasant Valley, Md., Oct. 14, '62. First death in Co. H.
Rowan, William	Salem, N. Y.	22	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Disch. disab. at Concord Feb. 10, '63. Died Enfield July 14, '74.
Rowell, George E.	Claremont	22	Claremont	"	26,	"	"	"	"		App. Sergt. Died dis. Baltimore, Md. Apr. 10, '64.
Runnels, Hiram E.	Hanover	18	Hanover	"	21,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. Washington, D. C., Jan. 2, '62.
Sargent, Aaron	Grantham	41	Canaan	"	9,	"	"	"	"		Killed near Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64.
Stevens, James J.	Enfield	26	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. Newport News, Va., Mch. 4, '63.
Stewart, Alex. M.	Nova Scotia	32	Enfield	"	"	"	"	"	"		Disch. disab. Concord, Aug. 15, '63. Died Franklin Dec. 24, '72.
Smith, George B.	Canaan	20	Enfield	"	11,	"	"	9,	"	Manchester	Disch. disab. Washington, D.C., Mch., 25, '63.
Stark, David C.	Lyme	23	Lyme	"	15,	"	"	2,	"	Lyme	Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. App. Corp. May 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Smith, William W.	Grantham	33	Enfield	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Disch. disab. Concord July 28, '63. Died Enfield Dec. 24, '68.
Stark, Anson	Lyme	44	Lyme	"	22,	"	"	"	"		Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 19, '64. Died Lyme Apr. 4, '76.
Snow, Edgar P.	Lyme	21	Lyme	"	16,	"	"	"	"	Cheyenne, Wyo.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Trumbull, Harrison	Wilmot	26	Dorchester	"	26,	"	"	"	"	Hanover	Must. out June 4, '65.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Tyler, Eli S.	Lyme	26	Lyme	Aug. 12, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862		Died June 6, '64, Washington, D.C., of wds. received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Thomas, Truman F.	Fayston, Vt.	25	Orange	" 15, "	" " "		App. Corp. Capd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Died of dis. Danville, Va., Feb. 17, '65, while prisoner of war.
Thrasher, Edwin	Cornish	21	Lyme	" 13, "	" " "	Lyme	Disch. disab. New York city, Dec. 15, '62.
Washburn, Calvin	Pomfret, Vt.	37	Enfield	" 12, "	" " "	Indianapolis, Ind.	App. Corp. Mch. 18, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Whittier, Nath'l 3d	Orange	40	Orange	" 15, "	" " "		Wd. Wilderness, V., May 6, '64. Died July 1, '64, Washington, D. C., of wds. received near Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64.
Williams, Spencer W.	Sharon, Vt.	37	Enfield	" 12, "	" " "	Enfield	Must. out June 4, '65.
Washburn, Chas. D.	Woodstock, Vt.	42	Canaan	July 6, "	" " "	Canaan	Disch. disab. Ft. Columbus, N. Y. harbor. Feb. 25, '64.
Webb, George C.	Lyme	19	Lyme	" 19, "	" " "	Westfield, Mass.	Wd. sev. near Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. Disch. June 28, '65.
Wheeler, Nat'l S.	Plainfield	30	Enfield	" 12, "	" " "	Enfield	App. 1st Lieut. of 125th U. S. Colored Troops Apr. 25, '65; Capt. Apr. 21, '66. Disch. Oct. 30, '67.
Winslow, Daniel W.	Thetford, Vt.	19	Lyme	" 15, "	" " "		Died. of dis. Washington, D. C., Jan. 3, '63.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY I.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Captain.					Com.		
Patten, William R.	Candia	25	Candia		Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
1st Lieutenant.					Com.		
Cilley, John K.	Nottingham	22	Exeter		Sept. 4, 1862	New York city	See biographic sketch.
2d Lieutenant.					Com.		
Currier, J. Charles	Chester	19	Derry		Sept. 4, 1862	San Francisco, C.	See biographic sketch.
Sergeants.							
Brown, R. Baxter	Candia	21	Candia	Aug. 15, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862		See biographic sketch.
Neally, Richard	Newfield, Me.	44	Exeter	" 14, "	" " "		Died Jan. 5, '63, at Washington, D. C., of wds. received at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Paige, Charles C.	Weare	24	Candia	" 11, "	" " "		See biographic sketch.
Underhill, John	Chester	29	Chester	" 21, "	" 6, "	Chester	Disch. disab. at Concord, Mch. 26, '63.
Magoon, Calvin B.	East Kingston	18	East Kingston	" 18, "	" 3, "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died May 17, '64, of wds. received at Wilderness, Va., May, '64.
Corporals.							
Harris, Edmund	Lisbon	27	Candia	" 15, "	" 2, "		Killed Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
West, Daniel S.	Windham	22	Chester	" 20, "	" " "	Chester	See Color Bearers. Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
Rowe, Jonathan B.	Kensington	23	Kensington	" 18, "	" " "		Died May 19, '64, at Fredericksburg, Va., of wds. received at Spottsylvania, May 16, '64.
Pervere, Sylvester O.	Hampton Falls	19	Hampton Falls	" 15, "	" 6, "	Brentwood	Wd. sev. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Absent sick at muster out of regt.
Phillips, Jacob M.	Wheelock, Vt.	26	East Kingston	" 21, "	" 3, "		Disch. disab. at Concord, Mch. 23, '64. Died in Sandown, 1888.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY I—*Continued.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Corporals.							
Matthews, Heman O.	Morristown, Vt.	19	Candia	Aug. 15, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862	Haverhill, Mass.	App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Brown, George W.	Hanover	33	Candia	" " "	" " "		Died dis. at Concord, Feb. 11, '64.
Clark, William M.	Derry	25	Candia	" " "	" " "		Tr. to V. R. C. Aug. 10, '64. Died at Concord Nov. 10, '64.
Musicians.							
Nichols, John W.	Newton	38	Newton	" 18, "	" 3, "	East Kingston	Disch. disab. Jan. 9, '63.
Morrill, Charles H.	Springfield	20	New London	" 9, "	" 2, "	Strawberry, Neb	Absent from April 14, '65. No disch. furnished.
Wagoner.							
Morrill, Thomas J.	Northwood	39	Candia	" 14, "	" " "	Amesbury, Mass	Must. out June 4, '65.
Privates.							
Austin, John F.	Milford	32	Newton	" 21, "	" " "	So. Hampton	Must. out June 4, '65.
Batchelder, Jerem'h	North Hampton	36	North Hampton	" " "	" 3, "		Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Brown, Amos	Kensington	19	Kensington	" 13, "	" 6, "	Warrensburg, Ill	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Barker, Levi, Jr.	Candia	19	Candia	" 15, "	" 9, "	Nashua	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Corp. Wd. sev. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Disch. June 3, '65.
Buswell, Asa E.	Candia	38	Candia	" 14, "	" 2, "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died April 7, '68, at St. Louis, Ill., of lockjaw.
Bean, Joel P.	Allenstown	25	Candia	" " "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Wd. and capd. Poplar Spring Church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Died of wounds at Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 15, '64, while prisoner of war.

Bean, Jesse D.	Candia	23	Candia	Aug. 14,	1862		Sept. 2,	1862		Candia	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord, June 8, '63.
Brickett, Manson M.	Auburn	22	Candia	"	"	"	"	"	"	Auburn	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Sept. 1, '65.
Brown, Edward F.	Candia	18	Candia	"	19,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. Newport News, Va., Mch. 9, '63.
Brown, Benjamin	Tuftonborough	42	Newton	"	21,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. Falmouth, Va., Dec. 3, '62.
Barker, John J. D.	Exeter	27	Exeter	"	16,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Milldale, Miss., June 29, '63.
Brown, John	Kensington	20	Kensington	"	13,	"	"	6,	"	Shawn't'n, I. T.	App. Corp. Wd. sev. at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Disch. disab. at City Point, Va., April 19, '65.
Brown, Charles C.	Candia	36	Candia	"	6,	"	"	2,	"	Raymond	Must. out June 4, '65.
Brown, N. Frank	Candia	18	Candia	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Milton, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Bowley, Charles M.	Exeter	34	E. Kensington	"	18,	"	"	3,	"		Must. out June 4, '65.
Clark, Robert	Derry	23	Candia	"	15,	"	"	2,	"	Manchester	Must. out June 4, '65.
Cushing, Thomas R.	W.Cambridge M	20	Exeter	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Belmont	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. at Concord, June 8, '63.
Coolidge, Wm. E. C.	Lynn, Mass.	18	Chester	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Haverhill, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Dow, Gilman L.	So. Hampton	26	So. Hampton	"	18,	"	"	3,	"		Disch. disab. Alexandria, Va., Jan. 13, '63.
Dearborn, Sam'l H.	No. Hampton	31	Hampton Falls	"	13,	"	"	6,	"	Newb'yp't, Mass	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. 1st Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Davis, Daniel C.	Chelsea, Vt.	33	Candia	"	14,	"	"	2,	"	Groton	Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. disab. Jan. 31, '65.
Dearborn, Leon'd F.	Candia	24	Candia	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Seattle, Wash.	Disch. disab. Annapolis, Md., July 2, '64.
Dearborn, W. D.	Candia	18	Candia	"	"	"	"	"	"	Candia	Mustered out June 4, '65.
Dunn, Reuben H.	Candia	29	Candia	"	"	"	"	"	"	Candia	App. Corp. Wd. Jackson, Miss., July 11, '63. Disch. disab. Camp Dennison, O., Dec. 28, '63.
Durgin, Charles W.	Barnstead	24	Exeter	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Chichester	Wd. on picket near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 11, '64. Disch. June 16, '65.
Dutton, Frank	Nashua	18	Concord	Sept.	4,	"	"	6,	"		Tr. to 2d U. S. Artillery. Retrans. to regiment, May 26, '65. Disch. June 12, '65.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Dresser, Moses D.	Newfield, Me.	42	Kensington	Aug. 13, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862		Tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63. Died at Bradford, Mass., Oct. 16, '72.
Emerson, Ansel	Candia	29	Candia	" 11, "	" " "		Tr. to V. R. C. July 12, '64. Died at Candia, June 25, '68.
Emerson, Fred. F.	Candia	20	Candia	" 15, "	" " "	Buffalo, N. Y., 115 10th st.	Tr. to brigade band Oct. 15, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Elliott, James M. M.	Kingston	42	Chester	" 13, "	" " "		Must. out June 4, '65. Died in Chester.
Fellows, Edward E.	Kensington	21	Kensington	" 16, "	" " "	Kensington	App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Fisher, Robert H.	Stoughton, Mass	18		" 27, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord, Aug. 21, '63. Died in Charlestown, Mass., '68.
Foss, Ezra W.	Alton	23	Candia	" 20, "	" " "	Hampstead	Must. out June 4, '65.
Graves, William	Acworth	24	Acworth	" 30, "	" " "		Killed Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Gleason, Joseph L.	Candia	21	Candia	" 14, "	" " "	Haverhill, Mass.	Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Exchanged Feb. 28, '65. Disch. May 31, '65.
Gile, John H.	Raymond	30	Candia	" " "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Died at Manchester, Apr. 1, '65.
Gile, Augustus B.	Candia	21	Candia	" 15, "	" " "	Candia	Wd. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Griffin, George W.	Candia	19	Candia	" " "	" " "	Candia	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord, Mch. 30, '63.
Gilman, John W.	Wolfeborough	36	Exeter	" 14, "	" " "		Died of dis. at Petersburg, Va., Sept. 27, '64.
Gleason, Hiram G.	Candia	19	Candia	" 15, "	" 9, "	Candia	Must. out June 4, '65.
Hilliard, John T.	Kensington	29	Kensington	" 18, "	" " "	Kingston	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.

Hale, Kinsley L.	Exeter	18	East Kingston	Aug.	18,	1862	Sept.	3,	1862	W. Manchester	Capd. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Released May 6, '65. Must. out June 4, '65. Was in Danville, Libby, Belle Isle, and Salisbury prisons, seven months in all.
Huse, George R.	Newton	18	Newton	"	19,	"	"	"	"	Haverhill, Mass.	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Sept. 2, '65.
Hartford, Woodbury	Candia	21	Candia	"	14,	"	"	9,	"	Candia	Must. out June 4, '65.
Hartford, Geo. W.	Candia	27	Candia	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Candia	Wd. sev. near Petersburg, Va., June 20, '64. Disch. disab. at Manchester, March 17, '65.
Hills, Warren J.	Chester	23	Chester	"	21,	"	"	"	"		Killed Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Haynes, John A.	Candia	22	Candia	"	20,	"	"	"	"	Candia	Wd. at Jackson, Miss., July 12, '63. Disch. disab. Concord, Nov. 17, '63.
Jones, Charles A.	Candia	18	Candia	"	15,	"	"	2,	"	Concord	Must. out June 4, '65.
Kimball, John N.	Kensington	18	Brentwood	"	12,	"	"	"	"	Aurora, Neb.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. at Providence, R. I., March 27, '63.
Kinison, John C.	Effingham	33	Hampton Falls	"	13,	"	"	6,	"	Lynn, Mass.	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Lane, Charles M.	Lowell, Mass.	20	Candia	"	15,	"	"	2,	"		First man in regiment wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to V. R. C. March 31, '64. Disch. Sept. 1, '65. Died in Washington, D. C., Mch. 19, '74.
Lane, Marcena W.	Epping	17	Brentwood	"	11,	"	"	"	"	Newmarket	Wd. sev. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Moulton, David A.	Hampton	22	Hampton	"	18,	"	"	3,	"	N. Andover, Ms.	App. Corp. Wd. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Morrill, James H.	Candia	18	Candia	"	15,	"	"	2,	"	Haverhill, Mass.	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 30, '63. Disch. Sept. 1, '65.
Morrill, Albert M.	Deerfield	20	Candia	"	"	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Candia, Mch. 16, '63.
Marston, Dudley J.	Chester	19	Chester	"	20,	"	"	"	"	Amesbury, Mass	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Nealey, Charles H.	Exeter	20	Exeter	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Exeter	Disch. May 17, '65.
Pevear, Burnham E.	Hampton Falls	18	Hampton Falls	"	15,	"	"	6,	"	Lynn, Mass.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Concord, Mch. 27, '63.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Pevear, Sewell B.	Hampton Falls	18	Hampton Falls	Aug. 15, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862	Lynn, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Reynolds, Thos. O.	Chester	19	Chester	" 28, "	" 6, "	Kingston	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
Robinson, Edw. B.	Candia	24	Candia	" 22, "	" 3, "	Haverhill, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Robie, Edmund T.	Chester	22	Chester	" " "	" 2, "	Candia	Des. June 15, '64. Returned May 29, '65. Absent in arrest June 4, '65. No disch. furnished.
Rowe, Henry W.	Candia	22	Candia	" 14, "	" " "	Boston, Mass.	Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. June 14, '65. Received medal by order of secretary of war for bravery.
Reed, Henry D.	Nelson	29	Candia	" 15, "	" " "	Boston, Mass.	Disch. disab. Concord, Aug. 14, '63.
Roberts, Cyrus E.	Raymond	18	Chester	July 30, "	" " "	Chester	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63. Disch. at Trenton, N. J., July 6, '65.
Rowe, Charles R.	Candia	28	Candia	Aug. 16, "	" " "	Candia	Must. out June 4, '65.
Rowell, Edmund M.	Kensington	23	Kensington	" 18, "	" " "		Died dis. at London, Ky., Oct. 5, '63.
Reynolds, George H.	Cherry Val. N.Y.	44	Exeter	" 26, "	" " "	St. Louis, Mo.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Summers, Michael	Cavan, Ireland	35	Newton	" 21, "	" " "	So. Hampton	Wd. Jackson, Miss., July 11, '63. Must. out June 4, '65.
Stickney, Moses H.	Portsmouth	24	Exeter	" 14, "	" " "		Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Sweatt, George	East Kingston	24	East Kingston	" 21, "	" 3, "	East Kingston	Disch. June 3, '65.
Stacey, Charles R.	Northboro' Mass	36	Candia	" 15, "	" 2, "	Westvale, Mass.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Swett, Nathaniel	East Kingston	26	East Kingston	" 21, "	" 3, "		Died dis. Washington, D.C., Jan. 11, '63.
Tilton, William B.	Exeter	28	Exeter	" 16, "	" 2, "	Exeter	Tr. to brigade band Nov. 17, '62. Must. out June 4, '65.
Tenney, Sewell W.	Chester	21	Chester	" 21, "	" " "		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. at Providence, R. I., April 14, '63. Deceased.

Underhill, Steph. D.	Chester	18	Sandown	Aug. 8, 1862	Sept. 6, 1862	No. Troy, Vt.	Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Disch. June 7, '65. Deceased.
Wells, Charles S.		21	Chester	" 13, "	" 2, "		Died dis. Falmouth, Va., Nov. 28, '62.
Watson, Josiah	Newmarket	19	Epping	" " "	" " "		Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Wason, Charles E.	Candia	21	Candia	" 15, "	" " "	Manchester	App. Corp. Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62; Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, '64. Disch. May 29, '65.
West, Nathaniel, Jr.	Windham	19	Chester	" 19, "	" " "	Sandown	Must. out June 4, '65.
Wallace, Llew. B.	Candia	20	Candia	" 15, "	" " "		Died dis. Falmouth, Va., Jan. 11, '63.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY K.

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Captain.					Com.		
Lowe, Nathaniel, Jr.	Dover	24	Dover		Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
1st Lieutenant.					Com.		
Rackley, B. Frank	Greene, Me.	28	Dover		Sept. 4, 1862		See biographic sketch.
2d Lieutenant.					Com.		
Twombly, Henry W.	Dover	26	Dover		Sept. 4, 1862	Dover	See biographic sketch.
Sergeants.							
Everett, Clarendon	Dover	26	Dover	Aug. 8, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862		Disch. disab. Newport News, Va., March 5, '63. Deceased.
Sawyer, L. Newell	Dover	21	Dover	" 9, "	" " "	Chicago, Ill.	See biographic sketch.
Snell, William H.	Dover	29	Dover	" 8, "	" " "		App. 1st Sergt. Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Tompkins, Chas. R.	Dover	23	Dover	" 21, "	" " "		Died dis. Nov. 6, '63.
Demeritt, Geo. P.	Durham	20	Durham	" 22, "	" " "	Dover	See biographic sketch.
Corporals.							
Glidden, B. Frank	Dover	25	Dover	" 9, "	" " "		Died dis. Falmouth, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Waterhouse, C. H.	Barrington	26	Dover	" 11, "	" " "	Windsor, Vt.	App. Sergt. Tr. to I. C. Mch. 15, '64. Disch. July 5, '65.
Davis, William H.	Dover	22	Dover	" " "	" " "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Everett, Lucius T.	Dover	22	Dover	" 7, "	" " "	Dover	App. Sergt. Tr. to I. C. Feb. 15, '64. Disch. June 26, '65.
Tolmay, James	Hallowell, Me.	21	Dover	" 14, "	" " "		Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 16, '64. Absent sick June 4, '65. Deceased.
Flanders, Chas. H.	Dover	24	Dover	" " "	" " "		Died Dec. 27, '62, of wds. received at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.

Babb, John A.	Dover	22	Dover	Aug.	15,	1862	Sept.	2,	1862		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Must. out June 4, '65. Deceased.
Robinson, Sam'l N.	Rochester	21	Madbury	"	9,	"	"	"	"	Durham	Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Jan. 20, '63.
Musicians.											
Glidden, Henry S.	Dover	17	Dover	"	12,	"	"	3,	"		Tr. to V. R. C. May 1, '64. Disch. June 17, '65. Died in Cleveland, O., '88.
Randall, Burwell R.	Springfield	21	Springfield	"	7,	"	"	2,	"		Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Laconia July 27, '89.
Privates.											
Amazine, Abraham	Dover	26	Dover	"	12,	"	"	"	"	Farmington	Wd. Wilderness, Va., May 6,'64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Allen, William H.	Barrington	24	Durham	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Dover	Must. out June 4, '65.
Brown, Nathaniel	Dover	33	Dover	"	21,	"	"	"	"		App. Corp. Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Boardman, Thos. W.	Dover	18	Dover	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dover	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64. Disch. July 25, '65.
Boston, James	Dover	32	Dover	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Must. out June 4, '65. Deceased.
Blaisdell, David L.	Dover	25	Dover	"	15,	"	"	"	"		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Berry, George G.	Dover	23	Dover	"	12,	"	"	"	"		Disch. disab.
Croley, John H.	Dover	25	Farmington	"	21,	"	"	"	"	Farmington	Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Exchanged Feb. 28, '65. Disch. May 31, '65.
Cook, Charles H.	Boston, Mass.	27	Dover	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Disch. by order Dec. 10, '62. Died at Dover June 27, '78.
Chamberlin, Jos. F.	Dover	25	Dover	"	11,	"	"	"	"	Dover	App. 1st Sergt. Must. out June 4,'65.
Caswell, George A.	Dover	18	Dover	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Disch. disab. at Concord, Aug. 20, '63. Died Washington, D. C., May 29, '82.
Demeritt, James H.	Dover	22	Dover	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dover	Tr. to V. R. C. May, '64. Disch. Aug. 28, '65.
Delaney, John W.	Dover	22	Dover	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dover	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 8, '65.
Dame, Joseph	Dover	31	Dover	"	21,	"	"	"	"		Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 19, '64. Disch. July 5, '65. Deceased.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY K—*Continued.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Dame, Albert W.	Farmington	20	Farmington	Aug. 15, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862	Farmington	App. 1st Sergt. Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Disch. disab. April 20, '65.
Everett, Charles E.	Dover	34	Dover	" 7, "	" " "	Dover	App. 2d Lt. Dec. 24, '62; 1st Lt. Sept. 1, '63; Capt. Co. D, May 15, '65; not must. Must. out as 1st Lt. June 4, '65.
French, Joseph H.	Dover	21		" 22, "	" " "		Deserted Nov. 14, '62. Never heard from.
Franklin, James W.	Dover	21	Dover	" 15, "	" " "		App. Corp. Capd. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Paroled, Dec. '64. Died dis. Camp Parole, Md., Jan. 15, '65.
Ford, Noah P.	Dover	29	Dover	" 20, "	" " "	Danbury	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Foote, George E.	Dover	22	Dover	" 21, "	" " "	Dover	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Ford, William H.	Dover	21	Dover	" 18, "	" " "	Dover	Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Fernald, John S. P.	Barrington	18	Dover	" 8, "	" " "		Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Jan. 14, '63. Died Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 18, '74.
Faxon, George K.	Barrington	29	Dover	" 15, "	" " "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Felch, Stephen A.	Sutton	21	Sutton	" 13, "	" " "		Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 19, '64.
Gray, Joshua B.	Dover	28	Dover	" 22, "	" " "		Killed near Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64.
Gove, Hiram G.	Dover	27	Dover	" " "	" " "		Deserted Nov. 14, '62. Apprehended. Disch. Mch. 24, '63.
Goodrich, Chas. A.	Berwick, Me.	32	Dover	" 21, "	" " "		Deserted June 4, '63. Deceased.
Gould, Arthur I.	Dover	18	Dover	" 15, "	" " "	Taunton, Mass.	Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 19, '64. Disch. July 24, '65.

Howard, Wm. T.	Dover	44	Dover	Aug.	19,	1862	Sept.	2,	1862	Dover	Disch. disab. July 23, '63.
Horne, Gustavus P.	Dover	21	Dover	"	18,	"	"	"	"		Killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3,'64.
Hill, Charles W.	Dover	21	Dover	"	20,	"	"	"	"	Dover	App. Sergt. Capd. at Hatcher's Run, Va., Oct. 27, '64. Paroled. Disch. May 30, '65.
Howard, Ira T.	Sandwich	22	Dover	"	11,	"	"	"	"		Died of dis. at Baltimore, Md., April 9, '63.
Hill, Albert F.	Dover	18	Milton	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Boston Highl'ds Mass.	Wd. sev. near Petersburg, Va., June 30, '64. Disch. disab. at Concord, May 29, '65.
Henderson, And. C.	Dover	18	Madbury	"	18,	"	"	"	"		Wd. sev. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Oct. 26, '64. Deceased.
Hartford, Joseph L.	Dover	19	Dover	"	15,	"	"	"	"		Died dis. Washington, D. C., Sept. 17, '64.
Hanson, John A.	Lee	21	Dover	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Amboy, Ill.	Must. out June 4, '65.
Hanson, Enoch T.	Moultonboro'gh	21	Dover	"	9,	"	"	"	"	Dover	Wd. at Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Hayes, Ivory	Newington	22	Milton	"	15,	"	"	"	"	Barrington	Must. out June 4, '65.
Jones, Charles P.	Nottingham	18	Durham	"	13,	"	"	"	"		Died dis. Sept. 20, '64.
Jones, Charles M.	Lunenburg, Ms.	26	Dover	"	14,	"	"	"	"	Dover	App. Corp. Must. out June 4, '65.
Jenness, Frank. H.	Dover	23	Dover	"	9,	"	"	"	"		Disch. disab. Feb. 20, '63. Deceased.
Kingsbury, Cal. P.	Dover	21	Dover	"	21,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. April 22, '63.
Locke, Ira	Madbury	33	Madbury	"	20,	"	"	"	"	Madbury	Deserted Nov. 14, '62.
Long, James H.	Durham	27	Durham	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Newmarket	Wd. Jackson, Miss., July 16,'63. Must. out June 4, '65.
Lord, Martin V. B.	Somersworth	29	Somersworth	"	20,	"	"	"	"	Somersworth	Disch. disab. Concord, Jan. 29, '64.
Lord, Charles E.	Salmon Falls	23	Dover	"	11,	"	"	"	"	Dover	Must. out June 4, '65.
Moring, Andrew D.	Durham	43	Durham	"	18,	"	"	"	"	Boston, Mass.	Des. Concord Dec., '64. Gd. from des. Feb. 1, '65. Must. out June 4, '65.
Meader, Jasper Y.	Rochester	27	Dover	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Corp. Disch. disab. Concord, Oct. 28, '64. Deceased.
Nason, Reuben	Dover	24	Dover	"	13,	"	"	"	"	Dover	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Feb. 23, '63.

ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, COMPANY K—*Concluded.*

NAME.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Muster in.	P. O. Address at latest date.	Final Record.
Privates.							
Norton, William H.	Dover	32	Dover	Aug. 11, 1862	Sept. 2, 1862		Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65. Deceased.
Nash, George A.	Barrington	20	Barrington	" " "	" " "		Wd. Jackson, Miss., July 16, '63; Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, '64. Must. out June 4, '65. Deceased.
Oliver, Joseph	Somersworth	40	Somersworth	Sept. 5, "	" 6, "		Killed at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64.
Pray, John C.	Dover	26	Dover	Aug. 21, "	" 2, "	N. Camb'ge, Ms.	Clerk in adjutant's department. Must. out June 4, '65.
Palmer, John G.	Dover	44	Dover	" 16, "	" " "	Dover	Tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63.
Paul, William E.	Durham	18	Durham	" 21, "	" " "		Tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63. Disch. by order provost marshal general, Nov. 11, '63, at Philadelphia, Pa. Killed near Shand House, Va., June 16, '64.
Robinson, Edw. H.	Lynn, Mass.	25	Dover	" " "	" " "	Dover	Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 19, '64. Disch. June 28, '65.
Smith, Charles H.	Dover	21	Dover	" 13, "	" " "		Killed Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64.
Smart, Amos M.	Durham	25	Durham	" 18, "	" " "		Died dis. Baltimore, Md., Apr. 6, '63.
Swain, Truman C.	Dover	21	Dover	" 14, "	" " "		Died dis. Dec. 10, '63.
Spurlin, Charles F.	Dover	19	Dover	" 15, "	" " "	Dover	App. Sergt. Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Paroled. Disch. May 30, '65.
Smith, Hezekiah	Somersworth	31	Great Falls	" 20, "	" " "		Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62.
Smith, Noah	Somersworth	22	Somersworth	Sept. 5, "	" 6, "	Dover	Must. out June 4, '65.
Seavey, Henry	Dover	19	Dover	Aug. 18, "	" 2, "		Died dis. Oct. 6, '63.
Scates, Charles E.	Dover	20	Dover	" 16, "	" " "	Hyde Park, Ms.	Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Mch. 17, '63.

Tredick, John, Jr.	Dover	24	Wakefield	Aug.	15,	1862	Sept.	2,	1862		Disch. Deceased.
Whittier, Alvah P.	Sutton	18	Sutton	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Disch. disab. April 20, '63. Died at Benicia Barrack, Cal., Mch. 7, '72.
White, Andrew, Jr.	Dover	18	Dover	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dover	Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 19, '64.
Whidden, Alfred S.	Portsmouth	40	Dover	"	11,	"	"	"	"		Must. out June 4, '65. Died at Dover Nov. 9, '73.
Webster, Benj. K.	Dover	23	Dover	"	18,	"	"	"	"	Wolfeborough	App. Sergt. Must. out June 4, '65.
Warren, Charles W.	So. Berwick, Me.	21	Dover	"	14,	"	"	"	"		Disch. by order Nov. 9, '63. Died Jan. 29, '89.
Young, Lewis A.	Barrington	28	Dover	"	7,	"	"	"	"	Boston, Mass.	Wd. Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62. App. Corp. Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out June 4, '65.
Young, Asa	Madbury	25	Madbury	"	21,	"	"	"	"	Madbury	Must. out June 4, '65.
Young, Jacob N.	Dover	23	Dover	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dover	Must. out June 4, '65.
Young, George B.	Dover	18	Dover	"	19,	"	"	"	"		Died dis. Alexandria, Va., Dec. 3, '62.
Young, James T.	Durham	43	Durham	"	16,	"	"	"	"		Tr. to V. R. C. Mch. 19, '64. Deceased.

ROSTER OF RECRUITS.

[All Recruits belonging to the Eleventh Regiment on June 1, 1865, were on that day transferred to the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers; all were mustered out of the service from that regiment July 17, 1865; and all were honorably discharged on that day, unless otherwise stated on this roll. All were mustered for the term of three years.]

RECRUITS, ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Anderson, John		Ireland	20	Franklin	July 28, 1864	3 y.	July 28, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Anderson, John		Canada	23	Westmoreland	" 14, "	"	" 14, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Allerton, Charles H.		New Brunswick	21	Canaan	June 30, "	"	June 30, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Adams, Edward	C	Canada	24	Manchester	Oct. 6, 1863	"	Oct. 6, 1863	d.	Wd. sev. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Des. Dec. 15, '64. Gd. from des. Tr. to V. R. C. Apr. 29, '65. Disch. July 23, '65.
Albert, Louis	D	Germany	24	Gilford	Feb. 3, 1864	"	Feb. 3, 1864	v.	Wd. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64; near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 12, '64. Des. from Mower General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 6, '65.
Allen, Charles		Ireland	19	Centre Harbor	Jan. 25, "	"	Jan. 25, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Adams, Charles		Liverpool, Eng.	28	Laconia	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Atcherson, Wm. H.		Arlington, Md.	33	Alton	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Ames, Charles		Portland, Me.	39	Raymond	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Archer, Augustus	K	New York city	22	Candia	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. Mower General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2, '64.
Austin, Edward N.		Newburg, N. Y.	21	Chichester	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Arnold, James		Chester	18	Manchester	Nov. 27, "	"	Nov. 27, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Achermann, Jacob		Germany	22	Portsmouth	Dec. 22, "	"	Dec. 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Abbott, Leonard I.	G	Andover, Mass.	28	Salem	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Abel Frederick,	D	England	24	Swanzey	June 25, 1864	"	June 25, 1864	s.	Wd. and captured at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 28, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Avery, William D.	G	Richmond, P. Q.	27	Newton	Feb. 9, "	"	Feb. 9, "	v.	Wd. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64.
Anderson, Augustus	B	Holland	37	New Hampton	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Alden, George		Lancashire, Eng.	30	Portsmouth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

Allen, William	A	Massachusetts	26	Keene	July 22, 1864	3 y.	July 23, 1864	s.	Mis. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Armand, Edward		Hungary · [Pa.	24	Derry	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Dec. 17, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Anderson, James R.		Chambersburg,	23	Deerfield	" 11, "	"	" 11, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bixby, Clarence W.		Reading, Vt.	18	Stewartstown	Apr. 5, 1865	1 y.	Apr. 5, 1865	"	Disch. May 6, '65.
Bumsford, Henry		Germany	32		July 27, 1864	3 y.	July 27, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Bliss, Joseph D.		Canada	22	Canaan	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Brooks, George F.		Canada	21	Canaan	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bickford, Orin	C	Vermont	37	Alexandria	June 6, "	"	June 6, "	d.	Died dis. Jan. 26, '65.
Blake, James		Ireland	18	Ellsworth	July 2, "	"	July 2, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Burke, John		England	22	Concord	June 29, "	"	June 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Barry, John		Ireland	25	Chesterfield	" 14, "		" 14, "	"	Des. at Concord June 23, '64. Apprehended at Boston June 27, '64.
						"		"	
Bowen, Henry		Ireland	22	Bridgewater	" 28, "	"	" 28, "		Des. en route to regiment.
Blake, William		Ireland	21	Monroe	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Brown, John		Ireland	20	Hill	" 25, "	"	" 25, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Boucher, Leon		Canada	21	Holderness	" 24, "	"	" 24, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Blakley, Charles W.		Pennsylvania	24	Colebrook	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bryant, James M.		South Paris, Me.	19	Rochester	Aug. 14, 1863	"	Feb. 2, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bryant, Orland C.		Maine	34	Concord	" 11, 1864	"	Aug. 11, "	"	Tr. to Co. G, 1st N. H. Heavy Art. Tr. to Co. M. Must. out. June 9, '65.
Baker, Henry E.		Beverly, N. J.	21	Newton	Feb. 8, "	"	Feb. 8, "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Brown, Edward		Richmond, P. Q.	25	Gilford	" 5, "	"	" 5, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Banks, John		Ireland	23	Thornton	" 1, "	"	" 1, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bugbee, John		Hancock, N. Y.	19	Thornton	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Baker, William	F	Canada	21	Wolfeborough	Jan. 27, "	"	Jan. 27, "	"	Died June 19, '64, of wds. received near Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64.
Burns, Bobert		Montreal, P. Q.	21	Berlin	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Brodeur, Joseph	"	Verin, Canada.	38	Gilford	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Wd. sev. near Petersburg, Va., July 18, '64. Disch. disab. Jan. 3, '65.
Beyer, August W.	E	Germany	25	Gilmanton	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Des. en route from Knoxville, Tenn., to Annapolis, Md., March 21, '64.
Bigland, John		Canada	20	Alton	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bettany, Thomas H.		Birmingham, Eng.	21	Gilford	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Brown, Charles		Sweden	23	Sanbornton	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Brown, David		Philadelphia, Pa.	32	Somersworth	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Burns, Oliver	H	Ireland	29	Windham	Dec. 29, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 29, 1863	v.	Disch. disab. at Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 1, '65.
Brown, John		New York	21	Candia	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Brooks, James		Portsmouth	26	Meredith	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bowker, William H.		West Chester,N.Y.	22	Meredith	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bunton, Andrew		Scotland	22	Meredith	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bailey, Charles		New London, Ct.	24	Farmington	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Buchannan, James	B	Pr. Edward's Isl.	34	Raymond	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Tr. te V. R. C. Disch. Aug. 16, '65.
Brady, John		Ireland	23	Salem	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Brown, James M.	K	So. Berwick, Me.	21	Freedom	" " "	"	" " "	"	Died of dis. at Knoxville, Tenn., April 3, '64.
Brown, James		Ireland	27	Windham	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Black, Edward		Canada	21	Candia	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Brown, George C.		London, Eng.	33	Candia	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Barber, Hiram S.	F	New Hampshire	41	Springfield	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Butler, Charles		Ireland	22	Salem	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bumford, James A.	"	Boston	19	Manchester	July 27, 1864	"	July 27, 1864	s.	Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Disch. June 2, '65.
Berry, John F.	K	Sweden	21	Jaffrey	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Mis. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64.
Burde, Ernest	"	France	22	Troy	" 22, "	"	" 23, "	"	Mis. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64.
Boxall, Thomas	"	England	20	Marlborough	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	
Baites, John	"	Ohio	24	Weare	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	App. Corp. July 8, '65.
Baker, Charles	"	Germany	21	Jaffrey	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	
Barker, Alexander	"	Scotland	34	Nelson	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	Captured at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Released. Must. out July 17, '65.

Butterfield, Alonzo	K		22	Jaffrey	July 20, 1864	3 y.	July 20, 1864	s.	Absent sick July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Blaisdell, John	I	Worcester, Mass.	20	Kingston	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 29, 1863	v.	App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Brown, George	E	England	24	Franconia	June 29, 1864	"	June 29, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Butler, John, 2d	F	Canada	33	Langdon	" 24, "	"	" 24, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Boucher, Edward	"	Canada	19	Bartlett	Jan. 26, "	"	Jan. 26, "	v.	Wd. sev. near Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Bruno, Louis	"	Canada	26	Lyndeborough	Sept. 2, 1863	"	Sept. 2, 1863	s.	Wd. sev. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Absent sick July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Brown, George	K	New York city	35	Weare	Dec. 19, "	"	Dec. 19, "	v.	Des. March 2, '64. Apprehended and assigned to Co. G. Absent sick July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Berney, John O.	E								Never joined company. Reported absent sick July 17, '65.
Brown, John	D	Holland	32	Hudson	June 23, 1864	"	June 23, 1864	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Brown, John F.	I	Brentwood, N. Y.	18	Brentwood	Feb. 14, 1865	"	Feb. 14, 1865	s.	
Brown, George	D	Liverpool, Eng.	27	Somersworth	Mar. 23, "	"	Mar. 23, "	v.	
Brooks, John	F	Edinburgh, Scot.	26	Thornton	Sept. 29, 1864	"	Sept. 29, 1864	"	Tr. to Co. A. Disch. Aug. 7, '65.
Brun, Samuel	A	Switzerland	21	Piermont	July 21, "	"	July 21, "	s.	Wd. at Hatcher's Run, Va., Oct. 27, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Bly, James	A	Epping	19	Bartlett	Jan. 15, "	"	Jan. 15, "	v.	App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Burhas, John		Nova Scotia	24	Nashua	Dec. 28, 1863	"	Dec. 28, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Birkett, Joseph		England	20	Canterbury	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Burke, Michael		Troy, N. Y.	20	Weare	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Blanc, Marius		France	19	Mont Vernon	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Barton, William		New York	23	Manchester	Nov. 19, "	"	Nov. 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bell, Charles		Indianapolis, Ia.	23	Portsmouth	Dec. 23, "	"	Dec. 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Brown, William		Philadelphia, Pa.	27	Portsmouth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bell, Robert		Ireland	25	Portsmouth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Bradley, Timothy F.		Ireland	31	Portsmouth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Barron, James C.		Somers, N. Y.	36	Derry	" 17, "	"	" 17, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Blake, James		Liverpool, Eng.	21	Derry	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

RECRUITS, ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS—*Continued.*

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Boues, Thomas		Belfast, Ireland	26	Strafford	Dec. 4, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 4, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Chester, Wesley		Canada	21	Manchester	Mar. 1, 1865	"	Mar. 1, 1865	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Clairmont, Peter		Canada	22	Plymouth	July 29, 1864	"	July 29, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Conlan, Michael		Ireland	36	Danbury	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Coleman, Dennis		St. John, N. B.	29	Epping	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Carson, Ira M.		New Hampshire	18	Milton	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Carter, Samuel	K	Canada	28	Chesterfield	" " "	"	" " "	"	Captured at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 22, '64, while prisoner of war.
Coil, James		Ireland	18	Claremont	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Clark, John		Campton, P. Q.	26	Northwood	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Cornell, James		Canada	18	Nelson	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Carroll, William		Ireland	22	Stewartstown	" 15, "	"	" 15, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Clark, George	B	Canada	22	Keene	" 2, "	"	" 2, "	"	Disch. disab. Feb. 5, '65.
Champagne, August		Canada	19	Canaan	June 30, "	"	June 30, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Cochar, August		France	21	Stewartstown	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Coffee, John		Italy	42	Campton	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Crowley, Michael		Ireland	21	Lyme	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Cassidy, John		Ireland	21	Monroe	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Cook, John		Ireland	23	Unity	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Carroll, George		Canada	24	Hebron	" 25, "	"	" 25, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Craden, Patrick		Ireland	28	Piermont	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Cunningham, James		Ireland	21	Colebrook	" 24, "	"	" 24, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Campbell, James	K	Nova Scotia	30	Warner	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Captured at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 11, '64, while prisoner of war.
Clark, John		St. John, N. B.	29	Dover	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Coleman, Michael	"	Canada	19	Deerfield	Dec. 28, 1863	"	Dec. 28, 1863	"	Disch. June 21, '65.

Currier, Thomas P.	A	Raymond	24	Newton	Feb. 3, 1864	3 y.	Feb. 3, 1864	v.	Died dis. at City Point, Va., July 18, '64.
Curran, Thomas	K	France	25	Barrington	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Wd. sev. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. July 7, '65.
Clifford, Edward		Ireland	22	Thornton	Feb. 2, 1864	"	Feb. 2, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Carr, William	"	New Hampshire	25	Keene	July 22, "	"	July 23, "	d. or s.	Captured at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Released March 19, '65. Disch. June 12, '65.
Cobbett, James	"	England	21	Weare	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Carter, Thomas		Bergen, N. J.	27	Gilford	Jan. "	"	Jan. " "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Crockett, Charles C.	"	Topsfield, N. B.	18	New Hampton	Aug. 24, "	"	Aug. 24, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Crane, Gilman	"	Washington	43	Kingston	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Coffe, James	I	Ireland	29	Newton	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Captured at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Chapeleau, Edward	H	Canada	20	Piermont	June 22, 1864	"	June 22, 1864	s.	Absent in confinement July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Carter, James L.	G	St. John, N. B.	21	Portsmouth	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Dec. 22, 1863	v.	Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Comey, Jotham E.	"	Danbury	18	Wilmot	Nov. 16, "	"	Nov. 16, "	"	Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Creamer, Alonzo D.	"	New Brunswick	18	Stratford	July 2, 1864	"	July 2, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Carter, John	E	Canada	19	Canaan	June 29, "	"	June 29, "	"	App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Conley, John	"	Liverpool, Eng.	22	Charlestown	Feb. 9, "	"	Feb. 9, "	v.	Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Connell, Patrick	D	Armagh, Ireland	19	Somersworth	Mar. 23, 1865	"	Mar. 23, 1865	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Casey, Matthew	"	Cork, Ireland	39	Deerfield	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Carter, Alonzo	"	Henniker	18	Mason	" 12, "	"	" 12, "	"	Wd. near Petersburg, Va., July 27, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished. P. O. ad., Hillsborough.
Campbell, John	A	Glasgow, Scotland	21	Brentwood	July 29, 1864	"	July 29, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Connor, Patrick	"	Ireland	34	Marlow	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	v.	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Carlton, Thomas		Carroll Co., Pa.	20	Laconia	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Jan. 20, 1864	v.	Des. en route to regiment.

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Colby, James M.	D	Henniker	18	Mason	Dec. 12, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 12, 1863	v.	App. Corp. May 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65. P. O. ad., W. Henniker.
Casey, Michael		Pennsylvania	34	Gilford	Jan. 18, 1864	"	Jan. 18, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Cooney, John		Ireland	28	Somersworth	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Cooley, Charles		New York	21	Somersworth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Canfield, Alex. M.		Bremen, Germany	26	Salem	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Collins, John S.		Norfolk, Va.	36	Freedom	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Calligan, James		Ireland	26	Mont Vernon	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Clark, William		New York city	26	Auburn	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Clark, William		Chelsea, Mass.	23	Newcastle	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Carr, George		Scotland	25	Portsmouth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Campbell, Patrick		Ireland	30	Portsmouth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Chafin, John C.		Washington, Ga.	20	Deerfield	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Carroll, James		New Haven, Conn.	22	Milton	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Charles, William		Baltimore, Md.	36	Hampton Falls	" 18, "	"	" 18, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Cole, John		St. John, N. B.	28	Auburn	" 17, "	"	" 17, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Chesley, George H.	B	Nottingham	17	Epping	" 7, "	"	" 7, "	"	Died July 2, '64, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64.
Deroe, Thomas		Canada	21	Keene	July 27, 1864	"	July 27, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Dubois, Charles		France	28	Concord	" 22, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Downes, Harry		Canada	26	Newport	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Drake, John J.	D	Pittsfield	34	Pittsfield	June "	"	June "	d.	Died dis. Nov. 5, '64.
Duclaw, Charles		Canada	18	Keene	July 2, "	"	July 2, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Derache, James		Canada	19	Keene	June 30, "	"	June 30, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Drummond, Antoine		Ireland	29	Keene	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Desmond, Thos. H.		England	20	Canaan	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Donnelly, Thomas		St. John, N. B.	22	Dover	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Day, George	G	London, Eng.	20	Deerfield	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Mis. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Ab. July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.

DeForrest, Charles		Newbury, N. Y.	26	Kingston	Jan. 29, 1864	3 y.	Jan. 29, 1864	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Dreux, Jacques	G	France	35	Windham	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Died at Armory Square hospital, Washington, D. C., Aug. 15, '65.
Dablar, August	"	Germany	21	Dunbarton	June 30, 1864	"	June 30, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Dechamps, Louis	D	Canada	21	Bath	Feb. 6, "	"	Feb. 6, "	v.	Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, '64. Disch. disab. at Concord, May 20, '65. P. O. ad., Penacook.
Draper, William	D							d. or s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Downes, John W.	C	Sandwich	19	Northfield	Feb. 23, 1865	"	Feb. 23, 1865	v.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Dodge, Frank G.	B	Nashua	18	Barnstead	Jan. 22, 1864	"	Jan. 22, 1864	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Dumont, Joseph	A	St. Anns, Canada	22	Lyme	Mar. 28, 1865	"	Mar. 28, 1865	"	Disch. June 22, '65.
Doyle, James	"	Ireland	18	Albany	Feb. 3, 1864	"	Feb. 3, 1864	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Daley, John	"	Syracuse, N. Y.	35	Portsmouth	Dec. 21, 1863	"	Dec. 21, 1863	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Danforth, Richard alias Richard Dampman	H	Canada	21	Gilford	Jan. 22, 1864	"	Jan. 22, 1864	"	Captured at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 21, '64, while prisoner of war.
Downs, Levi		Manchester	37	Alton	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Delany, George A.		New York	19	Somersworth	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Daley, William		Troy, N. Y.	21	Farmington	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Davis, Henry		Providence, R. I.	20	Jackson	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Donahue, Thomas		New York	19	Deerfield	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Davest, Joseph	C	Russia	22	Gorham	Jan. 15, 1864	"	Jan. 15, 1864	"	Des. at Baltimore, Md., April 7, '64.
Davis, James		England	26	Mont Vernon	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Dietz, John		Germany	32	Fremont	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Davis, Charles	B	Charlesto'n, Mass.	22	New Castle	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Died Martindale Bar'cks, Washington, D. C., March 18, 1864. See mem.
Dailey, Henry	K	Ireland	24	Plaistow	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. March 25, '64. Gd. from des. Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Dudley, Stephen		New Orleans, La.	25	Gilmanton	" 5, "	"	" 5, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Dabson, James		Scotland	28	Gilford	July 29, 1864	"	July 29, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Doyle, John		New York	18	Wakefield	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Davis, Frank		New York	18	Rollinsford	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Evens, Samuel		Canada	19	Canaan	" 30, "	"	" 30, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

RECRUITS, ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS—*Continued.*

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Early, John	A	Ireland	26	Gilford	Feb. 9, 1864	3 y.	Feb. 9, 1864	v.	Des. from McClellan hospital, Washington, D. C., Aug. 23, '64.
Ellison, George	G	Newport	21	Centre Harbor	" 8, "	"	" 8, "	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished,
Edwards, John	E	Dublin, Ireland.	23	Newington	Mch.17, 1865	"	Mch.17, 1865	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Evans, William	D	Reading, Pa.	24	Portsmouth	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Eckel, Leonhard	C	Germany	21	Portsmouth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Wd. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Escaped and returned to duty Apr. 29, '65. App. Corp. June 15, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Erick, Charles	B	Sweden	23	Laconia	Jan. 21, 1864	"	Jan. 21, 1864	"	Miss. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Edgerly, Charles H.	"	GrandHaven,Mich	18	Raymond	Dec. 21, 1863	"	Dec. 21, 1863	"	Must. out July 17, '65. P. O. address, Raymond.
Earl, William	A	Ireland	42	Barrington	Feb. 5, 1864	"	Feb. 5, 1864	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Edwards, Charles		Ireland	23	Woodstock	Jan. 30, "	"	Jan. 30, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Evans, John	A	Gilford	43	Barnstead	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Disch. disab. Jan. 19, '65.
Emworth, Fred'k A.		Windsor, Vt.	18	Stewartstown	Apr. 5, 1865	1 y.	Apr. 5, 1865	"	Disch. May 6, '65.
Emery, George W.	H	So. Berwick, Me.	21	Alton	Jan. 21, 1864	"	Jan. 21, 1864	"	Wd. sev. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Eckard, Hugo V.		Germany	23	Fremont	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Eminger, Henry	E	Germany	23	Marlow	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route from Knoxville, Tenn., to Annapolis, Md., Mch. 21, '64.
Eipper, John	H	Germany	39	Concord	Nov.20, "	"	Nov.20, "	"	Des. Harrisburg, Pa., Apr. 6, '64.
Ferry, Louis	"	Germany	22	Fremont	Dec. 19, "	"	Dec. 19, "	"	Des. Harrisburg, Pa., Mch. 15, '64.

Fisro, Edward H.		Boston, Mass.	24	Portsmouth	Dec. 23, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 23, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Fischer, Joseph		Germany	20	Portsmouth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Farren, James		England	30	Portsmouth	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Freeman, Edward		Melbourne, Can.	21	Barnstead	Jan. 22, 1864	"	Jan. 22, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Foley, Michael	K	Ireland	27	Gorham	" 15, "	"	" 15, "	"	Des. near Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 3,'64.
Fries, Carl		Germany	26	Fremont	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Fenimore, Jacob L.		Boston, Mass.	25	Portsmouth	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Fortner, Eugene	H	Germany	20	Wolfeborough	Jan. 26, 1864	"	Jan. 26, 1864	"	Capd. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Released May 12, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Fisher, Franz	G	Germany	28	Portsmouth	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Sentenced by G. C. M. to 3 years' hard labor and to forfeit $8 per month during same time, June 1,'65. Absent under sentence of G. C. M. July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Farron, Peter	F	Canada	21	Wolfeborough	Jan. 27, 1864	"	Jan. 27, 1864	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Foss, George D.	C	Fremont	24	Fremont	Aug. 19, "	"	Aug. 19, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Forbes, John	A	Westbrook, Me.	28	Somersworth	Mch. 22, 1865	"	Mch. 22, 1865	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Folin, James		Ireland	22	Keene	July 16, 1864	"	July 16, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Foland, John		Ireland	21	New Boston	June 24, "	"	June 24, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Fagan, Edward		Ireland	20	Hancock	" "	"	" "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Fay, James		Kingston, P. Q.	21	Newton	Feb. 6, "	"	Feb. 6, "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Forbs, Charles	E	Richmond, P. Q.	21	Thornton	" 3, "	"	" 3, "	"	Died at Louisville, Ky., Apr. 26, '64.
Fay, John		England	26	Keene	July 18, "	"	July 18, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Flood, James		England	23	Keene	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Farmancht, William	H	Camptown, Pa.	18	Barrington	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Dec. 17, 1863	v.	Disch. June 19, '65.
Farrouche, Charles		Canada	30	Jaffrey	July 20, 1864	"	July 20, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Flynn, John		Canada	19	Jaffrey	" 26, "	"	" 26, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
French, Samuel S.		New Brunswick	37	Rindge	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Florence, Charles P.		Prussia	23	Marlborough	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Gardner, Frank		Louisville, Ky.	26	Upper Gilmanton	Dec. 5, 1863	"	Dec. 5, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Gannon, Henry	H	Camptown, Pa.	19	Barrington	Dec. 17, "	"	Dec. 17, "	"	Died Aug. 4, '64, of wds. received at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Godfrey, Charles N.	G	Sandwich, Mass.	18	Danville	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Died July 19, '64, at New York of wds. received near Petersburg, Va., July 6, '64.

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Geppert, John	K	Germany	24	Fremont	Dec. 19, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Wd. Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. May 1, '65. Disch. Aug. 14, '65.
Gains, Reuben H C.		Bellefontaine, O.	19	Brentwood	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Granville, Richard		Ireland	23	Hampton	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Gold, James		Philadelphia, Pa.	21	Berlin	Jan. 25, 1864	"	Jan. 25, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Grogan, Peter		Milwaukee, Wis.	19	Gilford	" 18, "	"	" 18, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Good, Franklin	B	Union Township, Pa.	18	Portsmouth	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Died June 19, '64, of wds. received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Geiger, Frederick		Prussia	29	Laconia	Jan. 27, 1864	"	Jan. 27, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
German, Henrie	D	Germany	24	Thornton	Feb. 1, "	"	Feb. 1, "	"	Capd. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Par. Died dis. Mch. 6, '65.
Grant, William	A	Portsmouth, Eng.	21	Charlestown	" 9, "	"	" 9, "	"	Capd. at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64. Par. Nov. 22, '64. App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Granby, Robert	K	Ireland	19	Claremont	July 21, "	"	July 21, "	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Green, William	"	Hamilton, Can.	32	Hampton Falls	Dec. 18, 1863	"	Dec. 18, 1863	v.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Goodrow, Joseph	I	Canada	31	Lyme	June24, 1864	"	June24, 1864	s.	Capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept., 30, '64. Par. Oct. 7, '64. Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Gray, William	G	Ireland	21	Keene	July 25, "	"	July 25, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Gartside, William alias Degroo, Alphoun	D	Providence, R. I.	19	Newmarket	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	v.	Wd. sev. Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Gouzon, Alphonzo	K	Canada	21	Haverhill	July 27, 1864	"	July 27, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Gallagher, Francis	D	Ireland	38	Clarksville	June28, "	"	June28, "	"	Wd. and capd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Par. Oct. 7, '64. Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.

Groveau, Alexander	A	Canada	27	Grafton	July 27, 1864	3 y.	July 27, 1864	v.	Miss. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Goodwin, John M.	E	Lebanon, Me.	18	Eaton	Feb. 8, "	"	Feb. 8, "	"	Died of dis. at Annapolis, Md., Apr. 10, '64.
Getty, Charles A.		Canada	20	Waterville	June25, "	"	June25, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Goodwin, Henry		Henniker	18	Mason	Apr. 5, "	"	Apr. 5, "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Granby, William		Wales	22	Claremont	July 2, "	"	July 2, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Grant, John		Canada	24	So. Newmarket	June30, "	"	June30, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Gulvin, John		Ireland	21	Weare	July 28, "	"	July 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Hall, Charles		Ireland	22	Brentwood	Dec. 18, 1863	"	Dec. 18, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Hansom, Charles		Stanstead, P. Q.	22	So. Newmarket	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Hines, Peter		Utica, N. Y.	24	Milton	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Halpen, Gottfried		Germany	38	Portsmouth	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Horn, Franz		Germany	25	Portsmouth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Herman, William		England	24	Loudon	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Holland, Thomas H.		Manchester, Eng.	22	Salem	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Howe, John		Scotland	27	Somersworth	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Heath, Isaac H.	C	Hampstead	37	Kingston	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Killed near Petersburg, Va., July 2, '64.
Hull, Henry		Boston, Mass.	21	Gilford	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Hollman, Herman	G	Saxony	19	Somersworth	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Ham, John M.	H							"	Dropped from rolls by order of Col. Harriman. No list furnished.
Hoil, John V.	F	Canada	21	Barnstead	Jan. 22, 1864	"	Jan. 22, 1864	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Heath, Alamando	"	Massachusetts	18	Newport	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Huse, William	D	Ireland	20	Nashua	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Wd. near Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Hanlan, James	H	Canada	21	Canterbury	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	App. Corp. App. Sergt. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Harris, Obed	I	Chili	23	Sanbornton	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Hoffman, George		Germany	34	Laconia	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Hess, Henry		Boston, Mass.	21	Gilford	" 18, "	"	" 18, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Hall, James		Philadelphia, Pa.	21	Newmarket	Feb. 5, "	"	Feb. 5, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

RECRUITS, ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS—*Continued.*

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Harrington, Edw'd		Norway	21	Berlin	Jan. 21, 1864	3 y.	Jan. 21, 1864	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Hill, Thomas		Canada	21	Berlin	" 25, "	"	" 25, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Harkins, Henry		Rochester, N. Y.	19	Brentwood	Aug. 19, "	"	Aug. 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Herner, August	H	Prussia	31	Greenfield	Sept. 2, 1863	"	Sept. 2, 1863	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Hart, George W.	G	Vermont	36	Sutton	Dec. 17, "	"	Dec. 17, "	"	Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12,'64. Tr. to V. R. C. June 10, '65. Disch. July 22, '65.
Hagan, John J.		Ireland	27	Hudson	June 24, 1864	"	June 24, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Heinaman, Richard		Germany	25	Marlow	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Hamilton, John	C	Nova Scotia	27	Franconia	" 30, "	"	" 30, "	"	Killed at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64.
Hill, Joseph		New Brunswick	23	Woodstock	July 2, "	"	July 2, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Howard, Henry		London, England	21	Exeter	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Hoyt, William		Canada	18	Jaffrey	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Harris, George		England	30	Rindge	" 22, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Howard, William		Scotland	28	Winchester	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Heritage, Thomas	K	England	40	Exeter	" 26, "	"	" 26, "	"	Died of dis. on board of transport Oct. 13, '64.
Holmes, Albert A.		Monroe	18	Charlestown	Apr. 5, 1865	"	Apr. 5, 1865	v.	Disch. May 6, '65.
Jackson, John		New York city	22	Durham	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Johnson, William	K	England	24	Keene	July 18, 1864	"	July 18, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Johnson, William	H	New York	23	Hooksett	Sept. 2, 1863	"	Sept. 2, 1863	d. or s.	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Jameson, Samuel	G	Friendship, Me.	32	Portsmouth	Dec. 23, "	"	Dec. 23, "	v.	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Jeanbaptiste, Oudin	F	Paris, France	30	Durham	Jan. 29, 1864	"	Jan. 29, 1864	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Jackson, George	G	Philadelphia, Pa.	19	Marlow	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Dec. 22, 1863	"	App. Corp. Jan. 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Jameson, John		New York city	24	Salem	" 17, "	"	" 17, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

Johnson, Frank		Paterson, N. J.	29	Hampton Falls	Dec. 18, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 18, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Johnson, James		Great Barrington, Mass.	24	Plaistow	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Johnson, Horace A.		New Hampshire	27	Hebron	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Johnson, Elijah W.	H	Orange, N. Y.	38	Canaan	" " "	"	" " "	"	Tr. to V. R. C. Jan. 24, '65. Disch. Sept. 25, '65. P. O. address, Canaan.
Johnson, James		Oswego Co., N. Y.	18	Canterbury	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Musician. Des. en route to regiment.
Johnson, William		Holland	30	Epping	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Johnson, John	F	Boston, Mass.	18	Alton	Jan. 21, 1864	"	Jan. 21, 1864	"	Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 16,'64. Wd. sev. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Johnson, John	B	Sweden	37	Sanbornton	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Mis. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64.
James, Frank		Greenfield, Vt.	21	Newton	Feb. 8, 1864	"	Feb. 8, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Jones, William		Canada	22	Northumberl'd	June 27, "	"	June 27, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Johnson, Joseph		Ireland	24	Ellsworth	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Josey, Anthony		Portugal	24	Monroe	July 1, "	"	July 1, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Jones, Herman L.	K	Farmington	18	Bethlehem	Sept. 29, "	"	Sept. 29, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Kannigann, Adolph		Germany	30	Milton	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Kent, David		Chicago, Ill.	19	Marlow	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Kamp, Anton	H	Germany	27	Raymond	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. at Harrisburg, Pa., Mch. 15, '64.
Kinney, Charles		Canada	21	Somersworth	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Kelley, Thomas		Ireland	25	Somersworth	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Kobler, Richard A.	G	Germany	22	Gilsum	Feb. 5, 1864	"	Feb. 5, 1864	"	Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Wd. sev. near Petersburg, Va., July 3, '64. Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Kent, Calvin	E	Boxford, Mass.	23	Newbury	Oct. 1, "	"	Oct. 1, "	"	App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Knapp, Charles	G	Woodbury, Ct.	43	Alton	Jan. 20, "	"	Jan. 20, "	"	App. Musician June 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Kane, John		Quebec, P. Q.	21	Laconia	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Kramer, Henry		Germany	30		" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Kaiser, Charles	K	Germany	30	Gilford	Feb. 3, "	"	Feb. 3, "	"	Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64.
Keife, John		Halifax, N. S.	22	Charlestown	" 9, "	"	" 9, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

RECRUITS, ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS—*Continued.*

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Koski, Samuel		Russia	23	Manchester	Nov. 27, 1863	3 y.	Nov. 27, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Kellar, John		At sea	22	Hancock	June 23, 1864	"	June 23, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
King, James		Canada	19	Campton	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
King, Francis		Canada	23	Woodstock	July 21, "	"	July 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Kelley, Michael		Ireland	23	Claremont	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Kearney, John		Ireland	21	Plaistow	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Keith, James		Edinburgh, Scot.	21	Exeter	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Kerr, Joseph		Ireland	23	Manchester	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Lacmy, William		Spain	22	Durham	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Dec. 17, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Legro, Alexis	A	Canada	20	Strafford	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Wd. Cold Harbor, Va., June 7, '64. Disch. disab. Mch. 20, '65.
LeGranger, Charles		England	19	Manchester	Nov. 19, "	"	Nov. 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Lynch, Charles		Ireland	20	Mont Vernon	Dec. " "	"	Dec. " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Lewis, Frederick C.	B	Oxford, England.	19	Nottingham	" " "	"	" " "	"	Died of wds. at Petersburg, Va., Aug. 15, '64.
Libby, William		Porter, Me.	35	Nottingham	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Logan, Edward		Washington, D. C.	22	Marlow	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Lee, John		Paterson, N. J.	22	Meredith	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Livingston, John		Boston, Mass.	19	Deerfield	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Love, George		Pittsburgh, Pa.	20	Bartlett	Jan. 14, 1864	"	Jan. 14, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Langavets, Mitchel		Denmark	32	Gilmanton	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Labonte, Leander	F	Essex, Vt.	19	Alton	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Capd. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Died of dis. at Danville, Va., Nov. 2, '64, while prisoner of war.
Lewis, George A.	E	Pembroke	18	Suncook	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	Wd. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Disch. disab. May 23, '65. P. O. ad., Deerfield.
Levire, Joseph	K	Canada	21	Keene	July 1, "	"	July 1, "	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.

Lincoln, Horace G.	F	Chesterfield	19	Chesterfield	July 28, 1864	3 y.	July 28, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65. P. O. address, Chesterfield.
LaMarch, Lewis	F	Canada	21	Eaton	Feb. 8, "	"	Feb. 8, "	v.	Wd. near Petersburg, Va., June 19,'64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Leonardi, Antonio	C	Austria	23	Salem	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Locke, Andrew W.	B	Lee	19	Nottingham	Sept. 3, 1864	"	Sept. 3, 1864	"	Must. out July 17, '65. P. O. address, W. Epping.
Louland, Joseph	A	Canada	27	Bath	Feb. 6, "	"	Feb. 6, "	"	Capd. at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64. Released. Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Lapine, Joseph	B	Canada	21	Plainfield	July 26, "	"	July 28, "	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Levert, Louis		France	22	Pittsburg	June 29, "	"	June 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Lawler, Samuel		England	24	Thornton	Jan. 30, "	"	Jan. 30, "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Lewis, Frank P.	E	Pembroke	18	Gilford	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Wd. Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Died Aug. 19, '64, of wds. received at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Labelle, Louis		Canada	21	Claremont	July 2, "	"	July 2, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Lunn, Martin C.		Canada	22	Plymouth	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Lowring, William		Ireland	22	Epping	" 26, "	"	" 26, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Mudge, John, Jr.	D							d. or s.	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64.
Meyer, George								"	Des. Sulphur Spring, Va., Nov. 15, '62.
McFarland, John	B	Glasgow, Scot.	35	Salem	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Dec. 17, 1863	v.	Died of dis. at Washington, D. C., Sept. 1, '64.
McGuire, Thomas		Liverpool, Eng.	22	Derry	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
McGovern, Joseph		Tipperary, Ire.	21	Derry	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Muller, Frank	H	Germany	26	Hampton Falls	" 18, "	"	" 18, "	"	Wd. sev. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Des. Brooklyn, N.Y., Sept.3,'64.
Medlar, Marvin L.		Lafayette, Ind.	21	Deerfield	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
McKee, James		Philadelphia, Pa.	20	Brentwood	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Morse, James H.		Charlestown	22	Pittsfield	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
McMillan, William		Scotland	25	Portsmouth	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Moran, Dennis	I	England	20	Portsmouth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Wd. and mis. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Gd. from mis. Died of wds. May 21, '64.
Moore, John	K	New York city	22	Portsmouth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Died of dis. April, '64.
Mewes, Charles		Germany	25	Portsmouth	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Morrison, Thomas		NewBedford,Mass	22	Brentwood	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

RECRUITS, ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS—*Continued.*

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Martin, Joseph		Newark, N. J.	32	Manchester	Nov. 27, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 27, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Mixsell, William		Virginia	31	New Boston	Dec. 4, "	"	Dec. 4, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Martin, Thomas		England	24	Mont Vernon	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Martin, Thomas		Scotland	20	Weare	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Mullen, Robert		Ireland	24	Weare	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Matthews, John		Pennsylvania	27	Randolph	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Maloy, Peter		New York city	23	Nashua	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
McClode, John		Ireland	22	New Hampton	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Martin, John		Rochester, N. Y.	24	Marlow	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
McCarty, John	B	Lowell, Mass.	18	Deerfield	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Wd. sev. near Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64. Disch. Nov. 11, '64. Died at Lowell, Mass., June 23, '86.
McCanna, James		Ireland	32	Farmington	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Mason, Joseph	G	Halifax, N. S.	21	Somersworth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Wd. sev. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. disab. May 28, '65.
McQuire, Miles		England	21	Farmington	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
McLear, James		Ireland	35	Somersworth	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Massey, James		New Orleans, La.	25	Somersworth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Mack, John		Ireland	27	Newton	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Murry, James		St. John, N. B.	24	Meredith	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Murphy, James H		Ireland	18	Surry	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Moushower, Martin	H	Germany	22	Farmington	" " "	"	" " "	"	Died of dis. at Alexandria, Va., Oct. 13, '64.
Murry, Peter		Tralee, Ireland.	24	Laconia	Jan. 18, 1864	"	Jan. 18, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
McClinte, Moses		Loudon	22	Somersworth	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
McMahon, Charles		New Orleans	25	Laconia	Jan. 18, 1864	"	Jan. 18, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Maltham, Joseph	G	New York	21	Gilford	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. at Knoxville, Tenn., March 21, '64.
Martin, John		Albany, N. Y.	31	Gilford	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

Miller, Robert	H	Baden, Germany	24	Wolfeborough	Jan. 25, 1864	3 y.	Jan. 25, 1864	v.	Mis. at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64. Gd. from mis. Des. at Petersburg, Va., Aug. 5, '64. Died of dis. at Andersonville, Va., Aug. 3, '64.
Minnie, William	D	Montreal, Que.	28	Albany	" 26, "	"	" 26, "	"	Wd. near Petersburg, Va., June 16, '64. Wd. and captured at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Died of dis. at Danville, Va., Nov. 24, '64, while prisoner of war.
Moran, Thomas		Toronto, Ont.	24	Laconia	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Montgomery, John		Ireland	38	Woodstock	Feb. 1, "	"	Feb. 1, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Miller, Frederick	G	Germany	27	Thornton	" 2, "	"	" 2, "	"	Des. at Bealton Station, Va., May 5, '64. Died of dis. at Andersonville, Ga., July 30, '64.
Morse, Joseph		Napersville, P. Q.	21	Gilford	" 3, "	"	" 3, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Millerick, William	C	Ireland	27	Stratford	" 4, "	"	" 4, "	"	Died Aug. 6, '64, of wds. received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, '64.
Maville, Antoine	K	Canada	23	Acworth	" 9, "	"	" 9, "	"	Absent in confinement July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Marson, Joseph	F		21		Dec. 22, 1863	"	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Maloney, Michael	K	Ireland	21	Danville	" " "	"	" " "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Motheral, David	I	Canada	18	Farmington	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Wd. sev. and mis. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Maihoefar, Jacob	H	Germany	36	Wakefield	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
McClusky, Patrick	G	Canada	26	Claremont	July 27, 1864	"	July 27, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Miller, Charles H.	K	Limington, Me.	26	Northwood	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Tr. to Co. B. No discharge given at muster out of 6th Regiment.
McDonald, John	A	Ireland	41	Epping	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	v.	Capd. at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
McDonnell, John	E	Ireland	25	Northumberl'd	June 28, 1864	"	June 28, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Muller, Charles	A	Germany	28	Freemont	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	v.	No discharge given at time of must. out of 6th Regiment.
McCrow, Joseph	C	England	37	Hill	June 25, 1864	"	June 25, 1864	s.	App. Corp. May 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Margrave, William		Newport, R. I.	22	Gilford	Feb. 8, "	"	Feb. 8, "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Morrison, Daniel	G		32		Dec. 1863	"	Dec. 1863	v.	Deserted. Apprehended. Killed near Petersburg, Va., July 18, '64.
McCourt, John		Ireland	22	Landaff	June 23, 1864	"	June 23, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
McCourt, Patrick		Ireland	18	Goshen	" 24, "	"	" 24, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Maxwell, Martin S.		Ireland	19	Hill	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
McEvoy, John		Ireland	23	Milford	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Mack, John		Ireland	24	Alstead	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Miller, Joseph		Canada	26	Clarksville	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Mahr, John		Ireland	21	Canaan	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Murphy, Daniel	B	Ireland	35	Hill	July 2, "	"	July 2, "	"	Disch. May. 25, '65.
McCauley, John		Ireland	21	Canaan	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
McNeal, Nelson		Ireland	22	Sutton	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Mack, John		New Brunswick	21	Dunbarton	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Murry, Charles		New York	19	Claremont	" 22, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Mulloney, James		Ireland	19	Chesterfield	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Murphy, Michael		Ireland	20	Wilton	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Miller, John H.		Canada	22	Haverhill	July 29, 1864	"	July 29, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Newton, John		Johnson, Ill.	27	Nottingham	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Nichols, Alexander	"	Halifax, N. S.	21	Nottingham	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. near Annapolis, Md., April 21,'64.
Nelson, John		New York	23	Candia	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Nelson, John	"	Sweden	20	Sanbornton	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Wd. sev. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. disab. Washington, D. C., Oct. 27, '64.
Nelson, Daniel		Germany	23	Campton	June 30, 1864	"	June 30, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Neagle, Carl	K	Germany	27	Candia	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	v.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Nettles, William	F	Clark's Ferry, Pa.	19	Milton	" " "	"	" " "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Nichols, James		Ireland	19	Claremont	July 21, 1864	"	July 21, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Norton, John		Ireland	23	Haverhill	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
O'Neil, Francis		St. John, N. B.	24	Berlin	Jan. 21, "	"	Jan. 21, "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.

O'Neil, Michael	B	Ireland	35	Gorham	Jan. 15, 1864	3 y.	Jan. 15, 1864	v.	Captured at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 17, '64, while prisoner of war.
Oliver, James		Canada	19	Rumney	July 27, "	"	July 27, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Osburn, William		Canada	18	Rumney	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
O'Brien, Edward		Ireland	30	Somersworth	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Peacock, James	H	Ireland	22	Epping	Dec. 5, 1863	"	Dec. 5, 1863	v.	Wd. Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Tr. to V. R. C. April 17, '65. Disch. June 7, '65.
Parker, James		Bergen, N. J.	25	Derry	" 17, "	"	" 17, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Pero, Joseph	F	Canada	20	Antrim	Nov. 24, "	"	Nov. 24, "	"	Killed near Petersburg, Va., July 15, '64.
Pinch, Alfred	"	Canada	21	Antrim	" " "	"	" " "	"	Killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Paine, Samuel	H	Lancaster, Pa.	21	Jaffrey	Dec. 28, "	"	Dec. 28, "	"	Disch. by order Sept. 3, '64.
Perry, Richard	K	Quebec, P. Q.	21	Barrington	" 17, "	"	" 17, "	"	Capd. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Exchanged. Must. out July 17, '65.
Pareau, Joseph	I	France	21	Bath	July 22, 1864	"	July 23, 1864	s.	Mis. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Parman, Joseph	"	Canada	21	Woodstock	July 20, "	"	July 20, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Perris, Andrew	E	Montreal, P. Q.	29	Wolfeborough	Mar. 21, 1865	"	Mar. 21, 1865	v.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Poor, Charles	B	Raymond	20	Holderness	Apr. 26, 1864	"	Apr. 26, 1864	"	Must. out July 17, '65. P. O. address, Raymond.
Peakes, Albert P.	A	Portland, Me.	38	Newcastle	Mar. 28, 1865	"	Mar. 28, 1865	"	App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Page, Francis	"	Pennsylvania	32	Troy	July 22, 1864	"	July 22, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Paige, Frank W.	"	Manchester	16	Manchester	Dec. 1, 1863	"	Dec. 1, 1863	v.	Musician. Must. out July 17, '65.
Phillips, William		Maryland	19	Gorham	Jan. 19, 1864	"	Jan. 19, 1864	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Price, John		Canada	20	Pittsburg	June 27, "	"	June 27, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Prew, Thomas		Ireland	21	Canaan	" 24, "	"	" 24, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Philbrick, John H. alias Boleretto Jerebeno	E	Epsom	43	Alton	Jan. 18, "	"	Jan. 18, "	v.	Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 16, '64.
Poludrotti, Carubino	C	Germany	22	Bath	" 13, "	"	" 13, "	s.	Des. at Baltimore, Md., April 7, '64.
Pero, Andrew		Canada	31	Claremont	June 28, "	"	June 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Patterson, William		Sweden	21	Hill	" 30, "	"	" 30, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

RECRUITS, ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS—*Continued.*

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Put, Jules		France	25	Keene	June 30, 1864	3 y.	June 30, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Piero, John		Canada	20	Canaan	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Pierre, Bordeau		France	24	Concord	July 22, "	"	July 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Phillips, Williams		Ireland	25	Concord	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Quinn, Michael		Ireland	21	Manchester	" 25, "	"	" 25, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Raloff, Ferdinand		Prussia	32	Salem	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Dec. 17, 1863	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Rankin, William	G	Ireland	39	Meredith	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12,'64. Mis. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Gd. from mis. Must. out July 17, '65.
Riley, John		Archland, Pa.	27	Portsmouth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Ringer, Julius K.	"	Prussia	38	Randolph	Jan. 19, 1864	"	Jan. 19, 1864	"	Des. at Bealton Station, Va., May 5, '64. Died dis. at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 22, '64.
Raper, Martin		Martinsburg, Md.	20	Candia	Dec. 28, 1863	"	Dec. 28, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Roberts, Joseph D.		Barrington	43	Somersworth	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Disch. Aug. 10, '65.
Rochow, Alfred C.	I	Berlin, Prussia	21	Alton	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Roland, Joseph	H	Canada	18	Rumney	July 27, "	"	July 27, "	s.	Absent in confinement July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Robinson, Alex.	G	Norway	30	Freedom	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Dec. 22, 1863	v.	Wd. sev. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Robbare, Louis	F	Canada	20	Acworth	Feb. 9, 1864	"	Feb. 9, 1864	"	Wd. near Petersburg, Va., July 5, '64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Rogers, John	E	St. John, N. B.	20	Portsmouth	July 29, "	"	July 29, "	s.	App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Robinson, Paschal L.	A	Brentwood	18	Exeter	Mar. 21, 1865	"	Mar. 21, 1865	v.	App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65. P. O. address, Portland, Me.
Rock, Lewis	"	Sherbrooke, P. Q.	28	Lyme	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.

Reiners, Harry	A	Germany	20	Canterbury	Dec. 19, 1863	3 y	Dec. 19, 1863	v.	Absent July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Row, Patrick		Ireland	19	Somersworth	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Ralph, John		Malone, N. Y.	30	Laconia	Jan. 18, 1864	"	Jan. 18, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Reynolds, James	I	Ireland	26	Somersworth	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Des. Knoxville, Tenn., March 20, '64.
Roane, James		Ireland	26	Meredith	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Russell, William		Whitehall, P. Q.	21	Laconia	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Richards, John		Canada	19	Berlin	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Reynolds, Albert		Hamden, N. Y.	22	Thornton	Feb. 1, "	"	Feb. 1, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Ring, Alvin G.	B	Deerfield	18	Deerfield	" 16, "	"	" 16, "	"	Died Oct. 21, '64, at Alexandria, Va., of wds. received at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64.
Raferty, John		Canada	21	Salem	June 22, "	"	June 22, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Ricker, John	A		19		Jan. 19, "	"	Jan. 19, "	v.	Des. at Annapolis, Md., Apr. 21, '64.
Richards, James		Canada	21	Canaan	July 2, "	"	July 2, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Rannekamp, Chas.		Germany	21	Alstead	June 28, "	"	June 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Rousieu, Cyrel	H	Canada	19	Woodstock	July 21, "	"	July 21, "	"	Disch. disab. May 17, '65.
Ryan, John		New York	19	Newport	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Rogers, Charles R.		Canada	27	Derry	" 25, "	"	" 25, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Reden, Henry	B	Germany	29	Rollinsford	Dec. 18, 1863	"	Dec. 18, 1863	v.	Wd. sev. near Petersburg, Va., June 30, '64. Disch. disab. Sept. 2, '65.
Rome, John I.		Canada	27	Haverhill	July 29, 1864	"	July 29, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Rowell, Moses	I	Amesbury, Mass.	21	Kingston	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 29, 1863	v.	Disch. July 17, '65. P. O. address, Concord.
Robinson, Peter		Scotland	20	Manchester	Mar. 1, 1865	"	Mar. 1, 1865	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Smith, Charles H.	H	Philadelphia, Pa.	30	Salem	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Dec. 17, 1863	"	Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12,'64. Disch. disab. at Washington, D. C., Sept. 20, '64.
Springsteel, Benj. J.	C	New York city	39	Salem	" " "	"	" " "	"	Capd. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 20, '64. Exchanged. Died Apr. 30, '65, at Baltimore, Md., of dis. contracted in rebel prison.
Sorhew, Michael		Dublin, Ire.	26	Derry	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Smith, John		New Haven, Ct.	23	Milton	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Smith, John		Naples, Italy	30	Deerfield	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Straub, William		Bavaria	21	Strafford	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Schmidt, John		Germany	24	Portsmouth	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Term.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Sanford, William	K	New York city	27	Canterbury	Dec. 19, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 19, 1863	v.	Wd. at Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, '64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Smith, Warren W.	I	East Kingston	24	Kingston	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65. Died at Salem, Mass., Dec. 27, '81.
Smith, Peter	H		32	Deerfield	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Smith, Fred	"	Germany	21	Sanbornton	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Wd. sev. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Absent sick July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Szulezewski, John	K	Posen, Germany	29	Brookfield	Jan. 26, 1864	"	Jan. 26, 1864	"	Absent in confinement July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Smith, August	G	Ireland	28	Orange	June 24, "	"	June 24, "	s.	Des. near Alexandria, Va., June 1, '65.
Sprague, Fred. D.	"	New York	19	Concord	July 27, "	"	July 27, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Sawyer, George	"	Lincoln, N. Y.	26	Brentwood	Dec. 29, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	v.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Saddler, Edward	"	Yorkshire, Eng.	32	Loudon	" " "	"	" " "	"	Wd. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64. Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Disch. disab. July 7, '65.
Stevens, Reuben F.	F	New Hampshire	22	Springfield	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Wd. near Petersburg, Va., July 3, '64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Seacole, John		Canada	19	Portsmouth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Sullivan, John	A	Cork, Ireland.	32	New Hampton	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Capd. at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Sedley, Thomas	F	Australia	23	Farmington	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Mis. near Petersburg, Va., June 17, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Shorrock, John	E	England	21	Somersworth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Absent sick July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.

Sherry, Joseph	E	Ireland	22	Canaan	July 1, 1864	3 y.	July 1, 1864	s.	App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 1, '65.
Sargent, John A.	"	Epsom	18	Gilford	Jan. 28, "	"	Jan. 28, "	v.	Wd. sev. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Smith, John	D	Glasgow, Scot.	26	Manchester	Oct. 18, 1864	"	Oct. 18, 1864	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Scott, Robert	"	Scotland	19	Bethlehem	June25, "	"	June25, "	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Sanford, Benjamin	"	Ireland	31	Jaffrey	July 19, "	"	July 19, "		Must. out July 17, '65.
Sumner, Emery, Jr.	G	Somersett, Me.	24	North Hampton	Feb. 11, "	"	Feb. 11, "	v.	Mis. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Gd. from mis. Must. out July 17, '65.
Sybolle, Francis	A	France	22	Gilford	Jan. 19, "	"	Jan. 19, "	"	Absent July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Schmidt, Charles		Germany	25	Wakefield	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Stacey, Peter	G	Waterboro' Me.	34	Danville	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Died of dis. May 1, '64.
Springer, Nathan		New York city	28	Portsmouth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Stambrough, Jas. C.	E	Long Island, N.Y.	40	Canterbury	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Died of dis. Oct. 2, '64.
Smith, John	F	Pennsylvania	21	Randolph	Jan. " 1864	"	Jan. " 1864	"	Des. at Wilderness, Va., May 6, '64.
Smith, Charles		Norway	25	Candia	Dec. 21, 1863	"	Dec. 21, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Smith, George	C	Charlestown, Ms.	32	Candia	" " "	"	" " "	"	Tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 5, '64. Des. at Cincinnati, O., March 2, '64.
Sullivan, John	E	Cork, Ireland	29	Freedom	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Must. out July 17, '64.
Stewart, William		Bristol, England	22	Somersworth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Smith, Emil		Germany	21	Meredith	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Sayles, Samuel		West Chester,N.Y.	21	Nottingham	Dec. 29, "	"	Dec. 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Sweeney, James		Ireland	25	Meredith	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Scribner, George		Salem	21	Sanbornton	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Scanlan, Martin	C	St. John, N. F.	24	Farmington	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. at Baltimore, Md., Apr. 7, '64.
Sargent, Charles A.	"	Newmarket	18	Jaffrey	Jan. 16, 1864	"	Jan. 16, 1864	"	Wd. Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Capd. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Oct. 2,'64, while prisoner of war.
Summers, George W.	F	Missouri	24	Gilford	" 18, "	"	" 18, "	"	Died July 30, '64, of wds. received near Petersburg, Va., July 22, '64.
Smith, Gotliss	C	Prussia	32	Alton	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Mis. at Poplar Spring church, Va., Sept. 30, '64.
Schultz, Charles		Germany	22	Gilford	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

RECRUITS, ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS—*Continued.*

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Time.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Sterry, Charles		Yonkers, N. Y.	28	Gilford	Jan. 20, 1864	3 y.	Jan. 20, 1864	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Stanley, Stamford		Patterson, O.	23	Gilmanton	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Short, James		Oakdale, Can.	21	Laconia	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Sullivan, John	E	Ireland	24	Woodstock	" 30, "	"	" 30, "	"	Died Aug. 29, '64, of wds. received near Petersburg, Va.
Smith, John		Ireland	21	Deering	Nov. 19,1863	"	Nov. 19, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Sniffin, Henry W.		New Haven, Ct.	22	Thornton	Feb. 1, 1864	"	Feb. 1, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Stone, John		England	20	Hudson	June23, "	"	June23, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Sibley, Samuel		Vermont	31	Gorham	Jan. 16, "	"	Jan. 16, "	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Shemon, Michael		Ireland	18	Hollis	June24, "	"	June24, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Sullivan, Michael		Ireland	25	New Boston	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Sullivan, Daniel F.O.		Ireland	24	New Boston	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Savanack, Edward		Canada	19	Pittsburg	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Salemo, Frank		Italy	22	Northumberl'd	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Sturden, Lawrence		England	20	Milford	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Smith, John		Canada	21	Grafton	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Summers, James		New York	21	Keene	" 30, "	"	" 30, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Sullivan, Daniel		Ireland	22	Sutton	July 21, "	"	July 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Shorter, Richard		England	30	Rindge	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Smith, Daniel		Canada	18	Troy	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Stedman, Levi E.		Canada	23	Jaffrey	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Sough, Timothy		Ireland	39	Greenland	April 4, 1865	"	April 4, 1865	v.	Disch. May 6, '65.
Thompson, Henry	G	Prussia	28	Deerfield	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Dec. 19, 1863	"	Des. at Baltimore, Md., Apr. 6, '64.
Terwillegar, John	K	St. John, N. B.	28	Portsmouth	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Tr. to V. R. C.
Timon, William		Ireland	21	Somersworth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Turner, John	E	Bath, Eng.	29	Freedom	" " "	"	" " "	"	Wd. sev. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Disch. disab. Sept. 30, '64.
Timon, Patrick		Ireland	23	Somersworth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Thompson, Henry		York, Pa.	22	Gilford	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Jan. 20, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.

Thompson, James		Cleveland, O.	25	Woodstock	Jan. 30, 1864	3 y.	Jan. 30, 1864	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Tanguie, Pierre		Canada	21	Columbia	June29, "	"	June29, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Thompson, James		New Brunswick	21	Alstead	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Trudos, Joseph		Canada	18	Keene	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Turner, Peter		Ireland	19	Nelson	July 21, "	"	July 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Thompson, John		Australia	29	Keene	" 1, "	"	" 1, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Tapner, William	K	Canada	23	Chesterfield	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Tappan, Charles C.	I	Bradford	35	Bradford	Jan. 23, 1865	"	Jan. 23, 1865	v.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Taylor, John	D	Ireland	32	Canaan	June30, 1864	"	June30, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Tomas, Antonio	C	Naples, Italy	21	Wakefield	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Dec. 22, 1863	v.	Must. out July 17, '65.
Tilton, Edward D.	"	Manchester	18	Rochester	Jan. 2, 1864	"	Jan. 2, 1864	"	Musician. Tr. to Co. I. Must. out July 17, '65.
Thompson, J. P. H.	B	Newmarket	17	Nottingham	Nov. 30, 1863	"	Nov. 30, 1863	"	Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 18,'64. Must. out July 17,'65. P. O. address, Lynn, Mass.
Thompson, Charles	"	Ipswich, England	21	Laconia	Jan. 26, 1864	"	Jan. 26, 1864	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Trainor, John		Ireland	32	Wolfeborough	April 4, 1865	"	April 4, 1865	"	Disch. May 6, '65.
Upham, Thomas S.	F							d. or s.	Tr. to I. C. Jan. 15, '64.
Vander, Louis		Germany	21	Northumberl'd	June23, 1864	"	June23, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Vickers, William	C	Sandwich Islands	22	Piermont	" 30, "	"	" 30, "	"	Disch. by G. C. M., being a deserter from 114th Pa. regiment.
Vincent, John	E	Cork, Ireland	21	Haverhill	Mar. 21, 1865	"	Mar. 21, 1865	v.	Disch. June 10, '65.
Valie, Joseph		Canada	21	Landaff	July 28, 1864	"	July 28, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Whittier, George A.	B	Nottingham	18	Deerfield	Dec. 5, 1862	"	Dec. 5, 1862	v.	Disch. disab. Nov. 24, '63. P. O. ad., Deerfield.
Wolf, Nat		Ireland	25	Brentwood	" 18, 1863	"	" 18, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Williams, Joseph		England	30	Hampton Falls	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
White, Andrew P.		Washington, D. C.	26	Brentwood	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wither, Franz		Germany	27	Portsmouth	" 22, "	"	" 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Warner, Charles		Carlow, Ireland	22	Portsmouth	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wesley, John		Maryland	19	Gorham	Jan. 19, 1864	"	Jan. 19, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Waler, James W.	F	New York	24	Springfield	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Disch. disab. Jan. 16, '64.
Webster, David		Scotland	21	Nashua	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
White, George		New York city	22	Mont Vernon	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
White, John		Ireland	25	Portsmouth	" 23, "	"	" 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Williams, George	H		21	Milton	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Time.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Waterman, Mark	I	Germany	19	Portsmouth	Dec. 22, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 22, 1863	s.	Mis. at Spottsylvania. Va., May 12,'64. Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Warner, Robert	K							d. or s.	Absent sick July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Wilson, John	"	West Indies	20	Jaffrey	July 20, 1864	"	July 20, 1864	s.	Must. out July 17, '65.
West, John H.	"	Philadelphia, Pa.	28	Hampton Falls	Dec. 18, 1863	"	Dec. 18, 1863	v.	App. Corp. June 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Williams, James	H	Ireland	24	Laconia	Jan. 21, 1864	"	Jan. 21, 1864	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Whalen, Alexander	G	Limsville, N. Y.	42	Charlestown	Feb. 8, "	"	Feb. 8, "	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furnished.
Walters, Henry	"	England	29		Sept. 2, 1863	"	Sept. 2, 1863	d. or s.	Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12,'64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Williams, Francis	D	Berlin, Prussia	24	Wolfeborough	Mar. 22, 1865	"	Mar. 22, 1865	v.	Must. out July 17, '65.
White, John	"	Louisville, Ky.	28	Manchester	Oct. 18, 1864	"	Oct. 18, 1864	"	Must. out July 17, '65.
Welch, Edward	C	Ireland	35	Alexandria	June25, "	"	June25, "	s.	Wd. sev. at Poplar Springs church, Va., Sept. 30, '64. Must. out July 17, '65.
Williams, John	B	Holland	20	Wolfeborough	Jan. 25, "	"	Jan. 25, "	v.	Mis. at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64. Absent July 17, '65. No discharge furnished.
Williams, John, 2d	I	Denmark	22	Farmington	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Absent sick July 17, '65. No disch. furished.
Wilson, John	B	New York	44	Hinsdale	July 22, 1864	"	July 23, 1864	s.	Must. July 17, '65.
Witham, Charles E.	"	Nottingham	18	Nottingham	Nov. 14, 1863	"	Nov. 14, 1863	v.	Deserted. Apprehended Dec. 15, '64. Must. out July 17,'65. P. O. address, Raymond.
Walters, Samuel		Ireland	21	Farmington	Dec. 23, "	"	Dec. 23, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wright, Ira E.	A	Boston, Mass.	16	Manchester	" 1, "	"	" 1, "	"	Musician. Must. out July 17 '65.

Wolstanholme, H.	D	Pawtucket, R. I.	18	Strafford	Dec. 23, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 23, 1863	v.	App. Corp. Mch. 1, '65. App. Sergt. May 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
West, Samuel P.	K	Philadelphia, Pa.	31	Hampton Falls	" 18, "	"	" 18, "	"	Died of wds. received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '65.
Witham, Joseph	A	Nottingham	21	Epping	Mar. 17, 1865	1 y.	Mar. 17, 1865	"	App. Corp. July 1, '65. Must. out July 17, '65. P. O. address, West Epping.
Williams, John, 1st		St. John, N. B.	29	Salem	Dec. 22, 1863	3 y.	Dec. 22, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Williams, George		London, Eng.	40	Freedom	" 21, "	"	" 21, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Ward, James		Ireland	19	Deerfield	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wade, Harry		Toronto, Can.	30	Nottingham	" 19, "	"	" 19, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wilson, Edward		Sweden	28	Sanbornton	" 29, "	"	" 29, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wilson, John	I	Troy, N. Y.	30	Candia	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Capd. at Spottsylvania, May 18, '64. Died of dis. at Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 3, '64, while prisoner of war.
Williams, Thomas		Chester Co., Pa.	29	Laconia	Jan. 18, 1864	"	Jan. 18, 1864	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Winters, John		Pike Co., Ala.	18	Alton	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wright, Richard		Illinois	28	Laconia	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Walker, John		Ireland	34	Wolfeborough	" 25, "	"	" 25, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wall, John		England	35	Wolfeborough	" 20, "	"	" 20, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Winter, Fritz		Germany	22	Wolfeborough	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wilson, John		France	31	Thornton	" 30, "	"	" 30, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wellar, George	G	Germany	20	Wolfborough	" 27, "	"	" 27, "	"	Wd. at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12,'64. Absent sick since May 12, '64. No discharge furnished.
Wentworth, John C.	E	Acton, Me.	40	Bartlett	" 26, "	"	" 26, "	"	Died Aug. 17,'64, at Portsmouth Grove, R. I., of wds. received at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64.
Willson, John		Harrisburg, Pa.	20	Newton	Feb. 8, "	"	Feb. 8, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Walker, Samuel		Macclesfield, Eng.	35	Thornton	" 3, "	"	" 3, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Watson, John		Oswego, N. Y.	21	Woodstock	" 1, "	"	" 1, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Warren, James	K	St. John, N. B.	21	Portsmouth	Aug. 19, "	"	Aug. 19, "	"	Disch. disab. Mch. 3, '65.
White, John		Canada	21	Manchester	Oct. 6, 1863	"	Jan. 6, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wise, Charles E.		England	23	Stark	June 23, 1864	"	June 23, "	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
West, Charles		Canada	21	Dummer	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wolf, John		Germany	21	Jefferson	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Welch, Eugene		France	22	Gorham	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.

RECRUITS, ELEVENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS—*Concluded.*

NAME.	Company.	Birthplace.	Age.	Residence when enlisted.	Enlisted.	Time.	Mustered in.	Vol., Sub., or Drafted.	Final Record.
Wilson, John C.		Ireland	41	Northumberl'd	June 25, 1864	3 y.	June 25, 1864	s.	Des. en route to regiment.
Walters, John		New York	23	Hinsdale	" 28, "	"	" 28, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Welch, August		France	21	Pittsburg	" " "	"	" " "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Wilson, John		Canada	18	Bethlehem	" 25, "	"	" 25, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Willard, William R.		London, Eng.	21	Sutton	July 22, "	"	July 22, "	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Woods, Peter		Merrimack	35	Concord	Mar. 1, 1865	"	Mar. 1, 1865	v.	Des. en route to regiment.
Zimermann, Herm'n		Germany	25	Portsmouth	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Dec. 23, 1863	"	Des. en route to regiment.
Zollinger, Jacob	B	Switzerland	26	Fremont	" " "	"	" " "	"	Died of dis. at Washington, D. C., Aug. 9, '64.

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ADDENDA.

John Rollins, Company F, died September 22, 1891, at Springfield, New Hampshire.

John N. Kimball, Company I, died August 17, 1891, at Aurora, Nebraska.

Frank Dutton, Company I, resides at Whitefield, New Hampshire.

Sylvester Godfrey, Company E, died in Thetford, Vermont, March 24, 1890.

ERRATA.

PAGE.

8. Read *David C. Harriman* for "Daniel C. Harriman."

46. Line 29. Read *in three detachments* for "with their detachments."

135. Line 18. Read *London* for "Loudon."

258. Line 3. Read *One Hundred Seventy-ninth* for "Seventy-ninth."

478. Line 15. Read *Maj. Gen. Casey* for "Maj. Gen. Carey."

In Roster, Company K, privates. Read *Arthur J. Gould* for "Arthur I. Gould."

In Roster, Company G, privates. P. O. address of Charles S. Sanborn should read *Underwood, Neb.*

In Roster, Company F, sergeants. P. O. address of Jas. H. McAllister should read *Bannock, Mon.*

In Roster, Company E, sergeants. Read *Henry G. Dillenback* for Henry J. Dillenback."

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